CAUGHEY'S LETTERS.

Vol. III.

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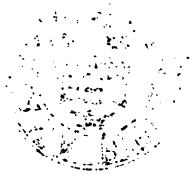

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Revd. James Caughey.

LETTERS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY

THE REV. JAMES CAUGHEY,

OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

VOL. III.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE had my fears that this Volume will not make its appearance in accordance with the time announced in the prospectus. Should this be the case, the fault is not with the Printer. The Proprietors of the book have been making arrangements to insert the *portrait* of the Author. Some unforeseen difficulties, it seems, have occurred on account of the *plate* being too large for the Volume, which will take some time and trouble to remedy.

The Printer is now calling out for the *Preface*. Such has been my extreme hurry owing to other more important matters, that I have felt half inclined to let the work go forth without the accustomed bow to the Public.

This Volume contains the remainder of the observations made during my tour on the Continent, in 1843. The reason they were not inserted in the

last Volume was, that the Letters did not appear to me sufficiently interesting to crowd them all together into one book. Besides, I considered the Letters substituted in their place more likely to be profitable to my readers, being upon religious subjects; and more in keeping, perhaps, with my character as a minister of Christ. Towards the close of the Second Volume, are a few of the first Letters in the above tour. The favourable reception which they have received from many readers, has induced me to print the residue with more confidence.

Several Letters in the present Volume treat on revivals of religion. Those in which there are some statements relative to the manner in which the Author was led to adopt a revival method of preaching, will not, it is hoped, be unacceptable to the reader. For the *defence* of those revivals of "*pure religion*," which have been characteristic of Methodism from the beginning, the writer, while he lives, will ever feel himself "in duty bound" to lift up his voice. As it regards those extraordinary effusions of the Holy Spirit, with which he has stood so closely

connected during the last few years, in this country, he has thought proper to say something.

Those Letters written in *self-defence,* have not been inserted through any sensitiveness as to his own fame, but rather in accordance with the direction of an apostle, not to suffer our good to be evil spoken of, without an effort to place it in a true point of light. It is indeed a small thing to be judged by man's judgment; but where great and important principles are involved, such as are necessary for the accomplishment of those *remarkable displays of grace among sinners,* which we have witnessed; SILENCE, when they are misunderstood and misrepresented, would be criminal.

If the reader derive half the pleasure in perusing this Volume that the writer has had in transcribing for the press the Letters it contains, he will feel himself amply compensated. Many a happy hour he has spent upon it; and were it not that he is getting another ready for the press, he would certainly feel pensive and lonely now that it has gone out of his hands.

We are at present enjoying a very extensive revival in Birmingham. Many hundreds have been converted; and the work is going on with increasing power. I would enlarge, but a more particular account may be expected hereafter. Hallelujah! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Amen!

JAMES CAUGHEY.

SPARK BROOK HOUSE, BIRMINGHAM,
March 17*th*, 1846.

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CAUGHEY'S LETTERS.

LETTER I.*

Cologne, Prussia, Sept., 1843.

DEAR SIR,

WE left Utrecht on the afternoon of the 21st inst., by diligence, enveloped in clouds of tobacco smoke. An aged man, accompanied by a youth, sat opposite, puffing in my face with all imaginable gravity; they seemed, in fact, to have no idea that it could be offensive to any one. Finding that wry faces, and other demonstrations of internal emotion, were unintelligible to the smoky brains of "the men of the pipes," the philosophy of patience, or an exit, became subjects of serious consideration. We chose the former, and invited as many allies as would join us; such as, the admission of as much pure air as could be enticed into such a crater, and as many fresh thoughts as might be induced to wait upon the uncomfortable soliloquy,—*were it not for the filthiness of the habit, no man should attempt travelling in Holland before he has learned to smoke!*

"Mr. * * * *, have you seen, in the course of your reading, the 'Emblems of Francis Quarle,' an old poet, who flourished in the beginning of the seventeenth century? Well, sir, among his many hieroglyphics, he has one which represents a human being seated upon a globe like our own, chained by the leg,

* Continued from Volume II.

to indicate, no doubt, the inveteracy of the habit of smoking, for he has a pipe between his teeth; not, indeed, like the Dutch bowls, but resembling the polite clay pipe of England. There is a little poem beneath the picture, which I cannot quote at length, but the following will not be unacceptable:—

> 'Come burst your spleen with laughter to behold,
> A new-found vanity, which days of old
> Ne'er knew; a vanity that has beset
> The world, and made more slaves than Mahomet;
> That has condemned us to the servile yoke
> Of slavery, and made us slaves to smoke.'"

Yes, but you remember another poet, Spencer, who, in his poem entitled, "The Faery Queen," designates it, "Divine tobacco!" The poet, however, was suspected of complimenting his patron, Sir Walter Raleigh, who was a profound smoker. But, when James I. ascended the throne, he did not think the filthy habit beneath his royal notice. *His Counterblast to tobacco* acted upon that and similar poetic fabrications, as a pair of powerful bellows upon cobwebs; or as a whiff of wind upon these self-same dense tobacco clouds. I can give you a quotation from the royal production; would that it might operate upon these revolting exhalations: "Smoking is a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, hurtful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and, in the black, stinking fume, the nearest resemblance to the horrible Stygian smoke of the bottomless pit. It is not only a sin, in wasting what might be better bestowed, and a great vanity, but a great contempt of God's good gifts, that the sweetness of man's breath, being a good gift of God, should be wilfully corrupted by this stinking smoke." One of the sayings of this monarch was, "That if he were to invite the devil to dinner, he should have three dishes, the third of which was a pipe of tobacco." I have been informed that this "Counter-

blast" had such an effect upon the mind of a gentleman in Derbyshire, that in making his will, and bequeathing much to his eldest son, he had it inserted in the same will, that, if any of his brothers or sisters should, at any time find him smoking, he or she should be entitled to the said goods, or their value in money. It is remarkable that a practice, which only commenced about two hundred and sixty years ago, should have become so universally prevalent.

The habit, I have been informed, is an acquired one, and not attained without considerable difficulty. The natural taste is opposed to it. I never could acquire the habit; and those who have, generally allow that in the first instance it was repulsive. I have been told, that it was used in the form of snuff, previous to the art of smoking; that instead of puffing it out at the mouth like these Dutchmen, the smoke made its exit through the nostrils, which must have had a sublime effect. About a century after it was introduced into Europe from America, the habit was declared sinful by divines, and injurious to the system by physicians; even sovereigns, as has been intimated, opposed it, as being of serious hinderance to the prosperity of the commonwealth. Smoking was decreed a capital punishment among the Turks, and forbidden in Russia, under pain of having the nose cut off.

I can well believe this, as I remember reading an article, written in the year 1628, of which the following is the substance: Forty camels, loaded with tobacco, entered a town of Persia, from India. The drivers, being ignorant of the prohibition, were seized, and had their ears cropped, and their noses snipped. A great hole was then dug, in the form of a pipe, and filled with the weed, and set fire to. The black vapour spread itself through the town during the space of two whole days and nights; and thus, those who loved it, were regaled, while others were annoyed with the sickening

incense. Well, really, I know not which the people of Holland would most deprecate, if they were put to the choice,—the *cropping* and *snipping* of their ears and noses, or thus to have all their tobacco consumed, unless the pit were to burn forever, and a restraint were laid upon the four winds of heaven, so as to allow the *hollow-land* [Holland] the privilege of being wrapped in a perpetual fog.

"Really, this does not look much like patience; but you have some philosophy about you. Only look at that old man, and the clouds of fume issuing from his mouth. Is he the Dutchman, I wonder, of whom it was said some years ago, that he only took three smokes in the day; one from breakfast to dinner, another from dinner to supper, and again from supper till he went to bed?"

Perhaps you may not have learned from a late English or Scotch writer, I am not certain which—and it is no matter—the probability that smoking will soon go out of fashion. I was amused with the manner in which he deprecated it: "To be sure, it is a shocking thing, blowing smoke out of our mouths into other people's mouths, eyes, and noses, and having the same done to us. Yet I cannot account why a thing which requires so little exertion, and yet preserves the mind from total vacuity, should go out."

There is a spice of sarcasm in this, perhaps irony, I know not which. One thing I wish to say, Holland would be the last nation in Christendom I should visit, in hope of witnessing the extinction of the practice.

But I am mistaken in the supposition. See! the old man and youngster have both extinguished their fires, and the aromatic ashes have gone out of the coach window. I am glad of it; but I wish conscience, instead of necessity, had forced them to it. One day, before I left England, I was conversing with an old Methodist

class-leader. He told me, that one evening, near the completion of his seventieth year, he was sitting smoking his pipe, as usual, when his attention was suddenly arrested *by a voice within*, and the following dialogue ensued: "John, how much time dost thou spend over this pipe in the week?" "Not less than —— hours." "And how much money does the tobacco cost thee?"* "So much, my Lord." "Well, John, dost thou not know several of thy members who cannot pay their penny a-week to support the gospel?" "It is so, Lord." "Suppose, then, that thou shouldst deny thyself burning tobacco, and pray for them? Again, John, some of thy members do not attend their class; is it so?" "Yes, Lord, it is so." "And there are frequently sick persons to be visited, which are neglected; and see how much time thou wastest over this pipe!" "I see it, my Lord." "Wilt thou, then, abandon the practice from this hour?" "Ay, that I will, my Lord." And, looking at me with a cheerful countenance, he said, "Sir, I have never touched it since." Dr. Clarke, in his "Dissertation on the Use and Abuse of Tobacco," appeals to the slave of this pernicious habit, thus: "There is one argument, which is addressed to good-breeding and benevolence, which, for the sake of politeness and humanity, should prevail. Consider how disagreeable your custom is to those who do not follow it. An atmosphere of tobacco effluvia surrounds you whithersoever you go. Every article about you smells of it; your apartments, your clothes, and even your breath. Nor is there a smell in nature more disagreeable than that

* A friend of mine told me, the other day, that in the year 1843, £8,100,449. 1*s*. 4*d*. was spent by the people of England, alone, in tobacco. A tolerably round sum to end in smoke. And that if the weed had been worked into *pig-tail*, rather more than half an inch thick, it would have formed a line 99,470 miles long; long enough to go nearly five times round the world.

J. C.

of stale tobacco, arising in warm exhalations from the human body, rendered still more offensive by passing through the pores, and becoming strongly impregnated with that noxious matter which was before insensibly perspired."

"Consider, too, what pain your friends may be put to in standing near you, in order to consult you on some important business, or to be improved by your conversation. Will you oblige them to pay so heavy a tax for the benefit of your advice, when it would have been more honourable to yourself, and comfortable to them, to have had that gratification in a less expensive way? I cannot help saying, that I have often suffered a very painful nausea from the cause above assigned, and on which I will dilate no farther."

Pardon this digression. I cannot, however, drop the subject without remarking, that smoking and chewing tobacco is the prevailing sin of America, as well as of Holland, to my wanderings in which latter place I return. The atmosphere still proving offensive, the driver kindly provided us with seats outside; and as the day was very fine, the remaning part of it passed most agreeably.

The ground rises on leaving Utrecht, and swells into something like an attempt at little hills; but the road itself is perfectly level, with a slight curve in the centre, and paved with a species of brick called clinkers. The wheels run almost as smooth as if on a railway. Rows of healthy trees, beech, elm, and linden, adorn each side of the highway for many miles, affording a refreshing shade. The houses are generally pretty, and usually approached by a nice avenue of stately trees.

You desire some information respecting the style of landscape-gardening in Holland. The gardens of Holland appear to be on too small a scale; this, and the tameness of the country, preclude, in a great

degree the possibility of introducing that kind of picturesque gardening so prevalent in England. The following remarks will apply very generally to the gardens of this singular country: "Little alteration seems to have taken place in the principles of gardening, in Holland, since the reign of William III. The best specimens are on the banks of the Vecht canal, between Amsterdam and Utrecht. They consist of a succession of small enclosures, which every proprietor arranges according to his own fancy; some with clipped arcades of lime-trees or chesnuts, with a painting at the end, to continue a long line of perspective; others, with mazes of various forms, and hedges of yew, linden, or horn-beam; sometimes there are straight lines of trees, or close arbours and berceaux, with banqueting-rooms or summer-houses, of six feet square, by the side of a canal, with many-coloured doors and windows, and leaden pine-apples with green leaves and golden fruit; parterres of various shapes, with neatly cut box borders, diversified with shells, flints, coals, brick-dust, and pieces of glass; rows of auriculas in pots, and beds of anemones, hyacinths, and high-priced tulips, with painted figures of the gardener and his assistant. These gardens are separated from each other by a canal or a fish-pond; they resemble those of the French in symmetrical arrangement, and those of the Italian in profusion of ornament. They are, however, on a smaller scale, and more compact, full of gewgaws and childish devices, and intersected by the stagnant canals or lazy rivers, which characterize Holland."

Continuing our journey from Utrecht, we passed through several neat towns, the principal of which was Rhenen, watered by a rapid branch of the Rhine. Here we entered the tobacco plantations, which cover many hundreds of acres, miles on each side of the road. The tobacco is planted in small squares of, say half a rood, sheltered by rows of French beans, the vines of

which are supported by poles, to the height of five or six feet; the whole imparting a singular and, were it not for associations, a beautiful aspect to the landscape. Here and there we noticed large drying-houses, filled with the leaf, suspended upon poles. Our route lay now through a sandy country, supposed by some to have been the ancient bed of the Rhine. Some of the hills to the left, seemed to be nothing but great heaps of sand, covered with a species of heath and fern. Beyond Rhenen we crossed a branch of the Rhine, by what is here called a *flying-bridge;* the first of the kind we had ever seen. The principle upon which the passage is effected, is the same as that adopted at the Ferry on the Onion river, below Essex, Vermont. That, however, is accomplished by suspending a cable of rope across the river, a few feet above the water, to which the boat is attached; and shoving the vessel out with the head one or two points to the current, the boat oscillates with a slow and uniform motion to the opposite side. The flying-bridge is more complex. It consists of five small boats stationed up stream, about fifteen yards apart, nearly in the centre of the river. The upper boat is at anchor, and from it proceeds a chain which passes over a small mast in each boat, two or three yards high, extending to the bow of the main ferry-boat, which is composed of two or three barges bound together, over which is a platform for passengers, carriages, etc. The chain which passes over all the little boats, is capable of describing a segment of a circle; or sufficient to swing the boat to the opposite side of the river. When we got our horses and carriage on board, the ferry-boat was set adrift, with the head a point of the compass to the stream, the current sheered us across with considerable rapidity; the boats up the stream, oscillating and changing points all the time most gracefully. It is amusing to hear the travellers of different nations name this construction. A German, for in-

stance, exclaims, *Fliegende schiffe-briicke*, the flying bridge of boats; a Dutchman, *geer-burg*, the bridge in shackles; a Frenchman, *le pont volant*, the flying bridge; while an Englishman says soberly, "*A ferry boat*, get it over as you please, and as soon as you please." The remainder of our route lay through a very fertile country; and we arrived at Nimeguen about dark, and put up at a very indifferent inn. During a great part of the night, there was a constant clatter of dishes, shoe-brushing, and high Dutch, "high life," not indeed, "below stairs," as it regarded our location, for we were all on the same story. The servants were evidently discussing matters of great importance; the business of the next day, if not the affairs of the entire province, in tones of noisy eloquence, with occasional interruptions from some prompter or demurrer. Sleep bade me farewell, and, as the old maxim runs, "Misery loves company," I awoke Mr. H., in the opposite bed, out of a sound sleep, to be an attentive auditor to the Dutch orators. At length, as if weary of the matter, or out of matter, or falling suddenly under the dominion of Morpheus, all were hushed into silence. Next morning we enjoyed a pleasant walk through the city. This being the last town in Holland, and within a few miles of the Prussian frontier, it is strongly fortified. It has stood several sieges; some with considerable honour, and others with disgrace. The effects of the cannonading are still visible upon the walls. The mounds and entrenchments outside the walls, cover more than three hundred acres. We perambulated the entire walls, and obtained some fine views of the Rhine, the surrounding country and villages. The cathedral, once in the possession of the papists, together with old buildings close by, formerly inhabited by the monks, appear to have been profusely adorned with images, but in some of the popular commotions of past centuries, were broken

to pieces, or unmercifully mutilated. About half-past five, p.m., we went on board a steamer, and sailed for Emmerich, where we cast anchor at dusk. It is the first frontier town of Prussia; and here we delivered our passports and went ashore. After a good night's rest, in a comfortable inn, we proceeded up the river early in the morning. The Rhine is a noble body of water here, but the shores are flat and uninteresting. The only cities of importance which we passed, were Düsseldorf and Neuss; the latter stands on the right bank, about two miles from the river. We were informed, that the Rhine washed its walls in ancient times; if so, a remarkable change must have taken place in its channel. It was here the allied armies effected their first passage across the Rhine.

The evening was beautiful as we were passing Neuss; and at the gradual approach of twilight, we felt our hearts sweetly drawn out in prayer. As we were pacing the deck, I remarked to Mr. Holgate, on leaving Düsseldorf, and beholding the mighty mass of water sweeping past the walls of that ancient city, how wonderful the process of nature was which had supplied, during thousands of years, this "exulting and abounding river," with a never ceasing volume of ever onward waters. "This," replied Mr. H., "is one of the great arteries of nature; it rolls on to the ocean, and from thence ascends to the clouds, and so descending again in showers, over an extensive continent, forms itself into rills and streams, and so proceeds till it is once more the mighty river. While gazing," he continued, "at this noble sheet of water, gliding silently past our steamer, my mind rested with peculiar sweetness upon that beautiful passage in the prophecies of Isaiah, 'O! that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments, then had thy peace been like a river, and thy righteousness like the waves of the sea.' Behold it flowing on, deep, wide, noiseless, unruffled, and

smooth as oil. This is just like the peace of God's people. Its depth and quantity preserve its smoothness. The steamer, however, gives it some trouble. It makes a little noise, but it soon regains its quiet, like the peace of the saints of the Lord. Broad shallow streams, are always troubled in the centre; but this is smooth in every part, notwithstanding the jumble of the steamer, because it is all over deep." See, it resembles a river of oil!

> "The air around is breathing balm;
> The aspen scarcely seems to sway;
> And, as a sleeping infant, calm,
> The river streams away;
> Devious as error, deep as love,
> And blue and bright as heaven above."

What mind, Mr. H., could compute the number of tons of water which has gone down this river during the last two thousand years? "The number, is not infinite, but it is beyond the grasp of the human mind." Suppose the number of drops were required? "And yet the whole number of drops of water, during two thousand years, would bear no more proportion to that eternity to which the wicked are tending, and which they are to spend in 'hell-fire,' (Matt. xxv. 46,) than one drop would bear to all the drops contained in the required sum." "Suppose," continued Mr. H., "a sinner were to remain in perdition one year for each drop which has rolled down this river during two thousand years; one drop only being absorbed in a year; yet a period would come round in eternity when that wretched soul would be liberated; but the miseries of the damned have no such termination." That is an expressive line of Addison:—

> "Eternity, thou pleasing dreadful thought!"

The anticipation of spending an eternity of happiness in heaven, is a pleasing thought indeed; but the prospect of a similar duration in hell, is

unutterably dreadful: Καὶ ὁ καπνὸς τοῦ βασανισμοῦ αὐτῶν ἀναβαίνει εἰς αἰῶνας αἰώνων· "And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever." Rev. xiv. 11. An old divine might well say, "No labour is hard, no time long, when the glory of eternity is the mark we level at." That, too, is a judicious remark of another writer of the last century, "Human nature cannot look into eternity without a religious awe. Our thoughts are lost in the endless view, and return to us weary and unsatisfied, without finding bounds or place to fix upon." Writers have been wont to compare the onward flow of rivers, to the ceaseless progression of time. I consider that a pretty thought of an elegant writer, "Time, like the resistless torrent of a mighty river, sweeps along and pours its full tide into eternity." A poet has laid hold of the same thought with considerable energy, thus:—

> "The lapse of time and rivers is the same,
> Both speed their journey with a restless stream;
> The silent pace with which they steal away,
> No wealth can bribe, no prayer persuade to stay;
> Alike irrevocable both when past,
> And a wide ocean swallow both at last."

A moralizer says, "*Time* and *rivers* resemble each other, but there is this difference: streams do not flow in vain, they water, and refresh, and beautify; but time to multitudes glides along unimproved." This, it would seem, assisted the poet to another verse:—

> "Though each resemble each in every part,
> A difference strikes at length the musing heart:
> Streams never flow in vain where streams abound;
> How laughs the land with every plenty crown'd;
> But Time, which should enrich the nobler mind,
> Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind."

"But, see! what an array of lights are ahead; they seem, in fact, to cross the entire river. That must

be Cologne." So it was; and we landed about ten o'clock at night, and wended our way to an inn, to which we had been recommended by a *waiter* on board the steamer; but everything in the interior looked so offensive, we left the house and sought another hotel. It was Saturday night, and we desired to have a comfortable home, where we might spend the Sabbath agreeably. We found one quite to our mind, and learned a lesson, which we should have done before; for this was the second time we had been imposed upon by such functionaries, who, it would appear, are frequently employed by low taverns, to procure them lodgers.

The thought has just been suggested, that you would be disappointed were I to close this letter without mentioning something about the goodness of God to my soul. "If thou writest," said one of the Fathers, "it doth not relish with me unless I read Jesus there; if thou disputest or conferrest, it doth not relish with me unless Jesus sound there." I can say, then, Jesus is very precious; he is my delight and the joy of my heart. Please present my love to Mrs. * * * *. I often think of you both; sometimes in connexion with those fine lines:—

> "And when at last you close your gentle eyes,
> Blameless as they were blessed, may you fall
> Into the grave as softly as the leaves
> Of two sweet roses on an autumn eve,
> Beneath the small sighs of the western wind,
> Drop to the earth together."

I remain, dear sir, your ever affectionate brother in Jesus Christ our Lord,

J. C.

LETTER II.

Coblentz, Prussia, Sept., 1843.

DEAR SIR,

WE arrived here by steamer, last night, from Cologne, after a pleasant run of nine hours. The scenery was grand, beyond anything we could have anticipated. Before I attempt a description, allow me to give you a short history of our stay at Cologne.

On Sabbath morning we walked out in quest of a place of worship, entered a Roman Catholic church. There were about two hundred persons present. The priest was busily engaged in paying his devotions to a few images; kneeling first to one, and then to another, but evidently adoring all; now kissing a book, and again swinging a censer and raising a smoke; somewhat more agreeable, however, than the kind complained of in my last. Having gone through these ceremonies, he began sprinkling the faithful few with "holy water," but managed not to allow a drop to reach us, taking us, no doubt, for heretics. The poor people, principally women, appeared very serious; but their countenances were singularly vacant of anything like that intelligent expression so prevalent in a Protestant congregation. Some were counting their beads, others muttering prayers and crossing themselves, but most were listlessly observing the graceful motions of the priest. We felt sadly out of our element, and withdrew.

A few yards from this church we passed through a large market, in full operation. Proceeding through the city to the cathedral, we were shocked to see all the shops open, and engaged in business, as on any other day of the week. They did not appear to have any idea that it was Sabbath, or that they were under

any obligation to keep the day holy. But this is a Roman Catholic city, and these are the God-dishonouring workings of the abominable system. How corrupted may Christianity become! The plain scriptures of truth, from which these papists have derived some of their most essential doctrines, and which they hold in common with other churches in Christendom, are totally neglected. The commandments of men, professing to be Christians, are substituted for the express laws of God; and the word of God is made of none effect by their miserable traditions. Popery appears to be left to itself in Cologne, without anything to neutralize its horrible influence.

The congregation was large at the cathedral. But how different the scene here, from what we beheld on the Sabbath we spent at the Hague! There the Protestant minister was unfolding the rich treasures of gospel truth, before a deeply attentive and intelligent audience; and when they began to sing, it was the employment of all, and "like the sound of many waters," and with a melody that took dominion of the soul; and when they were dismissed, each, young and old, carried away a copy of the holy scriptures. But here we beheld a company of priests parading the high altar, and dressed in a style most theatrical; now kissing the altar, next a crucifix, then the bishop's hand, and again presenting a crucifix to his embrace, waving hands, bowing to images, crossing, swinging censers. At length, as if wearied with their exercises, they sat down, and a few persons accompanied the organ, with a piece more becoming a military parade than the sanctuary of God. When this was concluded, the priests were again in motion, enveloped in clouds of smoke from the censers which they were heaving in the air with no small degree of dexterity. A company of little boys, gaudily dressed, were employed all the time in pursuing the steps of the priests, imitating their

motions, and, at intervals, tinkling bells. With the exception of a few, some of whom were intent upon the movements of the priests, and others, earnestly engaged before some image, as if resolved not to leave until it had been propitious, the greater part of the concourse were in motion, perambulating the vast area of the cathedral, as if in a fair, and we could not but remark the same vacant stupidity of feature which we had noticed in the last congregation; indicative of a mind unemployed, or "starving through lack of knowledge." There were some, I allow, who did not come under this censure; but such was the general aspect of the mass attending *Mass*.

The altars, pictures, and shrines of various saints are numerous in this cathedral. Some are evidently very ancient. The famous shrine, for instance, of the three kings, or magi, who came to worship the infant Redeemer, was brought from Milan to this city, in the year 1170. The pretended skulls of these three men are still darkly seen within the tomb. It is stated that they were adorned with crowns of gold and precious stones when the "infidel French" carried them away; and when compelled to return the skulls in 1804, they did not appear to consider the crowns and jewels included in the demand, and therefore the heads were minus of these valuable ornaments, which have never since been seen. The "faithful," at Cologne, consider these the identical bones of the three wise men. Previously to the French Revolution, this tomb was considered the most rich and superb monument in all Europe.

The cathedral of Cologne is in an unfinished state, and is likely so to continue. It was intended to be the most splendid specimen of the florid gothic in Europe; and is rarely rivaled as it is. Such a profusion of ornamental sculpture; such an array of turrets, pinnacles, and towers, clustered upon one building, we had never before beheld.

The main tower, though not completed, harmonizes with the magnificence of the edifice, and rises to the height of two hundred feet. The crane by which the stones were raised to their present position is yet on its summit. When the masons were ordered to desist, and the scaffolding was torn away from the unfinished tower, it was left there, either through forgetfulness or design; and there it has remained upwards of three centuries. The Roman Catholics consider the standing crane as a pledge from heaven that it shall yet be completed, and would not have it removed on any account. Apart from popery, it is a mournful spectacle, to see weeds and shrubs growing out of the exquisite sculpture of this tower; and the crane, as if in solemn mockery at the work of decay going on below, announcing the building to be only in progress of erection, while, in fact, the whole is rapidly tending to delapidation and final ruin. The tower, which stands at a distance from that part of the edifice, having something of the appearance of a finish, struck us at first as not belonging to the cathedral, till a closer view removed the error. This, and another tower, twenty-five feet high, were intended to be carried to the height of five hundred feet. The dimensions of the interior are on a large scale, and the effects upon the mind most imposing. The predominant feeling is a sense of one's own littleness, and of the majesty of God. As we glided along from column to column, of which there are not less than one hundred; some of them more than thirty feet in circumference, ascending to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, supporting "the vaulted roof, which seemed another sky;" and as we hearkened to the solemn tones of a powerful organ, echo multiplying upon echo, answering each other along the far extended aisles, and losing themselves in the far-away recesses of some altar or chapel; notwithstanding our prejudices against popery, we were not, I confess,

prepared to reject the sentiment uttered by one, "How fit a place is this for man to walk and talk with his Maker." Perhaps the following imperfect lines may not be unacceptable. They were written after our return from the cathedral to our hotel :—

I will not frown upon thee, noble pile!
Though one upon thy brow there is;—a deep
Dread frown upon thy hundred pinnacles;
The same on cluster'd columns, thy solemn
Aisles within; a frown, like that which lowered
On Babel's rising walls, has come on thee.
'Twas fit, ere God came down in Luther's day,
To purge his church, to drive from off her walls
The Babel throng, and look displeasure on
Their work for aye, that thou of power and pride
The offspring, should'st be a sign to nations round.

By stretching over thee confusion's line,
And stones of emptiness,* He doomed thee
A monument of fall'n greatness, and Truth's
Triumphant era,——
Arrested thus, in midway pomp, and near
A period so mem'rable withal! marked
With awe the climax of Catholicism,
And most emphatically, a descent,
Pauseless and lasting as eternity!
Full twice three centuries have pass'd away,
And so have drifted down duration's tide,
Since thy foundation stone was firmly laid.
In florid gothic, and in sculpture rich,
Uprose the pile, magnificently fair.
Century to century succeeded,
And generation after generation;—
And workmen still were busied on thy walls;—
None inattentive to the vast design;
Till suddenly, at length, the builders ceased,
And left the half-completed tower; but none
Have since essay'd to add a single stone;†
Nor scaffold, nor aught appears, save that lone crane,
Whose iron arm extending from the top,
Entreating, lo! these seventeen score of years,

* Isaiah xxxiv. 11.
† This relates to the tower. Some efforts are being made, I believe, to finish the great nave. J. C.

The architect's completing hand, in vain,
For, "No!" from Higher Source, is sternly said;
And weeds, rank midst mould'ring sculpture waving,
Impressively say, "No!" and, "No!" seems traced
On hoary arch and crumbling pinnacle,
As by the finger of Almighty God!

Cologne was once one of the most flourishing cities of Germany. It extends about two miles along the bank of the Rhine, and verges in form to a crescent. Many of the houses are lofty; and if one may judge from their remaining decorations, they have been at one time beautiful; but their present appearance is gloomy and ruinous. The streets are covered with filth, as if they had not been swept for years; and the stench is intolerable. Think of this, ye Americans, when enjoying the fragrance of the *Eau de Cologne!* That I am not alone in this remark, is evident from the following sentiments of an intelligent visiter: "Cologne, once the holy city, now the dirty focus of decaying Catholicism, loses all its grandeur, and much of its interest, on a nearer survey; it is, beyond question, the dirtiest and most gloomy city of its size in Europe. It runs along the Rhine about a league from one wall to the other; its depth is about half a league; but its streets are all shabby narrow lanes, and its places irregular open spaces, overgrown with weeds, whose dreary chasms and mouldering tenements are only now and then varied by a solitary spacious mansion, a gloomy vestige of old-fashioned splendour. The people you meet are as motley and miserable as the buildings. It is difficult to give you an idea of its squalid wretchedness, of the savage-looking, bustling crowds, who flew upon us when we landed on the quay." The population of Cologne is variously stated; it amounts, probably, to about sixty-five thousand. When the French took possession of the place, fully one-third of the population obtained their living by begging; each

person having his appropriate station, which passed as an inheritance from father to son. There were also at that time, it is stated, two thousand five hundred priests, besides a large assembly of nuns.

Cologne is said to be the birth-place of Agrippina, the mother of Nero. After her marriage with Claudius, she remembered her native place, and conferred upon it substantial favours. Latin writers, after this period, speak of the city under the name of *Colonia Agrippinensis*. Rubens, the celebrated painter, was also born here.

On Sabbath afternoon, I passed through one of the gates, and walked to a shady spot on the banks of the Rhine, above the city, where my soul was favoured by a gracious visitation from on high. My heart was full, and my eyes overflowed, when reflecting upon all the way the Lord my God had led me, these many years, in the wilderness.

Next day we left Cologne, by steamer, and proceeded up the river to this city [Coblentz].

The transition from the beautiful to the truly sublime in scenery, was rapid, after leaving Cologne. The seven mountains, terminating in as many rugged peaks, the loftiest, "The castled crag of Drachenfels," crowned, at the height of eighteen hundred feet, with the ruins of a castle, and the mountain of Rolandseck, on the opposite bank, present an imposing portal to the gloomy grandeur of the ravine, which we were about to enter, and through which this exulting river forces the mighty volume of its waters. One of these mountains, as if "in defiance of its neighbour" on the other side, advances close to the river's brink, but receding suddenly, and joining with the other six, they form themselves into a noble crescent, rising in front of the Rhine, like a spacious amphitheatre.

A poet has well described this entrance, and the beautiful scenery in the vicinity, thus :—

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters proudly swells,
Between the banks that bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields that promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine.
Above, the frequent feudal towers,
Through green leaves lift their walls of grey,
And many a rock which steeply towers,
And noble arch in proud decay.
The river richly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round.
The highest breast its wish might bound,
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could a spot on earth be found,
To nature and to me so dear."

The river, now compressed within narrow limits, became very impetuous, sometimes almost a match for our steamer; but its sudden expansion into what may be termed a succession of small lakes, imprisoned amidst the mountains, relieved the vessel, and prepared her for an encounter with the next rush of the torrent.

We noticed a certain point where the current was running with a tumultuous and accelerated velocity, and were informed the boatmen of the Rhine name it, *Gotteshülfe,* that is, *God's help.* Poor fellows, this is much needed here, especially when the Rhine is on the throne of his power, and the roar of his majesty is heard among the mountains.

"The boatmen of the Rhine, in fact, require help," says a writer, "even where there is little or no danger. They are the most clumsy and inexpert watermen, in the management of small craft, that can well be imagined. In a common boat there are generally two men; one at the head with a wooden rake, shaped like those which our scavengers use to rake the mud in the

streets; with this the man pulls the water towards him; the other on the stern, either with a similar rake or flat paddle, pushes the water from him; so that, with pushing and pulling they contrive to move the boat, clumsily and slowly enough, through the water. The larger boats are towed generally along the right bank by as many horses as may be necessary. It is not uncommon to observe eight of them tracking one of the larger kind against the stream. In descending, they have only to take care that the head be kept down the stream, and the current does the rest of the work for them."

Castles in ruins, on either hand, are numerous. Their varied forms and positions, on mountain peak, rugged cliffs, and amidst tangled thickets, have an effect exceedingly beautiful and picturesque. The mountains, "Composed chiefly of black basalt and argillaceous slate," rise boldly from the water's edge, some of them rugged and bare, and others covered with vines; terrace rising above terrace, loaded with luxuriant grapes, extending along jutting cliffs and frowning precipices, and ascending over the grey and barren ribs of the mountains, almost to their summits:—

> "Mountains that show
> Inscribed, as with the silence of a thought,
> Upon their bleak and visionary sides,
> The history of many a winter storm,
> Or obscure records of the path of fire."

The inhabitants, taking advantage of the many windings of the river, have planted their cities and towns on the angles; and "man's inhumanity to man," in past ages, has compelled them to raise around them walls and ramparts. The church spire, overtopping trees and warlike towers, assures the thoughtful voyager that the citizens look for a better country, that is, an heavenly; and for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Heb. xi. 10, 14.

It is, dear Sir, impossible, in the short space of a letter, to describe all the interesting objects which drew forth our admiration, during this one day's journey. Had I attempted even the names of towns, villages, castles, etc., my epistle would have swollen into a dry and tedious catalogue. The scenery was to me of an entirely new order, compared with anything I had before seen. We arrived in this city a little past seven o'clock the same day, and put up at the Giant Hotel, a princely establishment, where we are at present most agreeably accommodated. Farewell.

J. C.

LETTER III.

Mayence, Germany, Sept., 1843.

DEAR SIR,

OUR stay at Coblentz was short. On the morning of our departure, we crossed the Rhine on a compact bridge of boats, and ascended to the heights, contiguous to the celebrated fortress of Ehrenbreistein, where we enjoyed a most beautiful and extensive prospect. Coblentz, in its glory, lay beneath, on the opposite side of the river. The city stands upon a tongue of land, in the form of a perfect triangle; one side of which extends along the river Moselle, and the other is watered by the Rhine; the third side occupies the entire breadth between the two rivers inland. The city has its name from its situation, at the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle,—*Confluentia*, or Coblentz. The Rhine with its islands, Coblentz with its walls and numerous spires, and a rich and extensive

landscape, dotted with many towns and villages, lay beneath our eye; a combination, in fact, of as beautiful and magnificent scenery as, perhaps, our world affords. At our feet reposed the little town of Thal; and, on our right, the frowning ramparts of *Ehrenbreistein*, that is, "Rock of Honour." The fortress has an aspect peculiarly commanding and warlike; such an array of bastions, ramparts, battlements, and round towers, I have never before beheld; at least, in such a giddy and fearful situation. The entire summit of a perpendicular rock, rising eight hundred feet above the level of the Rhine, is covered with them. Here and there, upon every jutting crag, is to be seen a bristling battery, or threatening tower, "Which, but to look at," said one, "is enough to make a peaceable man tremble."

This rock has long been appropriated to the purposes of war, having been first fortified by the Romans. "There was a castle here," says the historian, "in the time of the Emperor Julian." The fortress, during the Swedish war, was attacked on the south side by an army of forty thousand men, and on the north, at the same time, by the French army; yet their united power could not reduce it, and it was abandoned as impregnable.

The truce of Leoben proved its ruin. It was then in the possession of the French, who, doubting whether they could retain it, dismantled the works, and blew them up. The rock was terribly shaken by the concussion, and masses of it came down with a tremendous crash. A celebrated poet has thus immortalized it, in its season of desolation:—

"Here, Ehrenbreistein, with her shatter'd wall,
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height,
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength, did light;
A tower of victory! from whence the flight

Of baffled foes was watched along the plain;
But peace destroyed what man could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to summer's rain,
On which the iron showers for years had pour'd in vain."

Thus perished what was considered one of the strongest fortresses in Europe; and "peace destroyed what man could never blight." And thus, we said, it has been with many a real Christian. Founded upon the Rock of Ages, and built up on his most holy faith,—

"Strong in his strength, as stood a tower,
Impregnable to earth and hell."

But, alas! he who passed unharmed through the fiery ordeal of persecution and sore temptation, repelling victoriously every attack of the enemy, continuing all the while a burning and shining light, has, on the cessation of hostilities,—during a truce, offered by the enemies of his Lord,—fallen from his own steadfastness. How many such have we known, thus standing up for God, in the glory of a high and holy calling, surprised in an unguarded and unsuspected moment, stripped of their defensive armour, and shorn of their strength like Sampson!—by some sudden gust of temptation, their religious profession and hopes of heaven have been blown to atoms, like the ancient fortress of Ehrenbreistein; thus,—

"Peace destroyed what man can never blight."

Another poet well expressed our feelings:—

"Far more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests breaking o'er my head."

His Prussian Majesty has caused the blackened fragments of the ruined fortress to disappear. The torn granite ribs of the old rock have been united again by piles of solid masonry. Walls above walls have arisen; and, "Like a sculptured Cybele," as one has somewhere expressed it, with a coronet of towers,

turrets, and battlements, that rock has once more reared its crested head for the defence of Germany.

And thus has God upraised many a wretched backslider, under my ministry, since my arrival on this side the Atlantic. Hallelujah! Brought back again, within the dominions of Emmanuel, having his iniquities pardoned, his soul cleansed, and being once more reinstated in the divine favour;—I have seen the backslider armed a second time in the panoply of heaven, adorned with a coronet of the choicest blessings of his God, and enabled again to lift his head with confidence for the defence of the religion of his Saviour.

Excuse me, my dear Sir, but I begin to feel as if out of my element, although my health is all the better for this relaxation. I have seen much of the beautiful and the grand since I left England, but nothing equal to the interesting scenes peculiar to a revival of religion:—

> "More grateful to Religion's eye, than spring
> With her unnumbered tints of ever changing hues,
> To nature's own,—the poet,—is the sight
> Which grace exhibits, in its wond'rous work,
> When souls from death are quickened into life,
> Or churches, Phœnix-like, from ashes spring,
> All clad in beauty, rich as angels wear."

We re-crossed the river, and departed by steamer for Mayence. Shortly after leaving Coblentz, we entered a deep ravine, which continued twenty-five or thirty miles. The river, contracted between mountains, which rise in many places on either side, like huge black walls, rushes most impetuously; but the succession of little lakes, singularly scooped out of the mountains, is an admirable arrangement of Providence; the fury of the torrent of waters being thereby greatly lessened. Having passed through a series of these lakes, our admiration at the ingenious manner in which the crew had managed to conduct the vessel thus

far, was succeeded by the query, "How is it possible for them to extricate her out of the labyrinth which lies before us, for we are enclosed by mountains which interlace each other in every direction?" But, not unlike the interventions of Providence, in our spiritual or temporal affairs, when we are at our "wit's end," and an outlet from our difficulties seems next to impossible, just then the Lord interposes, and we are compelled to exclaim,—

> "Almighty Providence! exceeding thought,
> Where none appears, can make itself a way!"

So, following the river, which threaded its way through "mountain difficulties," our passage gradually opened before us; indicated, generally, by the defying aspect of two or more mountains, which seemed to have but just sufficient courtesy to let us pass, ere they came together with a crash. How illustrative this of that fine sentiment of an elegant writer: "There are few difficulties that hold out against real attacks; they fly, like the visible horizon, before those who advance. A passionate desire, and an unwearied will, can perform impossibilities, or what seems to be such to the cold and feeble. *If we do but go on, some unseen path will open among the hills.*"

It is no easy matter, I find, to convey to you a proper idea of the many sublime scenes which met our view at every turn of this beautiful river. The mountains, covered with hanging vineyards, rise from the water's edge in bold and rugged grandeur, crowned with crumbling castles, or shattered fortresses, "Tenantless, save to the crannying wind, or holding dark communion with the cloud." Pretty towns, with "ramired walls" and shining spires, repose in sweet seclusion at almost every angle of the river:—

> "And all its thousand turns disclose,
> Some fresher beauty varying round;

A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, mountains, vines,
And cheerless castles, breathing sad farewells,
From grey but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells."

It was quite a sacrifice to leave the deck for dinner; but some of us were up and down a dozen times during the meal, to the no small amusement of one who considered, that "everything should have its season," but who could admit of no degrees of comparison, between the luscious exhibition upon the table, and those "nice things" upon the shore; fit only for the eye, which never can be satisfied with seeing. We retorted, that the old maxim was not true in all cases, "There is no accounting for taste," as we could readily account for his. An hour or two afterwards, the same gentleman was sitting on deck, quietly enjoying his pipe, when a large mass of rock came away from the brow of the mountain, roaring like a piece of artillery. He was on his feet in a moment, beckoning us, with violent gestures, to come and see. We were by his side in time to see the landing-place of the descending fragments; but the opportunity for complimenting his "enthusiastic developments," when unembarrassed by table associations, was not overlooked by a few of the witty passengers.

As we approached a very gloomy part of the ravine, three small cannon were drawn out upon the forward deck, and charged. "The first object that attracts the notice of the passenger is a naked mass of black rock, singularly curious, whose strata appear to have been thrown up and disrupted, and the great basaltic tablets and columns piled on each other in hideous disorder." This is the famous Lurleyberg, or Wisperthal, that is, the repeating mountain; so called, from an echo multiplying itself several times, in the vicinity. When close under the overhanging rocks, the sharp notes of two or three muskets, from the opposite shore, were

echoed, and re-echoed, and carried along the crags and deep ravines, as upon so many keys, till they died away in some secret dell, or distant cavern. But this was only a prelude to the three-cannon tune; one discharge after another, succeeded in quick succession. The echoes were tremendous; as if the whole neighbourhood of mountains were uniting in the chorus.

The waters around the base of the Lurleyberg, were very turbulent. There is an old legend current among the boatmen of the Rhine, that a *water-nymph* has her residence here. It seems, many of their brethren have been charmed into security by the voice of the syren,—which may have been nothing more than alcohol, the mocker, Prov. xx. 1,—and then dashing them against the rocks, has cast them within the circle of the vortex to their destruction. Some of the towns, on the banks of the Rhine, have a mean and poverty-stricken appearance, and abound in shattered towers and crumbling walls; but they harmonize so well with the grim majesty of mountain, rock, and ruin, as not to offend the eye; and, joined with their picturesque situation, impart a pleasing interest to the scene. The manner, in which the little sheets of the Rhine are imprisoned and sheltered by the mountains, secures for them a smooth and glassy surface, which serves as a mirror for the ruins above; reminding one of that fine verse by an Irish poet:—

> "On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
> When the clear cold eve is declining;
> He sees the round towers of other days,
> In the wave beneath him shining."

We arrived at Mayence about dark, and put up at the Hotel d'Angleterre. The grand panorama, composed of the first order of things, which has passed before us these two days, has left an indelible im-

pression upon our mind; and has furnished us with a series of beautiful images, to which we shall ever recur with delight. I think it is Milton, who says, "It were an injury and sullenness against nature, not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicings with heaven and earth." Sullen indeed, must that spirit be, that would not be delighted with the scenery of the Rhine; for who could gaze upon it, without having awakened within him, apprehensions the most lively, of the majesty of God, and the grandeur of his works? And such is the power of association, that the works of man, mingling with those of his Creator, —the mossy battlements and ivied towers, sublimely mouldering on jagged projections, of cliff and precipice,—so far from lessening the feeling, increase it. So much for the Rhine as it is; but the Rhine as it *was*, —as it was in the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and sixteenth centuries, recals other associations. Let the mind only throw itself back in contemplation upon those eventful times; the scenes of treachery and bloodshed, to which these mountain crags, and frowning ruins, have been the mute witnesses; the circumstances which rendered the erection of these strong holds necessary; the superstitious monks and lawless brigands which occupied them; the sufferings endured by many wretched victims incarcerated in the dark damp cell; the deeds of tyranny and murder perpetrated within their gloomy chambers; such stern and disgusting recollections, go far to correct that romantic admiration which many travellers entertain of the chivalry of past ages. Reminiscences like these, damp the pleasurable sensation, in a religious mind, and impart a tinge of mournfulness, when luxuriating amidst the majesty of Rhine scenery. A certain poet, who never was over nice about such matters, seems to have been affected somewhat by the same feeling, when he here composed the following lines:—

"Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions, in proud state,
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,

Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
And love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide;
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
Keen contest and destruction, near allied,
And many a tower for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath its ruin run.

A thousand battles have assailed thy banks,
But these and half their fame have passed away,
And slaughter heaped on high his weltering ranks,
Their very graves are gone, and where are they?"

Such views, however, need not deter the Christian traveller from being thankful to God, that he lives in the present enlightened age. *Honour*, and what is this but honesty and good faith?—is no longer subjected to "the fantastic touchstone of chivalry," but is now the product of wise and just laws, to which the powerful and the weak are alike amenable, and supported by the truths of our holy religion. "The middle ages," says a writer, "were too fertile in oppression, and in misery, to be regarded with anything like regret, that their character and spirit have not been stamped upon the times in which we are living."

The length to which I have extended this letter, prohibits me, even were I not straitened for time, to say much upon the subjects to which you have referred. "It is," says a good man, "unfortunate when a man's intellectual and moral character are not suited to each other. The horses in a carriage should go the same pace, and draw in the same direction, or the motion will be neither pleasant nor safe." And the remark is equally true, that "the want of harmony between

the talents and the temperament is often found in private life; and wherever found, it is the fruitful source of faults and sufferings." The latter circumstance may be one of those balances which God not unfrequently permits to accompany *great talents*, to neutralize the occasions of pride, "To humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart." Deut. viii. 2. It is most disagreeable, nevertheless, to those who may be necessitated to associate with such a person, although it may be greatly overruled for the good of the individual himself. I feel, however, disposed to treat the case as charitably as I can, unless there is more concealed than you have expressed. Every year only shows me, that, whatever may be the weight of *my* little talent, it is more than balanced by numerous infirmities, which lay me daily in the dust, crying, "Every moment, Lord, I need the merit of thy death."

And our mutual friend, * * * *, has gone home to heaven. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." It was only this morning, I was meditating upon his amiable and admirable character, aided by the following lines, which are true to the life:—

> "Holy learning, sacred arts,
> Gifts of nature, strength of parts;
> Fluent grace, an humble mind,
> Worth reform'd, and wit refined;
> Sweetness both in tongue and pen,
> Insight both in books and men;
> Hopes in woe, and fears in weal,
> Humble knowledge, sprightly zeal,
> A liberal heart, and free from gall,
> Close to friend, and true to all."

May my "last end," and thine, be like his! Amen.

I remember reading a passage in the "experience" of Luther, which may illustrate, in some degree, those providential difficulties which oppress Mr. * * * *.

"Upon some affair of great consequence, which had occurred in some providential dispensations, he was very importunate at the throne of grace, to know the mind of God in it; and it seemed to him as if he heard God speak to his heart thus, '*I am not to be traced.*'" If he is not to be traced, he may be *trusted;* and that religion is of little value which will not enable a man to trust God where he can neither trace nor see him. But there is a time for everything beneath the sun, and the Almighty has his "times and seasons." It has been frequently with my hopes and desires, in regard to providence, as with my *watch* and the sun, which has often been ahead of *true time;*—I have gone faster than providence, and have been forced to *stand still* and *wait,* or I have been *set back painfully.* That was a fine sentiment of Flavel, "Some providences, like Hebrew letters, must be read backwards."

Everything is beautiful in its season; providential blessings have their season; they come as flowers do, some earlier and others later; but if we refuse to enjoy thankfully one class of favours, till we have, along with them, others that are desirable, we may place ourselves in a position to be illustrated by a figure adopted by a great writer: "It is, as if one would undertake to gather at the same time primroses and violets, and roses and gillyflowers, to make a nosegay, when some of these are withered ere the others be budded."

That providences do occur, the *reasons* for which are profoundly secret, I admit, but none of them are *unjust.* It will require another world to explain all the mysteries peculiar to this. The Lord deals very roughly sometimes with some of his servants, *because he has tried them,* and knows they may be trusted: "For I know him," said the God of Abraham, "that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do

justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him." But the same servant of God "was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance; and he went out, not knowing whither he went." By such persons the Lord gives some of the noblest exhibitions of the power of grace, and triumphs of faith. I have noticed, at what a tremendous speed they drive the locomotive, when upon those parts of the road where they have perfect confidence in the rail. An old divine compares a perfect Christian to a *die*, which, however it be thrown, always falls upon a square;—cast him where you will, he will always fall "sure and square" for honesty and holiness.

I met with a remark, when reading, the other day, which I think may be of use to our friend; it was this: The Athenians, when they were in the greatest danger at sea, always cast out the great anchor, called, "The Holy Anchor." So let him commit the keeping of his soul to God in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator. Let him cast anchor on Christ, and hold fast by that faithful promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." As for poor afflicted Mrs. * * * *'s case, that she is frequently "cast down," is not to be wondered at; I should wonder more, considering the nature of her disease, were it otherwise with her; nor should she, on that account, write bitter things against herself, though the devil may tempt her to do so. "Ah! Lord," said a good man in affliction, when he saw a bird trying to fly, but weighed down by a stone hanging at its leg, "Ah! Lord, thus it fares with the soul of thy servant! Fain would I serve, glorify, and enjoy thee; but a distempered body will not let me. However, it is reviving to think, that though I am now forced to crawl like a worm in the discharge of my duties, I shall shortly fly like a seraph in the execution of thy will. Cheer up my soul, the time is at hand when

thou shalt be made more willing than thou art, and thy flesh not weak as now."

I remain, ever dear sir, in strong affection to you and Mrs. * * * *, as ever in Jesus Christ.

J. C.

LETTER IV.

Manheim, Sept., 1843.

DEAR SIR,

WE arrived here to-day from Mayence, and intend to sail, about ten o'clock to-night, for Strasburgh, France.

Manheim, has long been considered one of the finest cities of Germany. It is situated at the conflux of the Neckar and the Rhine. No city that I have hitherto visited, has reminded me so much of Philadelphia, U.S., not so much in form, for Manheim is oval, nor yet in size, as it is much smaller; but, like Philadelphia, it is laid off into squares, with the regularity of a chess-board; the streets crossing each other at right angles. The houses are tastefully constructed, and the public buildings have an aspect quite imposing. There are numerous fountains in all parts of the city, which are elegantly decorated; these, and the healthy trees, abounding in the streets, must diffuse an agreeable atmosphere during the summer months. The sight of running water in warm weather, frequently communicates a refreshing sense of coolness.

The pleasure grounds, which nearly encompass the city, are laid out in handsome walks, bordered with flowers, and clumped with trees and shrubs, and are free both to citizens and strangers. The hour we spent in walking over these grounds, this afternoon, has been the most agreeable since we left England;

although they encircle a busy and populous city, there is in them a kind of wilderness solitude. The plants, flowers, and shrubberies, are well managed, as to arrangement; and the walks are in perfect order, shaded in all directions with luxuriant trees.

Manheim suffered severely from the bombardment in 1795, but it appears to have quite recovered itself, with the exception of the Royal Palace, which is of great magnitude, but a melancholy ruin.

As we are completely tired with the excursions of the day, and have a couple of hours to spare, before the arrival of the steamer, I shall employ them in giving you some particulars, connected with our visit to Mayence and Frankfort.

Mayence is an old city of Germany, and describes something like a semi-circle. It stands upon the left bank of the Rhine, below its junction with the river Maine. Although it belongs to a German prince, Austria and Prussia garrison it. This arose from the decision of the Congress held at Vienna, owing to the importance of the place, and the inability of the prince to furnish a sufficient garrison. The fortifications are strong and extensive, and require, in time of war, 30,000 men. The streets are narrow, crooked, and gloomy, and we saw but few buildings worthy of particular notice.

The cathedral, built of red sandstone, looked well, with its fine old Gothic tower, of the same material, and adorned with fretwork and pinnacles. The interior was greatly injured by the French, who wreaked their fury upon every building devoted to the worship of God.

The ancient Electoral Palace, with its two immense wings, is a striking object, standing as it does, close to the Rhine. Its fluted pilasters, and pretty capitals, richly adorned, make a good appearance; but why they amalgamated their own strange and fanciful designs, while aiming at some of the majestic lineaments of

Grecian architecture, we could not determine: *Chaque pays a sa guise,*—every country has its fancy.

In our walks through the city, we met with a fountain, in a small square, of ingenious workmanship. The Rhine and the river Maine are represented by the well-executed figures of two old men. A couple of lions, are employed in spouting water, and a handsomely sculptured obelisk stands in the centre of the circular basin.

> "Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint,
> Strange faces like to men in masquerade,
> And here perhaps a monster, there a saint:
> The spring gush'd through grim mouths of granite made,
> And sparkled into basins, where it spent
> Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
> Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles."

The country around Mayence, is considered the most fertile in all Germany. The city contains about 36,000 inhabitants, and 12,000 Prussian and Austrian soldiers.

Mayence contests with Haarlem, the honour of having invented the art of printing, and to prove their pretentions to a demonstration, the citizens erected a bronze statue of Guttemburg, in 1837. The matter, however, was thoroughly investigated by the learned, some years ago, and the glory unanimously conceded in favour of Haarlem.

It was admitted, that the art received important improvements at Mayence, by the invention of *cut metal* types; Costar having only used wooden types. Mayence, it seems, would have had as little pretence for such a claim, as the other cities on the Rhine, but for the knavery of *Geinsfleisch,* Costar's servant. While his master and family were at the Haarlem Church, on a Christmas eve, he stole the types and necessary apparatus, absconded, and settled at Mayence, where he printed his first book in the year of our Lord, 1442, twelve years after Costar had issued his

"Mirror of Human Salvation." Geinsfleisch, was soon afterward joined by Guttemburg, who assisted him in the invention of cut metal types.

The new types were first employed in printing an edition of the Bible. Such was the infancy of the art, that it required eight years for its execution; and it appeared in 1450. In the year 1462, a second edition of the Bible issued from the press at Mayence, but much more beautiful and expensively printed. One of the firm sold it in Paris, as *manuscript*, at a very high price; as the Parisians regarded such an extraordinary number of copies as the product of nothing short of magic. Thus, so late in the fifteenth century, so totally ignorant of the art of printing, were the learned men of the great metropolis of France.

The next improvement in printing, was that of having the letters *cast*, instead of being cut. And so important was this discovery of casting types considered, and so fearful were the proprietors of the press at Mayence, of its becoming known in Europe, that an oath of secrecy was administered to all the workmen. God, it would seem, frowned upon the covetous and monopolizing scheme. After the second edition of the Bible had been put into circulation, Mayence was taken and sacked by a powerful enemy. The workmen connected with the press, fled from the city, and were scattered over Europe; as the first Christians were dispersed from Jerusalem, that they might go everywhere preaching the truth as it is in Jesus. These men let the secret out, and in an incredibly short time, every principal city in Europe, had its press, according to the most improved plan at Mayence. It is remarkable, that the *printing-press* which was invented at an early period of the art, and probably in Holland also, continued in its original form till within sixty or seventy years ago. I should like to note down other information connected with the progress of printing in this

country, but the steamer will be alongside soon, and this letter must be finished. Mayence is deservedly famous, on account of the first edition of the printed Bible coming out from its press. Having gratified our curiosity at Mayence, we crossed the Rhine on a bridge of boats, for Frankfort. This bridge is different from the flying-bridge, described in a former letter. The river, opposite Mayence, is seven or eight hundred yards wide. The bridge is composed of fifty-two pantoons or barges, stationed a few yards apart, but united to each other by planks, and each is attached to the bottom of the river by a strong chain cable and anchor. Vessels passing up and down the river, are accommodated with a passage by dropping one or two barges down the stream, which are replaced again in a few moments, by means of machinery. The steamboat wharfs along the Rhine, are constructed upon two or more of these barges; and unlike those upon the rivers and lakes of America, which are frequently covered with water to the depth of several feet, or, in times of drought, stand so far above the steamer, as to make the descent difficult and sometimes dangerous; these rise and fall with the river, and are always on a convenient level with the deck of the vessel. We were amused when crossing this bridge, by another advantage taken of the river, by the people of Mayence. Below the bridge, at anchor, are another set of boats, twelve or fourteen in number, extending nearly to the centre of the river. On board of each, is the entire apparatus of a flour mill. Each boat is accommodated with a wheel on each side, resembling those of a steam-boat, which are turned by the current, at the rate of, say, five or six revolutions per minute, and propel the machinery within. The construction of the machinery, is on the accelerating scale, proportioned to the revolutions of the wheels; the internal motion of which is rapid and powerful. The dip of the wheel is at the

command of the miller, as the draught of the boat must vary according to the amount of grain on board. These mills run day and night.

Leaving the bridge, we were conducted to the railway depôt, and were in Frankfort in one hour and a half. Frankfort is a free city of Germany, and decidedly the most splendid we have seen since leaving England. The city stands upon the banks of the river Maine, thirty-five miles eastward from Mayence, and has been well named, "A city of palaces." The opulence of the merchants, and the numerous plenipotentiaries of the German states, who attend the diet, have originated not a few of those princely mansions which meet the eye in various directions. Frankfort was anciently the residence of the Frankish monarchs. Some of the hotels were formerly the palaces of German princes, which may account for their magnitude and magnificence. These royal edifices, have determined, no doubt, the architecture of the inferior hotels; and this may have given rise to the sentiment, that no town in Germany, nor even in Europe, is more celebrated for excellent inns. Frankfort is one of the principal commercial towns of Germany; and the route to most of the chief roads of that country, lying in the direction of Frankfort, and an extensive region to the south, which is dependent on her for necessary commodities; and as, besides, many of the literary characters of Germany, and men versed in every branch of the arts and sciences, reside here, a vast concourse of people is annually attracted to the city. Everything in and around Frankfort, wears the appearance of wealth and prosperity. The architecture of the public buildings displays great taste and beauty of design.*

We were amazed on reaching the suburbs, at the

* Other important matter, designed for this volume, will not allow me to insert the architectural details. J. C.

extent of the public gardens, open to all the world. The ancient ramparts, redoubts and glacis, have been levelled, and converted into serpentine walks, which run through crowded groves, shrubberies, and banks of flowers, which nearly encompass the city. After a refreshing walk through these enchanting grounds, we re-entered the city, and visited the cathedral. From the summit of the tower, we enjoyed an extensive and beautiful prospect; but, on visiting the interior, and looking around at the array of pictures and images, with devotees kneeling before them, and gazing on them with expressions of the most profound adoration, our hearts recoiled at the scene, and with mournful spirits we hastened away from what appeared to us, idolatry the most degrading. We did not learn the number of inhabitants; but I believe the Jews are not fewer than 10,000. Protestantism [Lutheran] is the established religion; but the Roman catholics are very numerous, and still hold possession of the Cathedral alluded to,—a gothic structure, very ancient, erected, it is said, by Pepin of France, and greatly enriched by Charlemagne. We tarried only one night in Frankfort, and returned next day to Mayence, and went on board a steamer which was about to sail for this city [Manheim]. While standing on deck, and noticing a number of persons collected on the floating bridge, during the passage of a boat through it, and the crowd continually increasing from the opposite shore, I heard a serious gentleman observe to another: "How much, Sir, do those people collected upon the fragment of that bridge, remind one of the multitude assembling daily on the brink of the Jordan of death, from all parts of the world; some waiting to cross over to the heavenly city, and others to a worse destination!"

"Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore!"

The barges came back to their stations, the gulf closed, and the accumulated mass passed over, while stragglers were yet scattered here and there on various parts of the moving bridge.

I must now close this hasty scrawl. I have noted down, lean as they are, the only observations of interest which came in our way.

You may, on the whole, observe, we have been *disposed to be pleased;* an accomplishment this, of no small importance to travellers. As I do not intend to return to England before the latter part of next month, you may expect several additional letters from various parts of this continent. My health, I have reason to thank God, is much recruited; and I hope to return prepared to enter upon my beloved work with renewed vigour. Time will not allow me to lengthen this letter. With much love to you and yours, I remain, your brother in Jesus Christ,

J. C.

LETTER V.

Strasburg, France, Oct., 1843.

DEAR SIR,

MY last was dated at Manheim; on the same night our little steamer proceeded up the Rhine for this city. We had no other accommodation during the night, than the narrow seats of the cabin; but, wrapped in our cloaks, with a portmanteau for a pillow, we contrived to get some sleep. The next day found us still pressing upward against the current. The weather was cold and rainy, the shores low, and covered with reeds and rushes. A range of mountains was in

sight many hours; but they seemed as shy of the Rhine, as if none of their kindred had ever honoured it with a place on its majestic banks. The noble river is quite emaciated and dishonoured in this region, not only by far-extended and intrusive swamps, but by schism also; it is divided and subdivided, in many places, till there was scarcely channel sufficient for the small dimensions of our small steamer.

When wearied with reading below, we amused ourselves by observing the ingenuity of our helmsman, in turning the sharp angles of the river, which he accomplished most dexterously. Another little steamer, bound for the same port, and belonging to another company, bristled alongside, as if daring us to a race. The glances of the helmsmen did not indicate that "there was much love lost between them!" Both did their utmost, and sometimes we apprehended they would run foul of each other, with a crash. The crews of both were silent, but some of them, especially the men at the helm, looked defiance with a vengeance. At length our cunning antagonist, taking advantage of certain windings of the stream, which our prudent captain thought proper to avoid, puffed away through a succession, of what we landsmen termed, *near cuts*, and so left us far behind.

When within a couple of miles of Strasburg, we were locked into a canal, and steamed it up to the city, where we arrived about dark. We were surprized to find that the French officers did not demand our passports, which was perhaps well, as we had not taken the precaution to obtain the signature of a French consul. But the rain came down in torrents, and darkness along with it, which made the officers glad, I believe, to get clear of us. I should not wonder if these steam-boats and railways put down eventually, the petty passport system, which prevails upon this continent. *Steam, and passport motions*, as the latter

are transacted in this country, are incongruous; they will neutralize each other; but steam will obtain the victory, and will not stop for them. To this I can heartily say, "Amen!"

A coach was in readiness, and we were conducted to *L'Hôtel de la Fleur* [Saturday night].

Monday.—Yesterday, we visited the cathedral. A Romish priest was holding forth in French, most vociferously, on the attributes of a good Catholic. The congregation was very small, and formed a half circle in front of the pulpit. The women, among whom were several nuns, were seated on chairs, but the men were generally standing, and looked as if they were listening to something in which they had very little interest, and would about as soon go as stay; and yet, they lingered till the close of the service. The women seemed more interested and devotional. The group, clustered as they were in the centre of an immense and seatless area, capable of containing five or six thousand people, had a lonely and desolate appearance.

As we proceeded along the side chapels, we found many engaged before pictures and images, while numbers were promenading the cathedral at pleasure; some criticising the paintings, and others reading inscriptions; and all this during the sermon! The Roman Catholics appear, in all the churches we have visited, to have no regard for anything like joint worship; each shrine has its own devotees; here they offer their devotions, paying no attention to each other whatever. The priest gave himself no concern about those in other parts of the edifice, whether they should draw near to hear, or amuse themselves at a distance, but seemed as if all intent to finish his task. "Faith cometh by *hearing*," saith the word of God; but the papists, it would seem, consider it must come by *seeing*. The pulpit was without Bible, or book of any

kind; but the priest was there;—quite an appropriate exhibition this, of popery.

The astronomical clock in this cathedral, is a surprizing piece of mechanism. The computations of time, connected with the movements of the heavenly bodies throughout the year, are laid down with curious precision. Our globe, with its proper inclination, occupies a position upon the end of a large cylinder, and performs rigidly its revolutions. Several years were employed in the construction of this clock; and from an inscription near it, we learned that it was put in motion for the first time, when The Scientific Association of France held its sittings in this city a short time ago.

In one of the side chapels, which, if we may judge by the number of worshippers, is a favourite; we noticed a picture of the Virgin, seated at the right hand of Christ. Her left arm enfolds the cross, and her right is extended for the encouragement of a group of penitents below; and at the bottom of the painting, is the following prayer, which I had the curiosity to copy:—

O Marie, puissante Reine du ciel et de la terre, d'immortelles louanges et actions de grace vous soient rendues! C'est par votre intercession que le Très Haut a exaucé nos prieres. Which may be translated thus: "O Mary, powerful Queen of heaven and earth; immortal praises and thanksgiving be rendered thee! It is through thy intercession that the Most High has heard our prayers."

Upon one of the columns in the nave, over a font of "holy water," we read a written advertisement, which concluded thus: *Il'y a Indulgence de sept ans et d'autant de quarantaines pour tous les membres de l'association qui confessent et communient et qui visiteront ladite chapelle et y prieront aux fins ordinaires selon l'intention de sa Sainteté; cette indulgence*

est aussi applicable aux ames du purgatoire. The following is a translation: "There is an indulgence of seven years and as many forty days, for all the members of the association, who, having confessed their sins, and communicated, shall visit the said chapel, and shall there pray, according to the intention of His Holiness the Pope. This indulgence is also applicable to the souls in purgatory."

How anti-scriptural and soul-destroying are the doctrines put forth in the above documents! But this is popery, and it is the same all the world over!

This day [Monday] has been devoted to city scenes. As the cathedral is the principal object of attraction to all strangers, we made it a second visit. It is considered one of the finest specimens of the architecture of the middle ages. It consists of a nave and choir, without a transept. The entire length of the interior is three hundred and fifty-five feet, and the breadth of the nave, one hundred and thirty-two feet; height, seventy-two feet. A screen separates the choir from the nave. Two rows of massive pillars, nine on each side, divide the nave from the side aisles. The windows are filled with stained glass. A *rose* window, forty-eight feet in diameter, adorns the east end, and is exquisitely beautiful. The walls of the choir are the most ancient, as they were built about the middle of the eighth century; the other parts, with the spire, are the workmanship of the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries.

From the year 1015 to 1028, it is stated, on historical authority, that upwards of one hundred thousand men were employed upon its walls, numbers of whom were foreigners; and that the wages of many of them, were paid in pardons and indulgences. St. Peter's at Rome, it would seem from hence, was not the only church built by such means, and that the nefarious

trade in indulgences had been practised by the popish priesthood, long before Luther was raised up to grapple with the horrible imposition.

When the Romans subdued this country, tradition says, a tree stood upon the site occupied by this cathedral, under the shade of which, the Celts worshipped their god, Esus. The Romans cut the tree down, and built a temple to one of their fabled Deity. The rapid progress of Christianity in the fifth century resulted in the overthrow of the Roman temple, and hastened the erection of a Christian church upon the same site; but the edifice had scarcely stood a century, when it was destroyed by Attila and his Huns. The entire town was then desolated by the devastations of these barbarians; and continued so till the sixth century, when Clovis, king of the Franks, renewed the place, rebuilt the church, and allowed the town to be called Strasburg, which signifies the town of a street. This church being of wood, perished; and during the eighth century, as I have before remarked, the present edifice was commenced.

Attractive as is the cathedral for the richness of its sculpture, its crowning ornament is the splendid spire, the elevation of which is, I believe, unsurpassed, as its beauty is unrivalled. It rises in a succession of truncated columns and pinnacles, exhibiting the openness of lace-work, and resting upon arches; tier growing out of tier, and springing and tapering upward with a support so fragile, as to destroy the idea of solidity. *Strength*, however, it must have, or it could not have weathered the storms of so many centuries; but it is so admirably constructed, and yet so combined with a certain airy lightness, that in some points of view, when its open-work is distinctly seen, it looks, as one has somewhere expressed it, "More like a filmy painting upon the sky, than a solid edifice." When the entire outline of this far ascending column, is em-

braced by the eye, it has all the charm of a picture of faultless beauty.

I met, the other day, with a few excellent remarks, by a French writer, on the perfection to which the ancients carried the architecture of spires; and as his critique is applied to that of this cathedral, I hope you will not consider the extract out of place. "The ancient architects excelled in the construction of spires. They seized in a marvellous manner the spirit of that sort of work, and carried to the utmost length, the artifices upon which it depends. They possessed the secret of uniting in their erections, lightness and delicacy of workmanship to elegance of form; and avoiding equally the over-attenuated and the over-massive, they attained the precise point in which consists the true beauty of this description of building. Nothing of this kind, is to be compared to the cathedral of Strasburg. This superb pyramid is a master-piece of skill, ravishing our senses at once by its prodigious elevation, the exactness of its gradual dimensions; its pleasing shape, the justness of its proportions, and the exquisite finish of its workmanship. I do not believe that any other architect ever produced a work so boldly imagined, so felicitously conceived, and so admirably executed. There is more art and genius in this one performance than in all else that we have most wonderful in architecture."

The height of this famous spire has been variously estimated, and by some extravagantly. The measurement allowed to be most accurate, makes it four hundred and ninety-four feet high, being thirty feet higher than the largest pyramid of Egypt, fourteen feet beyond that of St. Paul's, London, and exceeding the dome of St. Peter's, Rome, by about seven feet. It is ascended by a stair of six hundred and thirty-five steps.

After ascending two hundred and fifty feet, we were

introduced into a succession of truncated turrets, which rise tier above tier, and were told to "*monter*," with a significant elevation of the finger. Proceeding upward, it was really alarming to recognize our position; poised between heaven and earth, at such a fearful height, supported by slender stones put together five hundred years ago, and so slight the tracery between us and the thin atmosphere, that the whole appeared little better than "a bird-cage suspended in the air." We felt constantly annoyed with the idea, that the spring of our footsteps would deprive the frail fabric of its perpendicular, and then away we should have gone to the pavement, where men appeared as if reduced to the size of children.*

Our courage, however, increased as we mounted, and after ascending a few score of additional feet, and finding a convenient position to look around, we paused. Several foreigners were already there making their observations; and when we were all chattering away in our different languages, we thought of the tower of Babel (Gen. xi. 1, 9,) and quite seriously about a descent; not at all agreeing with the Italian proverb: *E meglio sdrucciolar co' piedi che colla lingua,* "It is better one's foot make a slip than one's tongue."

The view from the spire was very fine:—the city and its extensive fortifications; the various and far-away windings of the Rhine; together with an extensive sweep of country, embracing parts of Germany, and most of the province of Alsacia, with the Vosges Mountains.

Strasburg, you are aware, is a fortified city of France, and the strongest fortress of that country, on the German frontiers. Some of the streets are regular and spacious, but like most walled towns, the streets are

* I see a notice, in one of the late papers, that this beautiful spire, the highest in the world, has lately given way six feet from the perpendicular, and that its immediate fall is anticipated.

Huddersfield, *Jan.* 11*th*, 1845. J. C.

generally narrow, and not at all cleanly. The houses are high and massy, and show their German origin in their architecture. They are built principally of a kind of red stone, dug from the quarries along the Rhine. The fortifications of the town, are after the manner of a regular pentagon, as a military man would express it, composed of five bastions and as many half moons. The citadel lies towards the east; and, with its outworks, covers a vast extent of ground. It is at present garrisoned by six thousand troops. The city contains, we were informed, a population of sixty-two thousand souls.

I have just time to say, farewell.

J. C.

LETTER VI.

Bâle, Switzerland, Oct., 1843.

EVER DEAR SIR,

HAVING gratified our curiosity at Strasburg, we left by railway for this city, and arrived here about dark, ninety miles from Strasburg. We had a very pleasant ride up the plains of Alsacia,—considered one of the most picturesque provinces of France. Here armies, large as Europe could muster, have met in mortal conflict. These plains are said to have been the scene of thirty great battles, besides many skirmishes and sieges. The railway runs along the east side of the Vosges mountains. Old castles, some of them of considerable magnitude, frown down from many of their craggy peaks, and recal centuries gone by, when those strongholds held these fertile plains in terror; but they are now harmless as the dust of those who once occupied them.

They are there as a part of the mountains themselves, and seem as imperishable;—as if preserved by Providence to bear their mournful testimony against bygone ages, when—

> "Man's inhumanity to man,
> Made countless thousands mourn!"

And, we reflected, if those dark and stormy spirits who built, or provoked others to build them, were only permitted to revisit the shattered battlements and towers, and from thence to scan these lovely plains, sprinkled with pretty villages, inhabited by a quiet and contented population, and enlivened with fruitful fields and smiling vineyards; and were they to look out upon the triumphant march of science, displayed upon this long line of road,—an immense train of cars, loaded with passengers and costly merchandise, flying along, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and drawn by a metal steed, or, as the Indians call it, "A fire horse," "A fleshless steed, whose pulses leap with floods of living fire,"—with what remorse and horror would they reflect upon the infatuation, and acts of infernal cruelty, perpetrated by themselves and their antagonists, when,—

> "With hail of iron and rain of blood,
> They swept and scathed these vales!"

But, have they ceased to exist? Is the past, to them, lost in oblivion? Nay! The death-struggle no more annihilated such mortal remembrances, than it did their immortality. And may not a recollection of the part they performed in such bloody scenes, if they died unforgiven, impart a keener anguish to the inflictions of a retributive justice? May they not be more intimately acquainted than we are aware, with the rapid march of the moral and religious improvements of our times?—perhaps with that of science, agriculture and commerce? If they do know anything of what is going

on amidst the scenes of their former exploits, and have with this knowledge, a conviction, that, had their conduct been of a different character, similar blessings might have crowned the millions who groaned and bled beneath their oppressions; is it not highly probable, that such reflections may now be adding sharper torments to the fires of an enkindled hell?

"There is no war among men," says Plutarch, "but what arises from some vice; either from immoderate lust, or from covetousness, or from ambition, or immoderate love of glory." "And," says the learned Jortin, "wars are the desolation of populous and flourishing regions, the loss of trade, the increase of taxes and debts, poverty, both public and private, the destruction of thousands, and the ruin of almost as many families, besides the sicknesses, the famines, the iniquities and cruelties, which always accompany a state of hostility, and follow the camp." "It would have proved a striking part of a vision presented to Adam after the death of Abel," says a writer, "to have brought before his eyes, half a million of men, crowded together in the space of a square mile. When the first father had exhausted his wonder on the multitude of his offspring, he would naturally inquire of his angelic instructer, for what purpose so vast a multitude had been assembled. What is the common end? *Alas! to murder each other; all Cains, and yet no Abels!*"

Perhaps the above sentiments may tend to cool the ardour, and check the enthusiasm of * * * * and * * * * *, for "the grandeur of military exploits," whether for national advantage or individual glory. Such a spirit is utterly inconsistent with the religion of the Son of God. The point to which the gospel is continually tending, is the total banishment of war from every part of our planet. "So soon as Christianity shall gain a full ascendency in the world, from

that moment war is to disappear. In the days of perfect righteousness, there will be no more war. So soon as the character of man has had the last finish of Christian principle thrown over it, from that moment all the instruments of war will be thrown aside, and all its lessons will be forgotten. 'And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'" Isaiah ii. 4.

I cannot deny myself the privilege which the present opportunity affords, of sending you a few remarks from the pen of one who thought and felt deeply upon the miseries of war. Would to God, that his sentiments might be imbibed by every citizen of the United States, that henceforth, they may turn away with instinctive horror, from any and every proposition that would tend to embroil the nation in war. The spirit engendered by past successes in the fearful game of war, has a frightful tendency to impel a young, prosperous, and ambitious nation to hazard another, which may not be attended by such flattering results; especially, if undertaken through the impulse of pride, ambition, revenge, or an avarice which grasps for riches and dominion, though obtained at the expense of many thousands of lives. That old proverb is far from being true, when applied to the United States: "War is pleasant to none, but to those who have never tried it." Herein lies her danger. By war, has the providence of God permitted her to be elevated to a name and place among the nations of the earth. As rivers are traced to their source, so multitudes, forgetful of their God, refer to war as to the fountain-head of all the rights and privileges which they enjoy, and in which they glory as American citizens. I repeat it; herein lies her danger, and the germs of her downfall, unless counter-

acted by the grace of God. And much as many of the great and wise have ridiculed the revivals of religion, which, during the last thirty or forty years, have extended over the length and breadth of the United States, and which have resulted in the conversion of many hundreds of thousands to God, I consider such effusions of the Holy Spirit, the palladium of the nation's safety. Nothing else, in my opinion, can preserve the tranquillity of that highly-favoured country. I rejoice greatly in the fact, and take it as a pledge of good, notwithstanding the warlike swagger of some, that millions of the American people compose the congregations of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and one million of the population are enrolled members within her pale; who meet in class, and from week to week rejoice in the God of their salvation; while they declare they enjoy the love of God shed abroad in their heart by the Holy Ghost given to them:—a feeling, this, as totally opposed to war, as light is to darkness.

Well, I can assure you, when I lifted my pen, I had not the least intention of writing so much upon this subject. Perhaps the above remarks may be overruled for some good end, as also the following sentiments, to which I referred in the last page: "How dreadful to hold everything at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon, dependent on the sword! How boundless the fears which such a situation must inspire; where the issues of life and death are determined by no known laws, principles, or customs; and no conjecture can be formed of our destiny, except as far as it is dimly decyphered in characters of blood, in the dictates of revenge, and the caprices of power! Conceive, but for a moment, the consternation which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in this neighbourhood! When you have placed yourselves for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathize

with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors? Here you behold rich harvests, the bounty of Heaven, and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot; while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation. There, the cottages of the peasants given up to flames, mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves, but their infants; the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes, in all directions, miserable fugitives on their native soil. In another part you witness opulent cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of nobles demolished; the houses of the rich pillaged; the chastity of virgins and of matrons violated; and every age, sex, rank, mingled in promiscuous massacre and ruin.

The injury which the morals of a people sustain from an invading army is prodigious. The agitation and suspense universally prevalent, are incompatible with everything which requires calm thought and serious reflection. In such a situation, is it any wonder the duties of piety should fall into neglect, the sanctuary of God should be forsaken, and the gates of Zion should mourn and be desolate? Familiarized to the sight of rapine and slaughter, the people must acquire a hard and unfeeling character. The precarious tenure by which everything is held during the absence of laws, must impair confidence; the sudden revolutions of fortune must be infinitely favourable to fraud and injustice. He who reflects on these consequences, will not think it too much to affirm, that the injury the virtue of a people sustains from invasion, is greater than that which affects their prosperity or their lives. He will perceive that by such a calamity,

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scenes, yet the things revealed in the Bible, as belonging to eternity, can only be realized by faith: "Clouds, alas! and darkness rest" upon them. But as the morning light shall make us familiar with this fine old city, the windings of the Rhine, and the appearance of Swiss scenery, which now encompasses us on every side, so with one departing this life,—the night of death is succeeded by the day-light of eternity, when all those realities, which were but matters of faith, are clearly revealed to the astonished soul! That is an admirable verse of Mrs. Hemans, the reply of a mother to her inquiring child:—

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond clouds, and beyond the tomb;
It is there, it is there, my child!"

Some years ago, during a Sabbath-School anniversary, in the city of New York, a child came forward on the platform, and repeated, with a deep, clear voice, the following lines. The thrilling effect upon the thousands present, will never be forgotten:—

"Tell me, my secret soul,
O! tell me Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, hope, and love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whisper'd, 'Yes! in Heaven.'"

Next morning we enjoyed a long walk through the city. The houses are generally of stone, very neat and comfortable; some, indeed, are elegant, and the greater part of them impress a stranger with the idea that

the inhabitants are in easy and independent circumstances. We passed through several streets, very narrow and very crooked; the houses betraying great age; but there are many streets and squares, spacious and noble; and cleanliness, quite the opposite of Cologne, everywhere prevails. The number of fountains is extraordinary; some have their source within the town, and others are supplied from the river Birs, which falls into the Rhine, above the city.

The Rhine divides the town into two parts, larger and smaller Bâle, or Basle, or Basil, for it has several names, and is connected by a bridge, six hundred feet in length.

Bâle is considered the wealthiest city in Switzerland, and enjoys an extensive trade with Germany, France, and the Italian states; as also with the interior of Switzerland. It embarked very early in the Reformation, and still continues a Protestant city.

Bâle has its society "For Promoting Christian Knowledge, and Practical Piety," which has accomplished, we have been informed, great good in various parts of Switzerland, Germany, Prussia, Holland, and Denmark. The formation of the "British and Foreign Bible Society," in 1804, was hailed with great pleasure at Bâle; and a kindred association, in connexion with it, was immediately formed, which has been well supported by the clergy and laity. Upwards of one hundred thousand copies of the holy scriptures have been printed and circulated by this society, among Christians and Jews, Protestants and Roman Catholics; in Hebrew,* German, French, Italian, Romanese, and various other languages.

*The following, as a note, was written by a friend of mine, in this city, who read with interest the M.S. letter of my account of Bâle, and handed it to me with permission to insert it.

"Bâle has been famed from almost the infancy of the typographical art, for beautful editions of the sacred text. The Rev.

During the continental war, Bâle was often in imminent peril, especially in the year 1815, when God wonderfully interposed in behalf of the place. The inhabitants recognized the hand of the Almighty in their deliverance; and in the fulness of their gratitude, inquired, "What shall we render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" A transition of their thoughts from late perils, to those to which a world of sinners are exposed, was easy and natural. The salvation vouchsafed to their city, reminded them of the "great sal-

James Everett has in his library, York, the Hebrew Bible, printed at Bâle, by Sebastian Munster, in the year of our Lord, 1546. I transcribe a *note* from his Life of the learned Dr. Clarke, entitled, 'Adam Clarke Portrayed;' which, besides its information, will prove a matter of curiosity to all interested in the history of the 'Wesley Family:' 'The Hebrew Bible, used by the Rector of Epworth, was a copy of the second edition of Sebastian Munster; printed at Basil, 1546, folio; and the fact (stated by Dr. Clarke) of diligent reading, is confirmed by the rector himself, both at the beginning and end of the Pentateuch, in his own hand-writing. The first volume containing the Pentateuch, is now in the possession of the biographer. The collation, says Dr. Clarke, which was done at Wroot, exists in the margin, and is one of the most curious specimens of careful, laborious, and accurate criticism I have ever seen. The volume itself appears to be the only surviving wreck of the Rector's collection for his projected Polyglott; and what became of his other preparations for the work, Dr. Clarke was never able to ascertain.'

"Mr. Everett, as you will perceive, refers to the literary pursuits of the Rev. J. Wesley's father, with which the text stands connected. You are, no doubt, aware, too, that Munster was born in Ingelheim, was educated at Heidelberg, entered into the order of the Cordeliers, but left them to join Luther, and settled at Basil, where he succeeded Pelicanus in the Hebrew professorship, where he died, 1552, about six years after he published this second edition of his Latin Version of the Bible, with Notes. I may add, Mr. E. has also an entire copy of the same edition, in fine preservation."

I had great pleasure, a few days ago, in seeing the volume referred to. J. C.

York, *Sept.*, 10, 1845.

vation." The gospel, too, had been their support, when threatened with destruction; and how could they express their gratitude better, than by sending that gospel to those who had it not? A *Missionary Society*, therefore, appeared to be the most appropriate monument they could raise; this, and the establishment of a *Missionary Seminary*, for the education of pious young men, as missionaries to the heathen and Mahomedan tribes, were the blessed results. Each has been in extensive operation now nearly thirty years; one hundred missionaries have gone forth from that institution, some of whom have planted the standard of the cross among a variety of Mahomedan tribes, in the Russian, Turkish, and Persian empires; and others have devoted themselves to the reviving of the ancient churches in Europe, Asia, and Africa; such as the Greek, Armenian, Coptic, Syrian, and Abyssinian churches; and it is said, they have been the means of rekindling, in many places, the flame of Christian love and faith. Nor have the Jews been overlooked by this benevolent society at Bâle; efforts have been made for the conversion of the descendants of Abraham,—those, especially, who are dispersed through the cities of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli. The largest number of their missionaries appear to be in the East Indies, and in Western Africa.

The cathedral is a venerable pile, of the eleventh century. There was a church upon the same spot in the ninth century, which was destroyed by an earthquake. The sexton, a very intelligent old man, pointed out some of its fragments, which had been incorporated into the present church. Another earthquake, in the fifteenth century, injured the town severely, but the cathedral was spared.

The tomb of Erasmus was, to us, the principal object of attraction. He died here, July 4th, 1536, aged seventy years.

Here, also, died that eminent servant of Christ, Castalio, who offended Calvin on the point of absolute predestination, and brought upon himself the vengeance of that singular man. Calvin is allowed by the most unprejudiced writers, to have been most intolerant in his religious opinions. He was a persecutor, both in principle and practice. Indeed, he wrote a Treatise on the necessity of violent measures for the defence of the faith, and contended that it was lawful to put heretics to death; certainly he gave the most convincing proof, as to how he interpreted the word "heretic," as well as of his sincerity in the propositions laid down in the Treatise referred to, when he condemned poor Servetus to the flames,—an act which has left an indelible stain upon his memory, and which, I do not recollect that any of his followers have ever attempted to vindicate or justify.

Historians agree, that the conduct of Calvin towards the learned Castalio, was harsh and severe; and that the language he used towards him was scarcely fit to appear upon paper. Among the many methods he adopted to blacken Castalio's character, was a charge of "stealing wood to warm himself withal; cursed gain," he added, "at another's expense and damage." This charge arose out of the following circumstances: Castalio, in consequence of Calvin's persecution, was reduced to great poverty; and as he dwelt upon the banks of the Rhine, he employed his leisure hours in drawing pieces of wood to shore, by means of a hook. This wood was no private property, but every man's that could catch it. Castalio took it in the middle of the day, amongst a great many fishermen, and several of his acquaintances; and was sometimes paid money for it, by a decree of the senate. This the charitable Calvin mystified into a theft, and published it to the world. Castalio's letter to Calvin, on this occasion, was touching: "Being totally occupied with

my translation of the scriptures, and resolved rather to beg than to quit it, as I dwelt on the banks of the Rhine, I employed myself at leisure hours in catching with a hook the floating wood which it carries down in its inundations, that I might warm my family." And, after calling upon the inhabitants of Bâle, to witness the truth of his statements, he added, "I could not have thought that you, who knew me so well, could have credited such a charge; and that you should have published it to the whole world, and transmitted it to posterity, is what, although I know you, I could not easily have believed." Other accusations, brought forward by Calvin, were quite as groundless. Castalio had an excellent moral character. But Calvin could not rest satisfied; he endeavoured to excite the civil magistrates against him, with a view to have him put to death; and prohibited his writings from being circulated; holding him up as "impious, a base corrupter of the sacred writings, a crooked-minded vagabond, and a heretic." And all this, for choosing to think for himself; but great allowance, perhaps, should be made for the spirit of the age, as religious toleration was then but little understood. Castalio died in this city, in the year 1563, at the early age of forty-eight, universally respected. His Latin translation of the Bible, is considered the most elegant and classical version which has yet appeared in that language. He also translated the Bible into French, and printed it at Bâle, in 1555. We had a noble view from the spire of the cathedral. The mountains are not sufficiently stupendous, to impress the mind with images of grandeur; but the crescent-like form, and the graceful manner in which they rise above and beyond each other, in long and continued outline, together with the breadth of light and shadow, and the soft tone of colouring with which they were invested, presented to the eye a pleasing and beautiful picture. We counted more than thirty

villages in the area between the mountains and the city.

After dinner, we crossed over the Rhine, to "*Smaller* Bâle;" a stream of water, clear as crystal, is divided and subdivided, so as to run down the sides of several streets, in this part of the city, constantly, to the no small comfort and convenience of the inhabitants. We continued our stroll up the banks of the Rhine several miles. The afternoon was sunny and delightful, and the air exceedingly pure. On either hand were fenceless vineyards, with abundance of grapes; both sides of the river, in fact, resembled a continuous garden, and all nature seemed to rejoice under the smiles of a benevolent God. My friend and myself were happy in his love, and rejoiced in prospect of seeing that better land, where—

> "Everlasting spring abides,
> And never-withering flowers."

We returned to our hotel about dark. And now I must close this very long letter; and if it weary you, as it has me, I sympathize with you. Love to * * *. As ever, in Jesus Christ.

J. C.

LETTER VII.

Zurich, Switzerland, Oct., 1843.

DEAR SIR,

YESTERDAY morning we left Bâle, by diligence, for this city, where we arrived about nine o'clock at night. Having secured seats outside with the *conducteur* and his *compagnon,* the man of the whip, we had a fine view of the country. The day was bright and

beautiful, and the country to the right and left resembled a great park; not a fence did we see for twenty miles together, and the meadows and uplands were tufted with trees; many of them loaded with ripe fruit. No cattle were to be seen grazing upon the excellent pasturage. This is seldom commenced in these parts, till the farmers have gathered in their crops. They supply their stock, we were informed, by the scythe, which may perhaps account for the evenness of the soil and verdure.

We passed through numerous towns and villages, inhabited chiefly by Roman Catholics, if we might judge by the many crosses elevated along the highway, with an effigy of our Saviour, and other badges of popery attached.

However charming the scenery, which environed these towns and villages, in proportion to the number of these emblems of popery, we found, upon entering within their precincts, wretched houses, filthy streets, and a ragged and poverty-striken population; and I do not remember a single exception to the rule. It is worthy of remark, that in all places visited in my travels, wherever Romanism has been the prevailing religion, I have observed filth, and moral and physical degradation everywhere predominant. The thing is undeniable, nor can it escape the most inattentive traveller; even papists themselves, have been compelled into the acknowledgment. The cross, with its fixtures, or a statue of the Virgin, (if we except perhaps, some of the very large cities of Europe, where there are other causes, which I cannot take time to enumerate, but which go far to neutralize the tendency of the system,) are the never-failing preludes to all I have mentioned; but the contrary is exhibited, wherever Protestantism prevails. Let any unprejudiced person visit any town where Papists and Protestants occupy something like distinct localities, and the con-

trast will be most convincing. I speak now of the lower classes of both denominations. But why is this? Why should two systems, both claiming Christianity for its aim, produce effects so widely different? Why should one system of teaching prove so unfavourable to cleanliness, comfort, industry, economy, and general prosperity,—to say nothing of morality, among the labouring classes; while that of the other, its enemies themselves being judges, tends directly to the very opposite? Since penning the above, I have been struck with the observations of a late intelligent traveller, upon the same subject. Speaking of a town he had visited on the banks of the Rhine, [St. Goar,] he says: "That the part of the town we saw was inhabited by Catholics, we could have little doubt, from their evident state of filth and degradation; but a Protestant church, of considerable size, was pointed out to us; and a ragged fellow, who had literally but half a pair of breeches, and a torn shirt, seeing us attempt to enter it, called out, 'Protestant, no good,—no go there.' Without being influenced by any illiberal feelings towards the Catholics as a body, it is impossible to shut one's eyes against the pernicious effects which this religion evidently has among its votaries of the lower classes. It is well known to all who have visited those parts of Europe, where there is a mixed population of Protestants and Catholics, that the followers of each among the common people, who have to labour for their subsistence, are not difficult to be pointed out by the appearance of their dress and their dwellings. The fact is unquestionably so; and the conclusion is, that there must be something, connected with their religious duties, or with the influence which the priesthood is known to exercise over their minds, or both, to produce effects so unfavourable to industrious habits, cleanliness, and comfort."

The road became hilly as we approached Zurich;

and in one place inclined somewhat to the mountainous. The ascent cost us a long walk for the relief of the horses, but we were well recompensed by the view from the summit. A landscape of undulating hills, extending far and wide, was terminated by the lofty and brilliant glaciers of the Alps; beneath, lay a deep and richly-cultivated vale, enlivened by a busy river, and several villages.

At the end of each stage, we had not only fresh horses, but a new driver, who never omitted, by a peculiar cracking of the whip, to convince those who had ears to hear, that he understood his business to perfection. These Swiss "*cochers,*" are the most expert whipmen I have seen. During the whole journey from Bâle to Zurich, we had an almost perpetual roar of whip artillery; each crack resembled the report of a pistol, and on entering a town, we had a succession of batteries which were really astounding. At first we pitied the poor horses, but we learned it was a part of Swiss whipmanship, to frighten the animals by the startling crack, without even touching a hair of their hide. A clever result of science this, and a benevolence which the majority of your American drivers have yet to learn.

We were escorted the entire journey by a large dog, of the greyhound breed; and, certainly, he seemed to consider himself quite as important a personage as our *conducteur*. Arriving at the foot of a hill, where it was necessary the passengers should alight, he stood by the door of the diligence, as if demanding the expected act of charity for the horses; and planting his feet upon the steps, he looked narrowly into the vehicle, seemingly to satisfy himself whether all had dismounted. Finding all right, he resumed his station ahead, and when he had time from other duties, he paid his respects to cats and chickens, in no very complimentary manner. Many a poor grimal-

kin had to fly in desperation, and nothing but a rapid ascent up the nearest tree, saved her from death, or broken bones. Water was always a luxury, and he never let the opportunity slip of cooling his feet in the stream; sometimes, when greatly in need of refreshment, he treated himself to a bath in the watering-trough, at the tavern, and then proceeded at his usual rate. "It is not easy," said a gentleman to me, after admiring the motions of this dog, "It is not easy, at all times, to draw the line between instinct and reason; the higher marks of instinct often go so far beyond the lower marks of reason, that it is frequently difficult to determine the distinction."

To-day, in our walks through the city, we met the same dog in one of the squares, not weary, apparently, with his journey, but just taking a stroll, and with the easy carelessness of one that had come from no arduous duty, but like one enjoying a holyday. This morning we left our rooms in full expectation of having our eyes feasted with the sublime and beautiful scenery, for which Zurich is famed; after which, we intended to return to Bâle; but, to our disappointment, a dense fog rested upon the entire scene. The indication of anything like its speedy removal was most unfavourable; and, at the best, we could but expect a hazy day. Our arrangements would not permit us to tarry till the next day, so the end of our journey was likely to be defeated.

St. Austin says: "He that carrieth his own temple about him, may go to prayer when he pleaseth." "How quickly," says another, "thought can fly,—many thousands of miles in a minute; prayer can travel as rapidly as thought toward heaven." An old divine compares prayer to the ring* which Queen

* A friend has suggested, that the story of this ring has been disputed by intelligent historians; the thought itself, however, is sanctified by the writer in question, and so improved. J. C.

Elizabeth gave the Earl of Essex, bidding him, if he were in any distresses, to send that ring to her, and she would help him; and God hath given us a ring. Ps. l. 15. "The Bible," said a good man, some years ago, "is God's letter, wherein he opens his mind to man; and prayer is man's letter, wherein he opens his mind to God." An excellent remark; and had it not been for that part of my Lord's letter to me, "Be careful for nothing; but in *everything*, by prayer and supplication, let your request be made known unto God," Phil. iv. 6, it is likely I should not have ventured with sufficient faith to have put in my plea for the removal of the fog. The Christian may say of his faith, as Archimedes of the engine he had constructed: "Could I find where to fasten it, I would not doubt but to remove the whole earth by it." Surely, I thought, if faith can remove a mountain, according to the declaration of Christ, can it not have an influence upon this mist? But I must have a place whereon to plant my faith. *I have found it.* "Therefore, I say unto you, what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Mark xi. 24.

After spending a short time in private prayer, we ascended to the promenade on the top of the Hotel. The fog was so thick, we could only see a few yards before us. Our conversation turned upon that beautiful passage, "The Lord God is a sun and shield; he will give grace and glory; and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly," Ps. lxxxiv. 11, which led to some philosophical reflections upon the natural sun; his influence upon the various objects of nature, not forgetting "fogs, clouds, and vapours." The luminary of day occupies, doubtless, his proper position in the heavens; and could he only shower down his rays upon this damp mist, unembarrassed by dense clouds in the higher regions of the atmosphere,

the annoyance would soon be removed, and the mist absorbed, and the magnificent scenery underneath would be revealed to our admiring vision. It is thus with the tempted believer, when the Sun of Righteousness arises upon his soul, with healing on his wings; then it is that all the clouds which obscured his spiritual vision disappear, and the heavenly land is unfolded to the eye of realizing faith, in all the grandeur that such a divine medium can afford.

From this, the conversation led to the nature and power of prayer: "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." "God has not promised," said Mr. H., "to give us everything; only those things which are *good;* and what are *really good,* we must leave him to decide, who knows better than we do." A poet, I replied, has laid down our duty very scripturally in the following verse:—

> "Still raise to God the supplicating voice,
> And leave to heaven the measure and the choice;
> Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
> Secure whate'er he gives,—he gives the best."

"Another poet," rejoined Mr. H., "has well expressed our sentiments:—

> 'With patient mind, thy course of duty run,
> God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
> But thou wouldst do thyself; if thou couldst see
> The end of all events, as well as He.'"

Just then I happened to look over my left shoulder, and saw a bright spot, the sun's rays acting on the fog; it seemed like a place worn into a thin transparent veil; but toward the earth it was as dense as ever. We had not an opportunity of judging how close an alliance obscurity has to grandeur; as is sometimes the case, when surrounding objects, and those especially in the distance, assume an unreal magnitude, as seen through the medium of a thin, misty

veil. The fog had indeed become white as the driven snow, and exquisitely soft and delicate; but so dense, and so impervious was it to the powers of vision, that curiosity, however intense, could obtain no satisfaction.

The sun's rays at length burst through the thin part already referred to, and the vapours bestirred themselves. In about ten minutes, they began to move off, and objects, of whose existence we had no knowledge a moment or two before, were unfolded to our view. But it was not the gradual defining of outlines, and the variety of parts that we sometimes observe in American mists. Here, the retiring fog rolled itself up like a shriveled parchment, leaving the landscape glowing with light, and with a freshness of colouring, calculated to remind one how lively creation was in its youthful prime.

The scene became enchantingly beautiful; and the progressive unfolding of the whole afforded us no small amusement. Exclamation succeeded to exclamation, as the city, with its streets and temples, gardens, waters, verdant slopes, and mountain sides, part after part was given to our view; the fog in the meantime furling itself upward, till it had spread like table cloths along the ribs of the mountains. There was scarcely a breath stirring, and yet the vapours, as if afraid of the rays of the sun, hurried away. Pieces of the mountains, in some places, as if hanging in mid-air, peeped through the white mists which surrounded them, and looked like parts of another landscape in the heavens. At length, the last shred of the veil disappeared from the highest Alpine peak, and a scene was spread before us, so fascinating, and so richly diversified with beauty, as rarely falls to the lot of the picturesque traveller to behold; an assemblage, in fact, of all those fine objects of nature, allowed to be the best adapted to delight the eye and excite the imagination; and which were highly calculated to impress the mind with

a series of images, to which one may afterward recur with pleasurable sensations.

Twelve o'clock had just passed away, and our souls rejoiced in a prayer-answering God.

"An elegant poet," says a writer, "lays it down as an unquestionable maxim,—

> 'The Universal Cause,
> Acts not by partial, but by general laws,'—

plainly meaning, that he never deviates from those general laws, in favour of any particular person; and it is upon this supposition, the same poet adds these beautiful lines in full triumph, as having now clearly gained the point:—

> 'Shall burning Etna, if a sage requires,
> Forget to thunder and recal her fires?
> On air or sea new motions be imprest,
> O blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast!
> When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
> Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
> Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
> For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?'"

So then, according to this poet, God is not at liberty, when he pleases, "To deviate from those general laws," even to save the life of one of his servants; a doctrine this, in manifest contradiction to the plain word of God. To assert that God acts, not by partial but general laws, is to admit a general providence, but deny a particular; which, Mr. Wesley has somewhere termed, "Stark-staring nonsense, which every man of sense should be utterly ashamed of. And what is a *general*, of whatever kind it be, that includes no *particulars?* Is not every general necessarily made up of its several particulars? Can you instance any general that is not? What, I pray, is a whole that contains no parts? Mere nonsense and contradiction!"

Perhaps Pope would have condescended to allow a

power to the "prayer of faith," in the removal of "misty vapours," although too feeble to arrest the tendencies of those stupendous objects in nature upon which he has expatiated so eloquently. But poets are not always the best theologians. I question whether the poet referred to, ever read that remarkable declaration of Jesus Christ: "Have faith in God. For verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith." Mark xi. 22, 23.

I wish, my dear Sir, I could convey to you an idea of the magnificent scene which spread itself around us. Suppose yourself standing upon the platform of a roof, four stories high, in the midst of a fine city, but not so large as to confuse your vision with too much variety, nor to cause the outlines of architectural gems to be lost in "the indistinct confusion of brick and mortar;" but of sufficient magnitude to impress your mind with an idea of the wealth and prosperity of a busy population.

Yonder is the cathedral, with its two spires, pointing "like silent fingers into heaven,"—the building in which the Reformation began its triumphant march in Switzerland, under Zwingle. There, he thundered against popery, and defied the pope. Within those venerable walls, that bold Reformer, denounced the mass; and one sabbath day, (1525,) he hurled out of it, the images and mummeries of popery, and administered to the faithful, in the Protestant form, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in the presence of a deeply affected and crowded congregation. His pulpit is there yet; and beneath it repose his honourable remains. He fell in the battle-field of Cappel, in the year 1531, when the Papists and Protestants were en-

gaged in deadly fight. He was there to administer the consolations of religion to the wounded and the dying.

That spire with the clock, is the church of which the celebrated Lavater was for many years the pastor. He was shot at his own door, when Zurich was stormed by the troops of Massena, in the autumn of 1799. Ministers should pray for the peace of Jerusalem, and for that of the land in which they live, as, not unfrequently, such have been heavy sufferers in civil wars, and also, amidst the tumult and vengeance of an invading army. Lavater, by his works on Physiognomy, has acquired a name which stands high throughout literary Europe and America.

"High mountains," says a poet, "are a feeling." How amphitheatre-like they arise round Zurich!—an arrangement, to which, it would seem, the supreme Creator was much disposed, when moulding our beautiful planet. Their sides are covered with gardens and vineyards, gemmed with pretty houses, white as snow. Although the summits are generally unblessed with verdure, and left bald by the storms of many centuries, it is right to say, that they entertain the eye with a variety of forms pleasingly combined.

To the east lies the lake of Zurich, clear as crystal; a mirror for the guardian mountains, and for the lights of heaven. In the rear of the lake, is a chain of the Alps, piled like a mighty wall into the sky, and covered with snow and ice. After dinner, a party of us hired a small boat, and enjoyed a sail on the lake. The afternoon was one of the loveliest decreed to our world; not a speck of cloud marred the blue firmament, nor a breath of wind stirred, and the temperature was equal to summer. The lake was as smooth as glass; and at the entrance, blue to a depth of tint which was quite new to me, and so perfectly lucid that the smallest objects could be distinguished fathoms beneath.

As we advanced upon its bosom, the Alps opened out more fully to view, and became, if possible, more grand. The indentations of "icy halls," and shades from projecting crags, were strikingly contrasted by the rays of the descending sun, glancing upon glaciers and "snowy scalps," and contributed to throw those mighty barriers of nature into bolder relief from the blue sky, and lower parts of the landscape.

The banks of the lake, for several miles, are adorned with handsome houses, white as snow, enlivened with green window-blinds; besides a sprinkling of villages. From these, the hills and mountains—not the Alps alluded to, as they stand off by themselves, as if proudly disdaining relationship—rise hundreds of feet, and with a considerable dash of grandeur. Having been informed that a view of the setting sun, from Zurich, is allowed to be of a sublime character, we hastened ashore, and ascended one of the towers of Zwingle's church, in order to enjoy it. It was very fine.

The cathedral is quite destitute of architectural beauties, but venerable for its age, having been built in the eleventh century; and also on account of historical associations, connected with the Reformation already alluded to.

We stood in Zwingle's pulpit. A plain slab covers his dust beneath; but so many persons have made pilgrimages to it, during the last two centuries, that the centre of the stone is worn away considerably from the level, by the friendly footsteps of visiters like ourselves, who, I suppose, desired to have to say, on returning to their country, "We stood upon the tomb of Zwingle." Of course, an attempt to decipher the inscription was vain; so the lines of the poet, apply to the tombs of the great and learned, as well as to those of the rustic dead:—

> "The flat smooth stone that bears a name,
> The chissel's slender help to fame;
> Which, ere our set of friends decay,
> Their frequent steps may wear away."

But Zwingle's epitaph is inscribed upon the more enduring pages of "The Reformation;" and Protestantism must sink into oblivion, ere the millions of his friends shall have ceased to revere his memory. The eternal destiny of myriads of our race, was involved in the part which, in common with other Reformers, Zwingle took in that tremendous conflict.

After tea, we ascended a pretty eminence on the banks of the lake, close to the city. It has the appearance of an artificial mound, and is laid out handsomely in walks, furnished with seats, and shaded by large and luxuriant trees. The view from this spot was exceedingly beautiful. As day was gradually departing, twilight began to spread a delicious charm over surrounding objects. Dark shadows invested the mountain tops, and a gradual indistinctness pervaded all things, except the glassy surface of the lake, which brightened as the night advanced; and the snowy Alps, still more majestic in the evening shades, the peaks of which seemed as if bidding defiance to invading darkness. One peak, especially, stood out in bold relief; its rosy hues proclaiming that the sun and itself had not ceased to hold communion together. This we considered as a fine illustration of the enjoyments of a *holy believer*, when contrasted, generally, with the state of those who do not enjoy the blessing of entire sanctification. Had we observed the same peak in the morning, we should doubtless have found it was the first illuminated by the rising sun.

How favourable such an hour, for prayer and holy contemplation! How many tender recollections steal over the soul, noiseless as the falling dew; and the

heart assimilates itself with that soft repose which has spread over the face of nature!

> "I love thee, twilight—as thy shadows roll,
> The calm of evening, steals upon the soul;
> Sublimely tender—solemnly serene,—
> Still as the hour—enchanting as the scene—
> Twilight! I love thee—let thy gloom increase,
> Till every feeling, every pulse is peace."

I have often had occasion to remark, in the course of my travels, how well the mind is prepared to enjoy the beauties of nature, when assured of the favour of Heaven.

> "The mind that feels no smart,
> Enlivens all it sees."

Scenery the most enchanting, can impart but little pleasure to a mind smarting under a sense of the disapprobation of God. A consciousness of insecurity with regard to the threatening aspect of eternity, is a very bad travelling companion. When all is right respecting another world, we are equally prepared to take pleasure in the picturesque and beautiful, as to sustain the ills peculiar to this changeable and transitory world, and still be happy.

Lord Byron, when making the tour of Switzerland, kept a journal for the amusement of his sister. I met the other day with a mournful passage, extracted, it was said, from that document. "In the weather, for this tour of thirteen days, I have been very fortunate,—fortunate in a companion, [Mr. Hobhouse,]—fortunate in our prospects, and exempt from even the little petty accidents and delays which often render journeys, in a less wild country, disappointing. I was disposed to be pleased. I am a lover of nature, and an admirer of beauty. I can bear fatigue, and welcome privation, and have seen some of the noblest views in the world. But in all this, the recollection of bitterness, and more especially of recent and more

home desolation, which must accompany me through life, has preyed upon me here; and neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity, in the majesty, and the power, and the glory, around, above, and beneath me." The lake of Zurich is about thirty miles long, and its greatest breadth only five miles. The river Limmat, which divides the city into two parts, discharges itself into the lake at Zurich. As I have occupied so much of this letter in the discription of scenery, there is little left for that of the public buildings.

The *Maison des Orphelins* looks well; its back and front are similar in form, graced with six Ionic pilasters, and a pediment. The *Meiser* is a neat edifice, three stories high, fronted by six Ionic columns. The *Maison de ville* is the same in height, and displays more elegance and taste than we generally observe in buildings of a mixed architecture. The Greek and the Gothic are ingeniously blended in this building. Each of the windows in front is surmounted alternately by a semi-circular and triangular pediment. The pediments above the windows of the first story are occupied by the statues of eminent men, principally Swiss. The front is enlivened by Tuscan, Ionic, and Corinthian pilasters, each in their appropriate stories.

As to the features, complexion, dress, and behaviour of the inhabitants, I saw little different from what you have had so minutely described in the various books of travels now in circulation in America. The population of the city is chiefly of the Calvinistic persuasion. We leave for Bâle to-morrow; thence to Strasburg, and so down the Rhine, and across Prussia into Belgium. As ever, in Jesus,

J. C.

LETTER VIII.

Mayence, Germany, Oct., 1843.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

WE had a pleasant ride back to Bâle, and thence to Strasburg, where we spent last Sabbath. It rained most of the day, and my mind partook of the general gloom; and had many buffetings from the great adversary.

About half-past four in the afternoon, it cleared up, and I wandered out beyond the fortifications, into some pleasant walks "fit for meditation sweet." But, ah! we need not visit pagan lands to realize those mournful lines of Bishop Heber:—

> "What, though the spicy breezes
> Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
> Though every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile.
> In vain, with lavish kindness,
> The gifts of God are strewn,
> The heathen, in his blindness,
> Bows down to wood and stone."

I arrived at a cluster of houses, devoted to what the French call *pleasure;* some have named them, "*The hells of France.*" Clusters of men were sitting outside, drinking, smoking, and gaming; while the interiors were crowded by men and women, some drinking, and others dancing to the sound of a variety of instruments. These houses are fitted up, if one might judge by the exterior,—for I did not enter any of them,—in such a manner as to make vice fascinating, and the way to hell pleasant and respectable. Could I have spoken in French, with the readiness I can

read that language, these Sabbath-breakers should have heard the truth, for once in their lives, whatever might have been the result; but I was glad to take refuge in a cemetery close by. The evening was calm, and the air refreshingly sweet. The sentiment of Tholuck, the German poet, would recur to any one who had read it, on entering the precincts of this deep and delicious solitude :—

> "How still is the grave,
> How cool is the air about it!
> If the body sleeps so gently,
> How blessed must be the spirit!"

What a contrast, I murmured, between the silence that rests upon the sleeping dead, and the shouts and uproar of the sons and daughters of folly over yonder!

The cemetery is of considerable extent, and tastefully planted with luxuriant trees and shrubbery; and "funeral foliage" shades the monuments of the dead.

> "Methinks the monster Death
> Wears not such visage here, so grim and gaunt
> With terror, as he shows in other lands:
> Robing himself in sentiment, he wraps
> His dreary trophies in a maze of flowers!"

An hour was spent very agreeably among the tombs, reading inscriptions, and forming a hasty estimate as to the proportion (which is very large) of the citizens, who had been consigned to the grave in "early youth." I counted nearly thirty broken columns, indicating that those to whose memory they were erected, had been cut down in the prime of life; that their hopes and purposes were suddenly broken off by death, as the column is shattered by the lightning-stroke, or overturned and severed by the throes of an earthquake.

Ah! if one could say of such, "The less of this cold world, the more of heaven!" it would be a relief; but how could such a hope exist, when the voice of music and revelry again fell upon my ear, and called forth the reflection, "Perhaps most of these unconscious ones joined in the same excess of riot, on the Lord's day." Again the noise of music and dancing intruded upon the solitude of the dead, and I prepared to flee from the sound, as from a hell, exclaiming, "No wonner if the red lightnings were to shoot forth in sudden vengeance against these French sinners, as a retribution for the desecration of the holy Sabbath." On my return to the entrance, I noticed here and there a solitary mourner, leaning over a grave, disconsolate. This was a pleasing contrast to the thoughtlessness without; but on arriving at a huge cross, upon which was suspended a gigantic effigy of our Saviour, and beholding a number of people kneeling around it, and adoring their wooden god, I retreated in sorrow from the place. Idolatry, Sabbath-breaking, and Popery, are synonymous.

The Lord blessed me abundantly on returning to the city. My soul was so caught up into communion with God, that instead of passing through one of the gates, I turned to the right, and by the side of some fortifications, I received another and larger manifestation of the love of God. My heart was filled to overflowing, as "the Lord passed by," and recalled to my view a train of mercies, which grateful memory recognized as having been all mine, through a long succession of years. I wondered, admired, and adored!

After tea, Mr. Holgate and I spent a short time in social prayer, and retired to rest.

Next morning we left Strasburg, by steamer, for this city; the day turned out rainy, but it cleared off in the afternoon.

A few miles below Manheim, we obtained a view of

the ancient city of Worms to the right. The old cathedral, with its imposing towers, is a fine object from the river.

Worms was frequently the residence of Charlemagne; and during the middle ages the diet of the Germanic body was often held within its walls. Two hundred states were comprised in that memorable constitution; and for nearly one thousand years it withstood many shocks of aggression, and wielded a tremendous influence over the other nations of Europe; but fell to pieces, and was annihilated by the concussions which accompanied the French Revolution.

But Worms has been immortalized by the famous diet which was held there in the months of February, March, and April, of 1521; the first assembly of that kind which occurred after the election of Charles V. to the imperial dignity. Popery had then arrived at the climax of its vices, and of its tyranny; and already had the Almighty set the machinery in motion, destined to humble the "man of sin," and break his yoke from off the necks of millions.

It is not, my dear Sir, necessary that I should enter into a detail of particulars connected with the Reformation, with which, the fine works that grace your library have long since made you familiar. But when gazing at Worms, we could not avoid some stirring reminiscences relative to the doings of that celebrated diet. It is perhaps questionable, whether its equal had ever been held in Germany, or in any other part of the world,—if we except that bloody Sanhedrim, to which Judas gave his promise to betray his Lord and Master. All Europe was agitated. The writings of Martin Luther, aided by the invention of printing, had "set the kingdoms in a blaze." By a bull of Leo X., they had all been condemned to the flames the year previous; and the author, whenever found, was to be put to death.

About this time Luther, when writing to a friend, says: "For me the die is cast,—*jacta est alea*,—the papal wrath and papal favour are alike despised by me; I will never be reconciled to them, nor communicate with them more. Let them burn my writings. I, unless I am unable to get a little fire, will condemn and publicly burn the whole pontifical code. As they have excommunicated me in defence of their sacrilegious heresy, so do I excommunicate them on behalf of the holy truth of God; and let Christ, our judge, decide whether of the two excommunicators has the greater weight with him." Luther, ere the end of the same year, returned the pope's compliment, and made a bonfire of the bull, and of other papist books, outside the walls of the city of Wirtemburg, in the presence of the University, and vast multitudes of the citizens. Hence, Charles V. found it absolutely necessary, for the peace and safety of his empire, to convene the diet referred to, and to cite the author of all this disturbance to appear and answer for his conduct. There were present, at this diet, not less than sixty-six persons, of the dignity of sovereign princes, and their sons and brothers; one hundred counts, sixty deputies of free imperial cities, and numerous barons, knights, doctors of divinity, doctors of law, and one representative from America,—the first ever seen in Europe. Before this large assembly, with Charles V. at its head, Luther was cited to appear within twenty-one days.

"When I arrived at Erfurt," says Luther, "a message was brought me, that I was already condemned at Worms. The same report was publicly declared in all the towns, so that the herald himself (Caspar Sturm, the imperial officer, who had served the citation) asked me whether I still thought of going to Worms. Though I feared and trembled, yet I answered him, and said, "Thither will I go, in the

name of the Lord Jesus Christ, if even as many devils were in the place as tiles upon the roofs!" Some years afterwards, Luther said to a friend, referring to his feelings in that critical hour, "I was free from terror; I feared nothing. So bold can God make one. I know not whether I should now have so much bravery."

I met the other day with a prayer, composed by Luther, preparatory to his appearance at Worms; probably when in that city. I have been informed it is inserted in the works of Luther, though I do not remember to have seen it before. It was, therefore, new to me, and may be interesting to you.

"Almighty and eternal God, how is all the world subdued! How do they shut men's mouths! How small and poor is their confidence in God! How tender and weak is the flesh, and the devil so powerful and active by his emissaries and the wise men of the world! How soon do men draw back their hand, and whirl away, and run the common road and the wide way to hell, the proper place of the ungodly! And how do they gaze only at what is magnificent and mighty, great and powerful! When I turn my eyes thitherwards, the bell," to toll my death, "is already cast, and the sentence is pronounced. O God, O God, O my God, my God, stand thou by me, against the reason and wisdom of all the world! Do thou it; thou must do it; thou alone. It is not my cause, but thine. On my own account, I have nothing to do in this place, and with these great lords of the world. O, might I but spend my days in quietness, far from this worry and confusion! But thine, O Lord, is the cause, which is righteous and eternal! Stand thou by me; thou, the faithful and everlasting God! In no man do I put my trust. It" (human aid) "is worthless, and in vain; all is lame and limping that is fleshly and savours of the flesh. O God, O God! hearest thou not, O my God? Art thou dead? No;

thou canst not die, thou only hidest thyself. Hast thou chosen me for this work? I ask thee, for certainly do I know it. Yea, it is God that rules the whole; for I, all my life long, should never have had a thought of opposing such great lords, had it not been appointed for me. Yea, O God, thus stand by me, in the name of thine own Son, Jesus Christ, who is my shelter and defence, yea, my strong tower, through the power and strengthening of thy Holy Spirit. Lord, where tarriest thou? Thou, my God, where art thou? Come; come; I am ready for this cause to yield my life, patient as a little lamb. For the cause is righteous, and it is thine: and never to eternity will I be separated from thee. Be this concluded in thy name. The world shall never force me against my conscience; even if it were still fuller of devils, and if this body of mine, which is but the creature of thy hands, should, for thy cause, be crushed to the ground, yea, shivered to atoms. Therefore, thy word and thy Spirit are good to me. And all this trouble and danger is only about the frail body; my soul is thine, to thee it belongs, and with thee it shall dwell for ever. Amen. God help me! Amen."

All the city was moved as Luther approached. Every eye was fixed upon the man who had set the pope at defiance. Multitudes of exasperated papists were ready to gnash upon him with their teeth, and would have torn him to pieces, but for the strong guard decreed him by the Emperor. Some persons told him plainly, he would be burned to ashes, as Huss was at Constance; to whom Luther replied: "If they should make a fire to reach from Wirtemburg to Worms, and its flame mount up to heaven, I would here appear in the name of the Lord, and go into the mouth of Behemoth betwixt his mighty teeth, and there confess Christ, leaving to him all consequences."

Through much difficulty, he arrived at the palace,

where he was accosted by an old warrior, the knight, Freundsberg: "Monk, thou art venturing upon a course more dangerous than I have ever known in the hottest field of battle; but God, who has preserved me in many a hard fight, will, by his grace, be thy protection."

It was on the 16th of April Luther entered Worms; and the next day, he was arraigned before the Emperor and his august assembly; where it was demanded, first, whether he acknowledged certain books, the catalogue of which was read, to be his. Secondly, whether he would defend them. Luther desired time to consider, and one day was granted him. As he returned to the castle, under an escort, some of his friends, the noblemen, said to him: "Be bold and play the man; fear not those who can kill the body, and after that have no more which they can do."

"Some of the German clergy," says a writer, "even high dignitaries, were inclined to moderate measures. But Alexander, the pope's legate, violently declared that inquiry and examination had no place in the matter; that all were bound by the pope's judgment, and it was their only duty to carry it into effect; and that the heresies of Luther were enough to deserve the burning of a hundred thousand men." Providence or policy, however, dictated a different course to the Emperor and his cabinet, and Luther was allowed the privilege to answer for himself.

Accordingly, the next day, Luther appeared before the assembly; and the following was his reply in substance: 1st. That all those books, the catalogue of which had been read the day previous, were his, both written and published. 2nd. He desired that it might be observed, they were of three kinds; some of them treating simply and plainly concerning faith and good works; so that his adversaries themselves admitted they were harmless, nay useful, to all Christians; that he could not retract these without manifest impiety; that

others were written against the papists, as having, both by their doctrines and lives, laid waste the Christian church; if, therefore, he should retract these, it would tend to strengthen their tyranny, and to open a wide door for more corruptions than ever; that he had written a third kind of books, against private men, who defended the tyranny and doctrines of the pope: "And in these," he continued, "I confess, I have used more sharpness than became my religion, or profession. And yet, neither can I retract these, because, were I to do this, that tyranny and impiety would reign, and rage more against the people of God than ever it did before."

To what had been objected, concerning the dissentions and disturbances, which his doctrines had originated, and which they continued to foster, he replied: "I suppose it is plain, from what I have already observed, that I have sufficiently weighed the parties and dissentions, which my doctrines have occasioned in the world; of which I was yesterday admonished. Truly, it is a most comfortable thing to me, to see parties and dissentions occasioned by the word of God. That is, and must be, the consequence of it. For our Lord says, 'I am come, not to send peace, but a sword;' and we are to consider, that our God is wonderful and terrible in his counsels, lest, peradventure, what he is now doing upon the earth, if we set out with condemning the word of God, should turn to an intolerable flood of evils."

After this, "The orator of the empire," requiring him to give a plain and direct answer, he said, "Since, then, your Imperial Majesty, and ye, most gracious Electors and Princes, desire a plain, simple, straightforward answer, I will give one that has neither horns nor teeth, and this is it: Unless I am vanquished and convicted of error by testimonies out of the holy scripture, or by such grounds and reasons as shall publicly appear to be clear and plain; (for, I believe

neither the pope nor councils alone, since it is as plain as daylight, that they have often erred, and have contradicted themselves;) and thus am convinced with passages from the word of God, and my conscience thereby satisfied, nothing can I, nothing will I revoke, for it is neither safe nor wise to do anything against a man's conscience;" and added, in German, "*Hier stehe; ich kan nicht anders. Gott helfe mir! Amen.*" That is, "Here I make my stand; no otherwise can I. God help me! Amen."*

"After they had considered his answer," says the old author, John Daniel Hernnschmid, from whom I have abridged part of the above materials, "the orator of state again began urging him to recant. Luther besought them, that he might not be constrained to do anything contrary to his conscience; that he had answered *directly*, and had nothing more to say, than what he had said already; that unless his adversaries would confute his errors, as they styled them, by arguments drawn from scripture, he could not escape out of their toils." He then withdrew midst the scoffs and jeers of multitudes. God protected his servant. He got safely out of the lion's den. On his return from Worms, he was seized by a party of horsemen, and was carried to a strong castle, situated at a distance from the public roads; (but this was by the order of a friend, the Elector of Saxony, as it was generally supposed;) where he had his wants abundantly supplied; but the place of his concealment was kept a profound secret, both to friends and enemies. This, doubtless, was the plan, devised by a gracious Providence, to screen him from the vengeance of the papists, till the violence of the storm had passed over.

* "This eloquence, indeed," says a late writer, "is transient; it flashes out like the lightning, for an instant, and again withdraws into the cloud. But it is the lightning that blasts and scathes wherever it strikes." J. C.

What a spectacle of moral grandeur did Luther present, when standing up for God and truth, before a host of foes, such as those, and at the peril of his life! Need we wonder that popery is still so bitterly opposed to the holy scriptures? But for Luther's knowledge of the word of God, he would have been carried away as by a flood. Popery can no more abide the light of revelation, than darkness can tarry in the presence of the sun!

Undaunted as ever, the following year, the bold Reformer was heard to say: "My doctrines will stand, and the pope will fall, in spite of all the powers of air, earth, and hell. They have provoked me to war; they shall have it. They scorned the peace I offered them; (referring, probably, to some waverings of mind he had in the beginning of his career, and *submissions* arising from the imperfection of his views; but he afterwards said, deploring his first vacillations: 'I appeal from Luther in ignorance, to Luther well informed;') peace they shall have no longer. God shall look to it; which of the two shall first retire from the struggle—the Pope or Luther?" Again, when writing to a friend, he said, "I know and am certain, that Jesus Christ our Lord lives and reigns; and, buoyant in this knowledge and confidence, I will not fear a hundred thousand popes."

Had the same aggressions against popery been carried forward with a similar spirit, during the two centuries following the death of Luther, I doubt whether that corrupt system would have had an existence in the nineteenth century, to be to Protestants, what the Canaanitish nations, left in the land by the supineness of the Israelites, became eventually to that people,—"Snares and traps,—scourges to their sides and thorns in their eyes;" and well would it have been for the cause of true religion, and for perished millions, had the sword of divine truth been allowed to penetrate popery's Italian heart, as effectually as it did into its

Germanic and British limbs and branches. Protestants alone have been to blame.

Worms at length disappeared from our eyes; and while our vessel was speeding her way down the river, I thought of the work God has given me to do; and of the courage I shall require in future conflicts with the powers of earth and hell, repeating, as I paced the deck, those fine verses:—

"Steel me to shame, reproach, disgrace,
Arm me with all thine armour now;
Set like a flint my steady face,
Harden to adamant my brow.

Bold may I wax, exceeding bold,
My high commission to perform,
Nor shrink thy harshest truths to unfold;
But more than meet the gathering storm.

Adverse to earth's rebellious throng,
Still may I turn my fearless face:
Stand as an iron pillar strong,
And steadfast as a wall of brass.

Give me thy might, thou God of power,
Then let or men, or fiends assail,
Strong in thy strength I'll stand, a tower
Impregnable to earth or hell."

J. C.

LETTER IX.

Aix-la-Chapelle, Prussia, Oct., 1843.

Dear Sir,

Our second visit to Mayence was but of short duration. We left that city by steamer for Cologne. The day, though showery, was pleasant; and we had an opportunity of taking a "flying view" of the grandeur of the Rhine, for our steamer went down the

mighty current, like a swallow through the air; I was going to say, like an *arrow*, but there were too many sudden bendings and sharp angles, to consist with such a straightforward figure.

Perhaps the following hasty lines, may give you as correct an idea of the scenery, as any I could adopt, unless I should light upon some good engravings. And they have this advantage, which I know you will estimate, however inharmonious they may appear,—they are original. My travelling companion says he is not a professed critic of poetry, but he suggests that the verses "need the application of the pruning knife;" and I think so to, but, it is to be feared, if the pruning work be but begun, they must go root and branch. However, they were the amusement of an hour or two, and served to impress the scenery more deeply upon my mind; and, I hope, they will at least amuse you also, as well as Mrs. * * * *. Doggerel needs a preface, you see, as well as fine poetry. You must know then, that the verses are a designed imitation of the river, rushing onward in a kind of disordered order; or what one has somewhere termed, "A triumphant harmony of glorious discords." Rhine-like,* they run across and through the territorial limits of different kinds of poetry, without asking leave or attempting an apology; and narrower, wider, deeper, or shallower, according to circumstances, bidding defiance often to poetic measure. There is unity, but it is Rhine-unity—taking the channel that suits them best, making mountains, hills, vales, and towns, and towers, yield to the one design;—surging onward and downward, complimenting everything within the reach of their current, but careless as to how many ungraceful bendings, indentations, and rugged projections are left, to quarrel with the smoothness and harmony of poesy;

* The Rhine runs through a variety of kingdoms, before it reaches the sea.

but hastening away, like the Rhine, to be engulfed in that great ocean, which has so recklessly and insatiably swallowed up the poetry of ages.

And then had you seen the *soi-disant* poet, wrapped up in a cloak, "His eye in a fine frenzy rolling," tripping along the deck, now on this side, then on the other, with paper and pencil in hand, catching a little poetic fire from various points of sublimity, I am quite sure you would have been as much amused by his *motions* as with his productions. But you recollect the sentiment of Mackenzie: "Poetry, let the prudence of the world say what it will, is, at least, one of the noblest amusements. Our philanthropy is almost always increased by it. There is a certain poetic ground on which we cannot tread without feelings that mend the heart; and many who are not able to reach the Parnassian heights, may yet advance so near as to be bettered by the air of the climate."

Well, what a preface is here! sufficient, in fact, to herald an entire volume of a Laureat.

Scenery of the Rhine, between Mayence and Cologne. October, 1843:—

The Rhine! The Rhine! The river of nations!
Reveals the sublime, in richest creations;
A lake it is here, and yonder a river,
Deep, wide, and clear, and it flows on forever.
High on that giddy ledge, hang castle and trench,
And close by the river's edge, a road of the French;
From the heart of the Rhine *there* rises a tower,
Above terrace and vine, frown turrets of power;
Soft in that dell a sweet village reposes,
And the scalp of that hill an old convent exposes.

These castles all hoary,
So famous in story,
Each heart that can feel must admire;
But each has its legion,
As wild as the region,
Of Dragons, and Devils, and Love, and Desire.

In times erected,
When chiefs protected,
From Drachenfels to Aue-Shonborner;
When a dreadful might,
Without the right,
The weak subjected to the stronger.

Those seldom fail,
Who read the tale
Of love and bloody rivalry,
To linger here,
And drop a tear,
O'er days of ancient chivalry.

But purer minds,
Whom virtue binds,
And facts,—not fiction's mystery,
These ruins scan,
Ashamed of man,
Condemned by faithful history.

Behold yonder spire, serenely appearing,
O'er vineyards still higher, another is peering.
How calmly that village sleeps, close to the water,
Guarded by rocky steeps, and ramparts for slaughter.
A town on that bank, with dark walls surrounded,
And a mote, deep and dank, which whole armies confounded.
Farewell to the plains now, all hail to the mountains,
With vine-covered brow, and sparkling fountains;
Rushes the torrent on, down the ravine,
Headlong the rocks among, now are we seen,
Safe by the jutting rocks, our bark as it surges,
Quivers in eddying shocks,—straightway emerges
A scene,—superlatively grand!
Mountains are on mountains piled,
The work of an Almighty hand,
Frowning basaltic, huge, rugged, wild!
Omnipotence around, displays architecture,
Unbelief to confound, and gloomy conjecture;
His impress is here, disclosed and undoubted,
In characters clear, as when sons of God shouted,
And morning-stars sang of the might of His power,
And the universe rang in our world's first hour.

It is not unfit,
To have music here yet,
To the honour and glory of God;

The tones of the echos,
Awake in the grottos,
And are spreading his praises abroad.

If the winds were up,
Through the rough mountain top,
In caves were their voices replying;
If pinnacled ledge,
And that precipice edge,
With nature's own music were sighing.

Had we the lightnings,
As the musical strings,
Red through the heavens reveal'd;
The thunder's strong hand,
Had these chords at command,
By the might of his thunderbolts wielded.

And the loud repeat,
Of the echos deep,
Which never sleep,
But always keep,
Equal time with equal number;
This organ peal,
Would make us feel,
That praises real,
God could reveal,
In music of the winds and thunder.

I should like to be here,
When the moonbeams clear,
Are asleep on rock, river, and tower;
To gaze on a scene,
From that silent ravine,
So rich in magnificent power.

In a silence so sweet,
And a scene so replete,
With all that could awe and inspire;
Inspirations how high,
Might descend from the sky
On the soul, with celestial fire.

How varied the hue of water and mountains,
The changes are new as the sparkles of fountains,
With shadowy strife, to depress and to gladden,
Like inconstant life, which cheers but to sadden;
But the river streams on, and that gigantic mass,
Is reflected thereon, as a face in a glass.

The grandeur increases,
As one wonder ceases,
Another arises, to start and surprise us;
Here are lakes in a chain,
And ruins again are on every cliff,
To tell us as if, heaven and earth,
With legendary story,
Together did join, to honour the Rhine,—
To make this the throne of their glory!

Accept, honoured Rhine,
This tribute of mine,
Due to thy grandeur and power;
It is roughly express'd,
As the crags on thy crest,
And wild as thine own Teufelsmaur.*

It is wild, but sincere,
Like thine own waters clear,
Rushing headlong in awful confusion;
But concealing no rock,
The feelings to shock,
Nor a bend that would lead to delusion.

Like thy stern Whisperthal,†
I have echoed back all
That arrested my faithful attention;
As those will agree,
Who have been up to see,
And interpret Ehrenbreistein.‡

Then farewell, forever,
Magnificent river,
Another adieu let me give;
With fond recollection
I oft shall reflect on
Thy beauties as long as I live.

We had some very solemn reflections, when observing the place where the Russian and Prussian armies crossed the Rhine, on their way to the slaughter field of Waterloo! Near the same place, is a jutting tower, from which, it is said, Gustavus Adolphus gave

* "The devil's wall." † "The repeating mountain."
‡ "The broad stone of honour."

orders against the Spaniards, who were upon the opposite side of the river. Below this, are the ruins of Shonberg castle, long the family seat of the duke of Shonberg, who was slain at the battle of the Boyne, in Ireland. As its crumbling battlements were disappearing behind a frowning promontory, we thought of his probable feelings, when taking a last farewell glance at the castle of his fathers, and of the many affectionate persons who exchanged looks of love from those turrets, as the river was carrying him away from their gaze. But when the news arrived that the warrior was no more, that his blood, with that of many others, had reddened the waters of one of Ireland's rivers, what gloom spread itself over these walls! How many tears were shed, and sighs uttered within!

"But there the castle, still sublime,
With turrets falling fast away,
Remains,—the monument of time;
The awful emblem of decay.
Alas! the lone deserted wall,
A mournful ruin now appears;
Yet still majestic in its fall,
Though mouldered by consuming years!"

A little before we reached Cologne, as I was walking the deck, a brisk-looking young Englishman joined me, and entered into conversation. He had been to Italy, and had remained long enough in that Sabbath-breaking country to have loosened from his conscience, the claims of that holy day. Much did he extol the Italians; and his reprehension of his countrymen for their "hypocrisy and superstition," were dealt out in no measured terms. "Look," said he, "for instance, at the extreme strictness inculcated in England about Sunday, and compare it with the gay and innocent recreations allowed the Italian peasantry. English notions respecting that day, have, I admit, rendered dancing and other sports disreputable; and persons who

have any respect for their character, avoid a course that would shock the popular sense, and injure their own respectability; but, Sir, thousands in England are driven by this restraint into secret gaming, drinking, and lewdness, on the Sunday; English scrupulosity, therefore, has just made the nation, a nation of hypocrites, by not letting the population have their liberty, like the Italians."

I have only given you the substance of this young reformer's oration. That sentiment of our Lord, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," was indeed most strikingly illustrated. I had scarcely a chance "to get a word in edge-ways." I thought of the rustic, standing on the river's brink: *Rusticus expectat dum transeat amnis, at ille labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum:* Watching the water with intense interest, expecting it to run itself out, that he might pass over dry-shod. The case, however, became quite as hopeless to me, as to the simple peasant; so I had to plunge in, and get over the torrent as I best could.

A mournful admission of the secret desecration of the Sabbath, caught his attention; but he was not quite prepared for the question that succeeded it; whether he was sure that drinking, gaming, and lewdness, had no existence among his innocent Italian peasantry on the Sabbath-day? And whether it should not be a matter of congratulation to Protestant England, that there is so much purity and stern sanctity "found in her public sentiment," as to render vice disreputable; so as to compel it, at least, to hide its deformed head, and perpetrate its abominations in secrecy and darkness? And, whether he could not discern, how strangely constructed, or badly warped into a liking for evil, that mind must be, which could suppose, for a moment, this to be a worse state of things than to have vice rampant and unchecked? I then felt it my duty,

to press home upon his conscience some weighty truth, and concluded by remarking: The Italian, and other continental nations, can indeed violate the Sabbath without remorse; and why? Because the law of God has been rendered void by the traditions and corruptions of popery.

"I should like much, Sir," he rejoined, "that you would recommend me some work explanatory of the Sabbath and its obligations, as, really, my mind is not settled upon the subject, and I very much desire information." "There is a work to be had," I replied, "the best I have ever seen; it is very concise, and easy to be understood." "And pray, Sir, what is its title?" Well, Sir, I shall not trouble you with the title, but shall repeat you the entire work: "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work. But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." Exod. xx. 9—11. "O!" he exclaimed, "I knew all that before, but I wish to have my reason satisfied; reason has been given us as well as faith. Reason, Sir, has its claims." My reply was: This is a law which has come from God, and is it unreasonable to obey it? Is it any less reasonable, do you suppose, than those other commandments, which are given in the same code of laws: "Thou shalt not kill; Thou shalt not steal?" See Exodus, twentieth chapter. Nor can you, my dear Sir, deprive the Sabbath law of its authority over your conduct, without a manifest contempt of the claims of Heaven, and a direct defiance of the vengeance of the supreme Lawgiver.

"Well," he replied, "but Sir, you must be aware, that people differ in their views of the Sabbath, as to how it is to be kept holy; some allowing this and the other thing to be consistent with the sanctity of the day. Who shall determine for us, under such circumstances?" Here, he took a second excursion over "Italian views and manners." My reply, I perceived, rendered a change of subject necessary, for he got very much out of humour; he was turned over to an exposition of the Sabbath law by God himself: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Isaiah lviii. 13, 14.

"Alas!" I thought, "Sabbath-breaking is not so secret in England, as all this assumes;" but it was best perhaps, to combat the poor fellow on the ground he chose to occupy. And who can tell, but this "bread cast upon the waters," may be seen after many days. We reached Cologne about eight o'clock in the evening, where we tarried all night; and next morning, we were up by four o'clock, and off by railway for this city, where we arrived about nine in the morning, accompanied by torrents of rain.

In consequence of disagreeable weather, our observations have as yet been very limited.

Aix-la-Chapelle, once an imperial city of Germany, is now within the dominions of his Prussian Majesty. It was long the favourite residence of Charlemagne, who repaired and beautified it, after it had been destroyed by the Huns, under Attila, A.D. 451, and made

it the capital of his entire empire, north of the Alps. Aix-la-Chapelle, you will perceive, is the French name of the city; *Aix*, signifying the same as *aqua* [water] in Latin; and the whole may be Anglicised, "*The waters of the chapel;*" so called, from its celebrated mineral springs, and a chapel within the cathedral, famous for its relics.

The reputation of these sulphureous springs stood high in the time of Charlemagne, and they continue to attract a vast concourse of people from various parts of the continent, for health or pleasure; as the Americans resort to Saratoga, and the English to Bath and Harrogate. The temperature of the hot springs varies, we have been informed, from 112 to 143 degrees of Fahrenheit. The chemical ingredients have been thus analysed: elastic sulphuretted hydrogen gas, and a small quantity of carbonic acid; carbonate of soda, muriate of soda, and carbonate of lime; in what proportions, I have not learned.

Previous to the dissolution of the Germanic empire, this city contained a population of one hundred thousand souls; now, it has not above forty-one thousand.

The city stands in an agreeable valley, and consists of two towns, the inner and outer; the old, encircling the new. The streets are spacious, though generally indifferently paved. The houses are high, and sufficiently ancient and picturesque to suit your antiquarian taste, were you here.*

There are eighteen or twenty fountains, spurting their waters in different parts of the city, which might be well dispensed with to-day, as the whole heavens seem as if dissolving, and becoming, *Fontes aquæ dulcis*, as Cicero would say: "Fountains of sweet waters."

There is considerable taste displayed upon a fountain in the centre of the market-place, fronting the

* The architectural details would be uninteresting, I fear, to European readers.

town-hall. A handsomely-sculptured vase of bronze, receives the water in the first place, from whence it falls into a large basin of stone, and flows from thence, *publicum bonum*, through the mouths of dolphins. Over and above the whole is a statue of Charlemagne, as large as life, holding in one hand a sceptre, and in the other an imperial globe, surmounted by a cross.

The cathedral,—a venerable Gothic pile, is an object of interest to all foreigners; not indeed for any beauty displayed in its architecture, but on account of its antiquity; part of it having existed ever since the days of Charlemagne; as, also, on account of its being the place of sepulture of that monarch. The most ancient part, is that which bears the octagonal form, surmounted by a cupola. Two corridors, thirty feet wide, one above the other, encompass this octagon, and open into it by a succession of arches. In the rear, are chapels corresponding with these arches, which are entered from the corridors. By the skill of an Italian, Bernardino, the vaulted ceiling of the uppermost corridor, has been decorated with paintings on scripture subjects, of considerable merit, both in colouring and execution.

The resting-place of Charlemagne is underneath the central dome of the octagon alluded to; and is covered with a plain slab, with this inscription,—

"CAROLO MAGNO."

Formerly, there was a tomb of black marble over the vault, which was totally destroyed by the French soldiers. The depredations of the army of that nation, have been enormous over all the continent. Everything of interest, which they could not carry away, they either mutilated or destroyed, with more than barbarian recklessness.

The tomb of this monarch, however, was disturbed long before the French meddled with it. The emperor,

Otho III. had it opened, and rifled the body of the insignia of the empire, with which it was covered. It was decorated with the imperial jewels. Charlemagne was found, sitting upon his throne in the vault, thus adorned, and with an illuminated copy of the gospels spread across his knees; which is said to be still in existence. The tomb was again opened about seven hundred years ago, by Frederic Barbarossa I., in the presence of the bishops of Liége and Cologne, by whom the dust was placed in a sarcophagus; at which time the present magnificent chandelier was suspended over the tomb. It is of gilt bronze, thirteen feet in diameter.

The chair, or throne of Charlemagne was then removed, and stands, at present, beneath an arcade, within one of the corridors already alluded to. This is a celebrated relic, and highly valued by the citizens. None have ever questioned its genuineness; it is universally supposed to be the real throne upon which that monarch sat. It consists of four slabs of white marble, fastened by iron clamps, and is ascended by five or six steps. His throne was entombed with him; and upon it the monarch was seated, as already related. Kings, from time immemorial, have humbly abdicated the throne at the mandate of death, however strong the "ruling passion" may have been. Charlemagne, on the contrary, ordained, that he should occupy it after that event. But avarice and power, which have despoiled many a living king, deprived the dead monarch of his throne. It, and the insignia, were afterwards used at the coronation of the emperors of Germany. When Napoleon, whom one has designated, as "the very incarnation of ambition," came down like a thunder storm upon the Germanic empire, and shattered it to pieces, this chair, being no longer required for purposes of royalty, was thrown aside.

It is related, that when Napoleon and Josephine

were in this city, they visited the cathedral, attended by a Roman Catholic bishop. The prelate opened the wooden case which covers the throne, and invited Napoleon to be seated; but he abruptly turned away. Some have supposed he designed this as a mark of *contempt;* as if to insinuate he was superior to Charlemagne, and therefore despised the intended honour; but others have thought, he suspected the wary bishop of a design to extort some favour. If so, Napoleon realized very soon the correctness of his suspicion. The bishop immediately turned to Josephine, requesting her to "ascend the throne," which she did, with her usual good nature. When seated, the cunning bishop presented a request, already drawn up for the occasion, that she would use her influence with Napoleon to procure an organ for the church, to replace the one destroyed by the French soldiers. She asked and obtained the favour on the spot; and it is still called, "Josephine's organ." The above is, I believe, a correct version of the story, which has been variously related.

The old sexton, having enthroned us very politely, instead of waiting a speech from the throne, delivered an eloquent one himself, the half of which we did not understand. We then descended to the choir, which is a handsome quadrangle. Upon the high altar stands one of the principal idols of the place, the Virgin Mary, with a gilt crown; a gift, it is said, of her namesake, Mary Queen of Scots. We noticed a number of good paintings, with a profusion of images and altars, around which were adoring worshippers.

There is an old legend recorded in the annals of this cathedral, which, I presume, no good papist is at liberty to disbelieve. The year, as the story runs, in which it was dedicated, A. D. 804, Leo III. summoned 365 bishops, one for every day in the year, to come and assist at the consecration. The day arrived,

and so did all the bishops except two; but such a serious deficiency so affected the dead, that two bishops came out of their graves, and performed their part of the ceremonies, and returned, immediately afterwards, to their proper places in their coffins.

The cathedral has doors of bronze; and, while upon the mavellous, there is another story, which I will give you in the language of a grave historian: "The citizens of Aix-la-Chapelle, being unable to raise money to complete the building (the cathedral), borrowed some from the devil, (how, or how much, is not stated,) and surrendered in return the first soul that should pass the church doors. When the building was finished, nobody could be found to fulfil the conditions of this wicked bargain; and so great was the fear of the devil's clutches, in this most believing town, that the church might have stood empty to the present day, if a priest had not hit upon a lucky device of hunting through the church a wolf which they had fortunately caught alive. The devil full of spite at finding himself outwitted, slammed the bronze doors behind him with such violence, that they cracked. In order to put unbelievers to shame, who might be bold enough to conjecture that the crack in the doors was caused by the wind violently shutting them, two bronze figures stand outside; one of which is the wolf, and the other the condemned soul of the wolf, in the form of a monstrous pine cone." Oh, popery! popery! the same all the world over,—only evil, and that continually! Were it possible to obtain money from the devil, by the barter of a soul, the Romish priesthood would make the exchange without a scruple, "For the good of the church." When money was wanted to complete St. Peter's church at Rome, immense sums were raised by the traffic in indulgences; but this was a sacrifice of souls by wholesale.

The collection of relics is on a large scale here;

another method by which the priests obtain cash. Here are to be seen "the swaddling-clothes of Jesus, a gown of the Virgin Mary, some hair off her eye-brows, the shoes or sandals of Joseph, with which he walked all the way into Egypt;" with hundreds of other articles, almost as ancient, about which, of course, there are some marvellous stories; but I have inserted quite enough for one letter, nor do I expect you will ask for any more. We leave for Brussels shortly.

* * * *

J. C.

LETTER X.

Brussels, Belgium, Oct., 1843.

DEAR SIR,

WE have just returned from the plains of Waterloo, the scene of that terrible battle, which gave peace to long-afflicted Europe.

Before transcribing my observations on the battle-field, allow me to present a few pencillings, connected with several previous days. The weather continuing unfavourable, at Aix-la-Chapelle we had our passports examined, *(visés,)* by the proper authorities, and set out by *diligence* for this city. In a couple of hours we "crossed the line" from the Prussian territory, into that of his Belgic Majesty. We were not, however, permitted to proceed beyond the frontier, without having passports and baggage examined. Trunks, carpet-bags, band-boxes, and bundles, were all unpacked from the top of the diligence, and inspected. This was very annoying to some, but the politeness and gentlemanly conduct of these officers, rendered complaint unreasonable. Indeed, all the officers of this sort we

have met with during our tour, have been most polite and affable men, showing all possible delicacy in turning over articles, as if determined to give the traveller the least discomfort possible, consistent with the discharge of their duties.

A few hours after passing the Belgic frontier, we came to a railway depôt, and proceeded by that mode of conveyance to Brussels, where we arrived about ten o'clock at night, attended with abundance of rain.

We were much pleased, on the whole, with the general aspect of Belgium. You have never been in England; but the green fields, luxuriant thorn edges, healthy plantations, pretty mansions, neat cottages, with flower gardens in front, flourishing towns, noble manufactories, and highly-cultivated farms, bear a striking similarity to the common features of English scenery. Everything betokens a thriving and enterprising nation.

Next morning, after delivering our passports, we enjoyed a walk through the city.

Brussels, you are aware, is the capital of Belgium, and the residence of the king. The streets of the city are spacious, and many of the houses and public buildings display both taste and magnificence.

Brussels has quite the appearance of an American city in the whiteness and beauty of the houses, in showy shops, the cleanliness of the streets, the purity and clearness of the atmosphere, absence of squalid poverty, presence of wealth and comfort, general appearance of intelligence and contentment, together with the brisk and business-like motions of the inhabitants. Part of the city stands upon a gentle hill; and it is of this I have been remarking. The remainder is on lower ground, and more ancient, bearing a strict resemblance to other continental towns, in narrow, crooked streets, and high, antique houses; and the cleanliness is by no means remarkable. The

Town-Hall, which stands nearly in the centre of the city, is considered one of the handsomest structures in the Low Countries. The building is of a square form, loaded with ornamental sculpture, and harmonizes, in the style of its architecture, with the purest specimens of Lombard Gothic. Its light and elegant spire, is an imposing object; rising, as it does, in the form of a turreted pyramidical tower; and shoots up to the proud height of three hundred and sixty-four feet. A statue of the Archangel Michael, in copper gilt, seventeen feet high, crowns the top. They have rendered the "saint," as they term him, a poor compliment, by converting him into a weathercock. The workmanship of this spire is exquisite; carved and fretted in the richest manner; and though it does not stand exactly in the centre of the façade, the irregularity is not so offensive to the eye as might be supposed.

In a room in this edifice, Charles V. abdicated the sovereignty of this part of his dominions, in favour of his son, Philip II., in the year 1555.

The Park is a handsome enclosure, shaded by stately trees, intersected by broad gravel walks, lined with elm, lime, and walnut trees, and embellished with statuary, classic and modern, by no means remarkable for modesty or beauty of execution. It is well if a taste for what they denominate the "Fine Arts," is not cultivated here at the expense of public morals. How females could promenade, unblushingly, amidst such an array of naked figures, and in the company of gentlemen, we could not well conceive; and yet they were quite as numerous as those of our own sex. The Park is encompassed with noble buildings, among which, in a conspicuous situation, is the king's palace.

As the time for our return to England was drawing near, we set out for the plains of Waterloo, distant ten or twelve miles, seated on the top front of an old

shattered diligence. "Directly in front," sat the driver, aged nearly three-score and ten; and if he "was na fou, he just had plenty;" and within the same box with ourselves, underneath a shabby cover, fronted with glass, sat our guard,—a finished specimen of an old sot; and his breath! an atmosphere of rottenness. The two horses,—of all living creatures we had ever seen yoked to carriage, cart, or sledge,—were perfectly unique. One, a skeleton, covered with a badly used hide; and the other, though reduced to skin and bone, a furious demon in his way; performing his part in a sort of kicking and flinging pace, and he usually came out of his paroxysms and the traces at the same moment. Eight or ten jerks were generally succeeded by a sharp crack from some part of the harness, or vehicle, giving way, and a scene followed of fretting, foaming, chattering, and tinkering, by the *conducteur* and his *compagnon*, such as I shall not attempt to describe; our *cheval*, in the meantime, turning tail to Waterloo, having "faced about," as if to learn what we thought of his evolutions.

When all was "put to rights," a start was again effected, and the horn sounded as if we were travelling at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, warning all men and beasts, to keep on their own side of the highway, while we were barely able to discern that our motion was towards Waterloo. About half-way, we arrived at a tavern, when our heroes dismounted, called for "something to keep their courage up," and in the fulness of their benevolence, sent out two loaves of rye bread for our horses, which they devoured immediately.

Before leaving Brussels, we obtained a sketch of the battle, and amused ourselves in reading it by the way: a thing I had done before in my quiet library, secure from the hazards and perils of the bloody battle field, so vividly described by the historian; but here we knew not the moment when the elements of dan-

ger, above or beneath, might lay us on the ground in our glory.

The afternoon was one of the most delightful with which our world is favoured; and when near the village of Waterloo, we enjoyed the beauty of a rich Belgian sunset. Shortly after, we saw in the distance, the conical mound raised on the plains to commemorate the battle, having quite the resemblance of one of the pyramids of Egypt.

We spent the night in an uncomfortable tavern in Waterloo, but it was the best in the place; and Mr. Holgate moralized on the matter thus: "It must be with us here, as in passing through this world; we can put up with many inconveniences with cheerful patience, when we know *this is not our home;* we are only here for a night, and then farewell to it forever." In the bar-room, we found an old woman of nearly fourscore playing at cards for money, with two young men.

Next morning, we walked over the battle-field, "Amidst the quiet simplicity of whose scenery is excited a moral interest, deeper and more potent even than that which is produced by gazing upon the sublimest efforts of nature in her most romantic recesses." Our guide, a sensible, intelligent man, was servant on the neighbouring farm of Mont St. Jean, at the time of the battle, and assisted in taking care of the wounded and the dying during the dreadful conflict. He was also employed, with many others, several days in burying and *burning* the dead. They were compelled, he said, to resort to the latter method, in consequence of not being able to dig pits, before the stench from the heaps of slain became intolerable. It was no small matter, to dispose of 30,000 dead bodies! He pointed out a spot where they burned 900 corpses, and such was the vitiated state of the atmosphere, he was thrown, poor fellow, into a long and severe fever. A "*commissioner*" attended the

process, whose business it was, to strip the dead of money, watches, and other valuables; but they were forced at last, to cast them into pits on the plains, with their clothes on.

You are acquainted with the many plans, in which are laid down the respective positions of the hostile armies, together with the details of that dreadful battle which decided the fate of Europe. Immediately after leaving the village of Mont St. Jean, we were introduced to a gently swelling ridge of land, which was occupied by the army under Wellington, consisting of sixty-five thousand men. A shallow valley, of not more than three quarters of a mile in extent, separates it from the heights, where Napoleon's army of eighty thousand men, were drawn up in battle array, about ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 18th of June, 1815.

Wellington's plan, it would appear, was to keep possession of this ridge, and necessitate the French to undergo the exhaustion and responsibility of aggressive movements, which afforded him, no doubt, considerable advantage.

There were several places, which we felt a mournful interest in visiting:—

1st. The farm-house and yard, *La Haie Sainte*, where the troops composing the German Legion under Wellington were cut to pieces. It stood in front of the British centre, and was desperately assaulted; nor was it taken, till every man of them had ceased to breathe.

2nd. The country house, named Hougoumont, which covered the centre of the right wing of the British army. In less than half an hour, fifteen hundred men perished in a small orchard close to this mansion. In no part of the field of Waterloo, are there so many marks of the horrible doings of war, as here. The trees are disfigured with scars and blotches, and a little brick wall, behind which an English regiment defended itself

victoriously, had its brick pounded into powder, by the enemy's artillery, along the entire side fronting the French. We thought of those lines,—

> "Wild storms have torn this ancient wood;
> But a wilder is at hand,
> With hail of iron, and rain of blood,
> To sweep and scathe the land."

So bravely was Hougoumont defended, that it withstood the repeated charges of a large portion of the French army. But the artillery of the contending armies set the mansion-house on fire, which was burned to the ground; and the flames extended to the barn yard, where the wounded of both parties were heaped together indiscrimately, bleeding and dying among the straw. Poor fellows! they were soon wrapt in smoke and flames, and being weak through loss of blood, were unable to help themselves, otherwise than by agonizing cries; but the furious combatants were too hotly engaged to attend to them; thus many of them died a death, far more horrible than if they had been slaughtered on the field. Four or five, however, had strength sufficient to crawl into the family chapel, where the fire pursued them, and strangely stopped,—just charring the bottom of a large cross, which stood over the door in the interior; and, though nearly suffocated with smoke, they were preserved; a subject or "miracle" this, which has, doubtless, been the theme of many a Romish priest.

The chapel is a ruin, but retains part of its roof, and a few images. Our guide, pointing to a hole in the wall of the chapel, where a brick was wanting, said he was present when Lord Byron carved his name on the brick, but that a French gentleman cut it out, a few years ago, and carried it off.

It is difficult to account for the circumstance, that this English nobleman took such slight notice of this

great battle, in his justly-celebrated poem of Childe Harold; unless we suppose that he was not one of Wellington's admirers, or that his love of country had, even at that early period of his career, been almost or altogether extinguished. One would think, considering the talents, principles, and temperament of this great poet, that his enthusiasm must have kindled into a blaze at the sight of Waterloo, walking over it, as he did, a little after the dreadful conflict. There is, however, uncommon energy and feeling displayed in those fine verses, in which he describes the *breaking up of a ball*, at Brussels, a few hours before the battle;—a most unfit place, "by the way," from whence to proceed to the field of blood and death; and thence, to the judgment bar of God. I have only an extract at hand, but I believe it contains the entire verses to which I allude:—

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No: 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;

And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent

We were shown, 3rd. The position occupied by the *ninety-second regiment,* (English,) to the left of the British centre, which was reduced by the galling fire of the French to about two hundred; and yet that handful of men, sustained the shock of a column, composed of two thousand Frenchmen; and, taking advantage of the wavering motions of their enemies, rushed upon them like a whirlwind, shouting, "Scotland for ever!" and were victorious.

Near this spot, occurred one of the most appalling concussions of cavalry, known in modern warfare. The "Scotch Greys," and a brigade of heavy dragoons, grappled in murderous conflict with a column of French cavalry, headed by a body of Cuirasseurs. It was said, by those who had witnessed it, to be past description dreadful.

4th. The place near the centre of the British line, where Sir Alexander Gordon was killed, in the moment of remonstrating with Wellington, for exposing his valuable life to the same hazard as any private soldier.

5th. The closing scene of the battle, where Wellington's Guards, obedient to his laconic command, "Up Guards, and at them!" fell upon the veteran guards of Napoleon,—the chosen troops of France; whose battalions had long been the terror of Europe. Here hung the fate of the battle, and of Europe; you know the result.

When walking over the lately-ploughed soil, upon which this terrific encounter took place, I picked a musket ball out of a furrow; the late rain had just washed it visible; probably, it was the messenger of death, to some poor wretch, by which he was hurried unprepared into the eternal world. Thus far the British part of the field.

On the French side, we were shown: 1st. Napoleon's place of observation; from which he had a full view of the position of both armies; his own presenting a front of two miles, and that of the British one mile and a half. Here he exultingly exclaimed, at the dawning of the day of battle, upon seeing the English still in their positions: "Ah! I have them! —these English!" He had suspected, it seems, they would fly during the storm of the previous night. Here, in the beginning of the battle, this son of blood coolly remarked, on the motions of his enemy's troops, "How steadily those troops take their ground! How beautifully those cavalry form! Observe those grey horses, (the Scotch Greys,) are they not noble troops? Yet, in half-an-hour, I shall cut them to pieces!" Here, during the battle, he furiously declaimed against the obstinacy of the English; taking snuff incessantly from his waistcoat pocket, and casting half of it away with an extended arm, and muttering, with the malice of a demon, "These English are devils,—will they never be beaten? I shall beat them yet; but it is a pity to destroy such brave troops."

At every intelligence of *repulse*, or *reverse*, he sent forth his stern command, "Forward! Forward!" When a general (and it was not unfrequently) sent the information, that his men were almost cut to pieces, and that he could maintain his position no longer, inquiring what he should do, Napoleon turned his back on the messenger, saying, "Let him carry the battery."

2nd. The hollow part of the road, between the farm-house of Belle-Alliance and La Sainte Haie, fronting the British centre, where Napoleon harangued his Guard of fifteen hundred men,—the hitherto unconquerable warriors of France; and consigned them to Marshal Ney, to be butchered by British bayonets. Concealed in this part of the road, protected on each side by elevated banks, he saw the whole. And in the closing struggle, upon a small ridge to the left, he walked, gnashing his teeth with rage; putting on a look of more than usual ferocity, as he contemplated the frightful butchery, and closing drama of Waterloo. Perceiving the battle lost, he exclaimed, "It is finished!" and with his suite fled from the field, leaving the remains of his shattered and flying troops to provide for themselves as they could.

"I looked on the field where the battle was spread,
When thousands stood forth in their glancing array,
And the beam from the steel of the valiant was shed
Through the dim rolling clouds, that o'ershadow'd the fray.

I saw the dark forest of lances appear,—
As the ears of the harvest, unnumber'd they stood;
I heard the stern shout, as the foe-men drew near
Like the storm, that lays low the proud pines of the wood.

Afar the harsh notes of the war-drum were rolled,
Uprousing the wolf from the depths of his lair;
On high to the gust stream'd the banner's red fold,
O'er the death-close of Hate, and the scowl of Despair.

I look'd on the field of contention again,
When the sabre was sheathed, and the tempest had past,
The wild weed and thistle grew rank on the plain,
And the fern softly sighed in the low wailing blast.

But where swept the ranks of that dark frowning host—
As the ocean in might—as the storm-cloud in speed!
Where now were the thunders of Victory's boast,—
The slayer's dread wrath, and the strength of his steed?

Not a time-wasted cross, not a mouldering stone,
To mark the lone scene of their shame or their pride;*
One grass-covered mound tells the traveller alone,
Where thousands lay down in their anguish and died!

Oh! glory!—behold thy famed guerdon's extent,
For this, toil thy slaves through their earth-wasting lot,—
A name like the mist, when night's beacons are spent,—
A grave, with its tenants unwept and forgot!"

The conical mound, already referred to, is an object of mournful interest. It is about one-third of a mile in circumference, and above two hundred feet high, surmounted by a colossal bronze lion. The pedestal upon which the lion stands, bears the simple inscription, "June 18, 1815."

"The mound and the lion, have equally been the subject of ill-natured remark," says an intelligent traveller, who visited the field some years ago, "but the one, containing the bones of friends and foes who fell in that dreadful day, and the other composed of cannon taken from the enemy, would appear to be aptly enough appropriated, as being at once, a memorial, a trophy, and a tomb."

From its summit we had a fine view of the plains. The place was pointed out where Blucher, with his Prussians, emerged from the woods, in the awful crisis, and assisted in turning the tide of battle.

"Man must soar,"—otherwise climb; and, by the aid of a ladder, stationed there, for those "who heave at something high," we ascended the pedestal, and stood beside the lion. It weighs forty-eight thousand pounds. I barely encircled one of the fore legs with both arms.

* There are a few monuments on the ground, besides the Mound; *that* to the honour of the German Legion, and one or two others, to the memory of distinguished officers. These, however, are on the British side; on the ground occupied by the French, there is nothing left, as a record of their shame or pride. We noticed, also, numerous monuments, in the church of the village of Waterloo, in memory of distinguished persons who fell on that day. J. C.

The French who aided in the last Belgian revolution, when passing over the plains, vented their spleen by a few vollies at the lion, by which it was injured a little. Silly revenge!

From thence, we walked over to the farm-house, La Belle Alliance; which stood in the centre of the French army, and where Napoleon stood part of the time during the battle, and sent forth his commands. Here Wellington and Blucher met, a few minutes after Napoleon had left the field; and with feelings of indescribable emotion, embraced each other as united conquerors. The spot where they met is pointed out to the traveller, and the event is commemorated by a slab, inserted in the wall, with a suitable inscription: a thrilling circumstance this, we reflected, but not to be compared with the sudden and unexpected meeting of warriors in heaven.

St. Paul, as an apostle and messenger of the "Prince of Peace," had no congeniality of soul, we are sure, with such scenes of bloodshed and slaughter; yet many of his most impressive and stirring illustrations are military. In the sixth chapter of Ephesians, he spiritualizes the entire armour, defensive and offensive, of a Grecian soldier.

Wellington and Blucher met on soil saturated with blood, where, only a few minutes previously, human beings had conflicted with more than infernal cruelty; where, with hearts as hard as the bullets which ploughed these plains, an infuriated soldiery rolled onward the tornado of destruction, where,—

> "With gleaming steel, contending squadrons closed,
> And war's red terrors marr'd the face of spring."

Their meeting was accidental, at twilight, and surrounded by the dead and the dying; the groans of the latter rending the heavens.

How very different the meeting of Christian heroes

in heaven! Nor dead nor dying will be seen there; nor confused noise of battle will occur; nor garments rolled in blood. (Isaiah ix. 5.) Sudden and unexpected, indeed, may be their meeting above; but "there is no night there, for the Lord God and the Lamb are the light thereof;"—they meet, but it is where,—

> "The rivers of pleasure roll o'er the glad plains;
> And the noontide of glory eternally reigns!"

It is recorded in the English *Methodist Magazine*, that many years ago, a Methodist preacher, of the name of Greenwood, a holy and devoted man of God, was called unexpectedly, though not unpreparedly, to die, at Warrington. The last night of his life, he preached and prayed the whole time, till day-light appeared in the morning. He then said, "Another sun shall arise; Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his wings;" and immediately fell asleep in the Lord. "It is something remarkable," says his biographer, "that his aged mother, a most excellent Christian, died happy in the love of God, at Keighley, in Yorkshire, the same morning. What a joyful surprise, when those two kindred spirits met together at the gates of heaven!"

The heroes of Waterloo hailed each other at the close of one of the most important battles of modern times. But how many lives had been sacrificed! How many wives made widows, and children fatherless, and parents childless! What a host of souls went down to perdition from the battle-field of Waterloo!

Christian conquerors meet in heaven. Their victory, however, has been a bloodless one; and yet they overcame by the blood of the Lamb! No widows nor fatherless children are left weeping, nor souls sent to hell, by their conquests! And how many and important have been their battles and victories we cannot tell, but must die to know.

"Believers have a silent field to fight,
And their exploits are veil'd from human sight;
They, in some nook, where little known they dwell,
Kneel, pray in faith, and rout the hosts of Hell."

Wellington and Blucher had escaped death, honoured the banners of their respective nations, and won the day; but one of them has long since fallen beneath the arm of the conqueror of conquerors; and very soon he will cast his unerring weapon at the other.

When victorious saints meet in glory, they shall die no more; death hath no more dominion over them.

The heroes already mentioned, escaped a temporal death, which might have lasted but for a moment; one of Wellington's officers, Sir T. Picton, received a musquet ball in the temple, and in the twinkling of an eye he was in eternity. But the soldiers of Emmanuel, have been saved into heaven, and from *eternal death;* while others of their acquaintances may have suddenly plunged into an endless hell.

The Waterloo heroes met amid the congratulations of admiring officers and soldiers; and this was but a prelude to that honour which awaited them, from the united voices of king and country. What acclamations of joy from grateful millions! How brilliant their triumphant entrances into their respective countries! How imposing the glories with which they were afterwards encompassed!

But when the heroes of the cross make their entry by the "triumphant way" into heaven, and meet around the throne, the transports of joy, at the recognition of those who have landed safely in the Paradise of God, are but preludes to the acclamations of innumerable legions. Eternity alone can unfold the extent of that glory, honour, and immortality, expressed in Romans ii. 7.

The heroes of Waterloo had a joy from what may be termed *mutual recollections.* There was a period

when Wellington's mind was a prey to the most anxious suspense, and when victory appeared more than doubtful; when he knew, should another hour elapse, and Blucher not appear, the battle must be lost inevitably. A short time previous to Blucher's appearance, Wellington's Aid-de-Camp came with information, that the Fifth Division was almost annihilated, and that it was utterly impossible it could any longer maintain its ground; the general replied, "I cannot help it; they must keep their ground with myself to the last man.* * * Would to God that night or Blucher were come!" But at that awful crisis Blucher and his Prussians came in sight; Wellington's countenance brightened, and he exclaimed, "There goes old Blucher at last! We shall beat them yet!" Blucher, on the other hand, enjoyed the delightful consciousness, that he had arrived in time to turn the tide of battle, although his friend had had the superior honour of fighting through the long and hazardous day!

How many such grateful recollections will animate many of the saints, on their meeting in glory, we shall not know till our arrival there. There are, no doubt, innumerable multitudes in heaven, who recognize each other, with a gratitude that is to be eternal, for timely aid received at the crisis of many a spiritual conflict, or temporal embarrassment. "And I say unto you, make to yourselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness; that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." Luke xvi. 9.

Laurels of victory, by the universal consent of all Europe, soon adorned the brows of the embracing heroes at Waterloo. But hundreds of hands may yet be raised to pluck away those hard-won laurels! I perceive by one of the continental papers, that very lately, at a public meeting, the name of Wellington has been held up to the contempt of a hooting multi-

tude; and that not far from the spot where a proud monument of his victories adorns the park of the metropolis of Ireland!

But no hand shall ever be uplifted in heaven to tear away a single laurel from the brow of the glorified warriors of Emmanuel; no tongue shall there be moved to detract from the glory of their past victories. They overcame all their spiritual foes, and put to flight the army of the aliens, by means of their faith, and of the weapons which they wielded by it; and that faith was often tried as gold in the furnace of fire; but there it shall be "found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." 1 Peter i. 7.

> "Laurels may flourish round the conquerer's tomb,
> But happiest they who win a life to come;
> Eternal triumphs crown their toil divine,
> And all these triumphs, Christian, shall be thine!"

"See!" said our guide, "yonder is the house of Decostor! Napoleon had him seized, placed on horseback, and tied to the saddle, and compelled him to act as a guide in some arrangements in the field at the beginning of the battle. It was hard in Napoleon to reprimand the poor man for flinching to avoid the shot that was flying around him, and cold comfort was administered to him: 'Do not stir, my friend,' said Napoleon, 'a ball will kill you equally in the back as in the front, and wound you more disgracefully!'" Buonaparte could be witty when he pleased.

It is scarcely possible to walk over these plains, or to read an account of the closing scenes of the battle, without feeling a chilling horror creeping over the soul; especially when contemplating the events of the dreadful night which succeeded the battle. The Prussians, undeterred by the shades of night, pursued the flying French. The terrors of death fell upon the fugitives, and the panic was universal. The moon

arose in solemn and peaceful majesty, but her mild beams served to light the pursuing Prussians to deeds of slaughter. "In the town of Genappe alone, six miles from the battle-field," it is said, "eight hundred lay dead, who had suffered themselves to be cut down like cattle."

In the meantime, on the same night, Wellington led his deeply-affected troops over the field; all was still as death, "Save the moans of the wounded, and the agonizing shrieks of the dying," which at intervals broke upon the ear,—the moon shedding her pale rays upon the dead, piled one upon another, as far as the eye could reach,—it was too much for Wellington; he burst into tears.—

"O'erspread with shatter'd arms the ground appears,
With broken bucklers, and with shiver'd spears:
Here swords are stuck in hapless warriors kill'd,
And useless, there, are scattered o'er the field.
Here, on their face, the breathless bodies lie;
There, turn their ghastly features to the sky.
Beside his lord the courser pressed the plain;
Beside his slaughtered friend the friend was slain;
Foe near to foe, and on the vanquish'd spread
The victor lies; the living on the dead!
An undistinguish'd din is heard around,
Mix'd is the murmur, and confused the sound;
The threats of anger, and the soldiers' cry,
The groans of those that fall and those that die."

But could the veil of eternity, on that night, have been drawn aside, and could the eye of Wellington, and those alive with him on that bloody field, but have discerned the souls of the dead of both armies; what scenes of unutterable horror would have been unfolded to their view! Ah! who can imagine, much less describe, the wailings and shrieks of vast numbers hurled into perdition the last few hours, burning like a hell, with anger, malice, revenge, and each reeking with the blood of his brother? There is an express

command, enforced by a most weighty motive, in that striking passage of the word of God: "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." Heb. xii. 14. But the battle-field would be the most unlikely place to find either; and the *conclusion* is too dreadful to dwell upon, did it not contain a solemn warning to the living. And how dreadful the account! how severe the final retribution in the case of that unhappy and bloody man, Napoleon, who was the *moving cause* of so much bloodshed, and who has since *accounted* to his God for the lives of such multitudes; and, to use the words of another, "I had almost said for their unrepented sins!"

Although he survived the scenes of Waterloo, it was there his career of blood terminated; and there was an awful necessity for this: the civilized world stood aghast; Europe was clothed "in sackcloth and mourning," and drenched in tears and blood. It has been calculated that, Cæsar slaughtered two millions of our race during his wars; and to Alexander has been assigned an equal portion; but double that number, that is, *four millions* of human beings are supposed to have been butchered by this son of ambirion,—rather, this child of hell, Napoleon. That Providence intended his overthrow, and the chastisement of his licentious and infidel troops on the plains of Waterloo; that the Lord God of Hosts raised up, and called forth the British army, to check and destroy his power; and by these means, to put an end to a bloody and unjust war, and to give peace to long afflicted Europe, I dare not doubt,—I never have doubted. But that peace, which lasts to the present day, (and may it long continue!) was indeed purchased at a tremendous sacrifice of human life. The following sentiments, on the battle of Waterloo, by one who, it is evident, has thought deeply upon the

subject, you will not, I hope, consider out of place. The language is happy and beautiful, and the views as just as they are original. "To those who may, like myself, incline to think that a more glorious age is about to rise upon the world, and that Waterloo was the thunderstorm which was to give the last clearing to the air before that perfect vision, it assumes a loftier character than its mortal triumph. It seems to bear the features of a grand immediate interposition of Superior Power. The final overthrow of the French empire, which was atheistic, jacobin, and revolutionary, to its latest hour, and the utter disgrace of Napoleon, the concentrated spirit of the revolution, were at least the results of the battle of Waterloo. They may appear to have been its providential objects. Had human judgments been previously consulted, they would probably have drawn a different plan of the battle. The Prussians would have at once joined the British, and swept the enemy before them; or the British would have been in force enough to have driven in the French early in the day; or Napoleon would have fallen, or been taken prisoner. But the battle was not to be so fought, to be most fatal to the atheistic power. If the French had been beaten in the broad day, they might have rallied, or retired before superior force; or, in the last event, have been made prisoners in masses. But the conflict held on, bloody and disastrous, till the moment when they could neither escape nor conquer. Retreating, an hour before nightfall, they might have been saved; fighting an hour after it, they might have had the night for retreat. But they broke on the edge of darkness. The Prussians came up, retarded during the day, to be unfatigued by battle, and fresh for pursuit. The night was made for remediless slaughter. 'Thou moon, in the valley of Ajalon!' The distribution of the triumph was *judicial.* England had seen in France

only an envenomed enemy. Prussia had felt in her a remorseless oppressor. England had suffered no serious infliction. Prussia had been steeped to the lips in suffering; and to England, on this memorable day, was given the GLORY, and to Prussia, the REVENGE.

If Napoleon had been killed or wounded, or made prisoner, or borne from the field in the backward rushing of his army, there might have been some reserve of fame for him. But a stronger WILL determined that he should be seen a coward, and a ready fugitive; that no question should be left to the world of his abjectness of soul, and that he should be reserved, to be shown as a monster to an English rabble, and yet survive!

If the French army, the authors of so much misery to Europe, were to be finally punished, it was done by the battle of Waterloo.

For the first time since the accession of Napoleon, their force was exclusively French; and it was trampled like a mire of blood. There has been no instance for these thousand years, of such a total destruction of an army. The flower of France, and the leading strength of the rebellion, was the Imperial Guard. It was reserved for the last and most complete sacrifice of the day."

"The heavens were sick of crime—dread was the strife
Where black ambition flung its stake of life.
The trial came,—the keen and jealous steel,
Raged through their quivering ranks;—with faithful zeal,
The sacrifice was done!—and on its wing
The earth sent up the shout of thanksgiving!"

With the interesting results of this memorable battle, you, my dear Sir, have been long familiar; as also, with the exile, and the particulars connected with the death of this unhappy man. "Never," says one, "Never did metaphor approach so nearly to description as the comparison of Buonaparte to a meteor—

generated in obscurity, kindling to almost instantaneous splendour; shooting to an astonishing height; dazzling the world by its brilliancy; 'shaking from its horrid hair, pestilence and war'—then, as suddenly declining, and, with a rapidity not equalled even by its 'upward flight,' losing itself again in the obscurity from which it sprung. The career of such a man is an object, even with those who abhorred him, of natural curiosity, and of no unphilosophical wonder. Hence it is, that through his whole course, he attracted, in an extraordinary degree, the attention of all classes of mankind."

And now, although on the point of an apology, for the length of this letter; for when I sat down to write you, I had not the most distant idea of spinning it out to such an extent; yet I cannot help sending you the following, which I do not remember having before seen in any account of the battle of Waterloo. The melancholy tale, it is said, was communicated by an old soldier who had resided in the family of Colonel G. for many years, and who had followed him to the field of Waterloo, but was accidently separated from his youthful master, at the awful moment of his death: "Thank God, 'tis over!" exclaimed a young officer, as he galloped along the road from Brussels to Waterloo. "My Lucy! we are separated, and perhaps forever! Should I not survive this my first effort for glory, oh! thou Almighty Father, protect my wife!"

* * * *

"The battle rages in all its fury; the enemy press on and surround one part of the English army, where a young officer, with a tremendous shout of, 'Death or Victory!' urged his impetuous steed forward, followed by his gallant troops; made a desperate attack upon his assailants, and compelled them to retreat. The fiery Edward was borne along by the tide of conflict, into the very midst of his foes. His noble mien

attracted the notice of a French officer, who, calling on him to defend himself, galloped forward with ungovernable fury. Dreadful was the conflict that ensued. For some time victory seemed doubtful—at length the French officer made a desperate lounge at Edward, which the latter parried with the greatest address, and returning it with more skill and better success, pierced his adversary's left side, who, uttering a heart-rending groan, immediately fell from his horse. Edward, through an unaccountable instinct, seldom manifested on the field of battle, instantly dismounted to assist his fallen foe, and, unfastening the clasps of his helmet, discovered a face pale through loss of blood, and fixed in the agonies of death. The dying man raised his heavy eyes to his generous conqueror, and, with a frenzied shriek, exclaimed, 'Can this be Edward G., my long-forsaken brother?' The blood forsook Edward's cheeks, as he replied, 'Charles, is it thus we meet?' The dying brother faintly articulated, 'Indeed we meet—but only to part.' The life-blood gushed fast from his mortal wound—his brother gazed intently on his marble features—his breath had ceased. At this interesting moment of re-union, and final separation, a French soldier, influenced by revenge, approached the wretched Edward, who, stupified with grief and surprize, no longer offered any resistance. In one moment, the direful work was done, the spirit of Edward followed that of his brother into the regions of immortality.

On the evening of the ever-memorable 18th of June, I visited the plains of Waterloo. What an awful sight! So many of my countrymen lying exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and extended on the bare ground, without one friend to soothe or relieve their sufferings.

A slight rustling sound made me turn my head, and I beheld a fair and fragile form, stooping and examin-

ing the features of the surrounding dead. At last she knelt down by the body of a young officer, and lifting the raven curls that clouded his alabaster forehead, uttered one dreadful shriek, and fell lifeless to the ground. I approached, but all animation was gone—the angelic spirit of the beautiful Lucy had fled to be united with that of her Edward!"

The old soldier here paused, torrents of tears streaming down his sun-burnt visage!

Circumstances compel me to close abruptly. Farewell.

J. C.

LETTER XI.

Hull, England, Nov., 1843.

EVER DEAR SIR,

As the steamer is within a few hours of leaving Liverpool for America, I cannot let the opportunity pass without informing you of my safe arrival in England, in excellent health. Thanks be unto the God of all my mercies! We spent a Sabbath in Brussels, after our return from Waterloo; and walked out about nine o'clock in the morning, in quest of a Protestant place of worship. A stranger directed us to the Royal Chapel, where we found a young clergyman, in robes, holding forth in German. The congregation was small, and the preacher anything but animated. But there seemed a singular effort to make up for a want of unction and fervour, by gestures, highly studied, and a peculiar rolling of the eyes upwards; as if every movement of the hand, motion of the eye, and position of the body, was the result of a fixed purpose to abide by certain rules previously laid down, as the proper accompaniments of the various parts of the sermon.

This regulated even the use of the pocket *mouchoir; se moucher devenant necessaire;* which happened at regular intervals; but was never done in the "vulgar gaze," but *de bonne grace,* becomingly turning his back upon the congregation, as if going to weep over their hardness and impenitency; the matter thus adjusted, his proper station and discourse were resumed very gracefully.

We sighed for the fate of poor Protestantism, as we departed, but cheered ourselves with the hope of better things from an English clergyman, who was to preach in the same place, that afternoon.

Returning to our hotel, we walked into the Roman Catholic church,—a cathedral-looking Gothic structure. The congregation was large, but as the services were similar to those which I have described, as exhibited in other popish churches, a repetition is unnecessary.

The pulpit, in the above church, is considered the best specimen of carving in oak, which this country affords. It is designed to represent the banishment of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden. Within an opening of the Tree of Knowledge, stands the pulpit, supported by the figures of our first parents, as large as life. An angel, with a flaming sword, is in the act of driving out the fallen pair. The figures, with the Tree and adornments, are all done in carved oak. The attitude of Adam, with his face partly concealed by his two hands and his disordered hair, are well adapted for the expression of passion; the efforts of the artist to exhibit, in this figure, shame, desponding grief, and contrite submission, have succeeded admirably. Eve has one arm raised, as if to ward off a blow. There is a spirit thrown into her features, which one could scarcely expect to see in wood; Guilt, Sorrow, and something akin to Remonstrance, are there; as if she would venture an appeal to her

offended God, whether the angel was not overstepping in severity the bounds of his commission. The predominating feeling, in her "pitiful face," is far from the mournful acquiescence which appears in the countenance of Adam; but rather indicates the utterance of the complaining sentiment: "Our punishment is greater than our sin deserves!"

The Tree of Knowledge, embowers the pulpit; and, with the assistance of a couple of angels, supports the canopy above the preacher. The serpent is in the act of stealing away from the wretched pair, partly concealed beneath foliage and fruit, till its head reaches the top of the canopy, where are figures of the Virgin and Child,—the infant Jesus standing upon the head of the serpent, and bruising it with his Cross. Upon the Tree are a variety of birds and quadrupeds; among the latter, we noticed a fox and a monkey, each helping himself to the fruit that decoyed Eve. On Eve's side of the tree, are the peacock, the parrot, the squirrel, and the monkey. It was hinted to us before leaving Brussels, that the artist, who, it would appear, was not an admirer of the fair sex, "Contemplated a little satire by this arrangement of the chatterers." The character of the birds, animals, etc., which were placed on Adam's side, would go to substantiate the unfavourable design of the artist against the daughters of Eve; but we did not learn that the good ladies of Brussels, had ever resented the compliment. Near to Eve stands a figure far more significant and affecting;—Death, the offspring of sin.

This is the most imposing group of carving I have ever seen, and is worthy of the Netherlands, which has surpassed, hitherto, every other continental nation, in this fine art. The feathery appearance of the birds is exquisite, and the foliage and fruit beautifully disposed, and admirably executed. I never before imagined, that these productions of nature could be so closely imitated in this material; worked in fact out of one

piece of wood; chained together so wonderfully, and in a disorder so natural and free, and with a lightness so loose and airy.

The subject, at the same time, reads a moral lesson to the heart. The spectator sees, that it is an evil thing and a bitter to sin against God, whilst he is forcibly reminded of that fearful act which introduced into this world sin, and death, and all our woe; and above all, is confirmed in the recognition of the necessity for, as well as the counter-working nature of, the *redeeming plan*. Altogether it impressed us as not an inappropriate subject for a pulpit, and drew our admiration, *malgré* our deep-rooted opposition to the errors of popery.

We returned to the Chapel Royal in the afternoon, and had the happiness of attending the first public service in the English language since we left England. It sounded somewhat singular to hear the minister pray for, "Our rightful Sovereign, Queen Victoria," within the territories of his Belgic Majesty; in his capital, and within his royal chapel. The congregation, however, was composed chiefly of English residents; but at a proper period of the service, they did not fail to pray for his Majesty, King Leopold; but the Queen of England had the first place in their supplications, as, doubtless, she occupied such a position in their affections. We thought of the captive Jews, who sang when assembled by the cold streams of Babylon, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." The prayers were similar to those used in the Church of England; the same as are read in the Episcopalian Church in America; and, to our hungry souls, they were "a feast of fat things." The congregation, unlike the exiled Jews, sang the songs of Zion, in a

strange land, very sweetly. Our hearts chimed in well, both with the sentiments and the music, and the soft and soothing tones of a few verses, served to recal those bursts of living melody, so overwhelming and so frequent in our chapels *at home:* "Like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul!"

The minister at length announced his text: "He went about doing good;" and I am sure we were in a state of mind to appreciate and enjoy a sermon; but it proved to be as lean and soul-starving an affair as could be "got up" in the English language. The discourse lasted about twenty-five minutes, and amounted to this: The greater part of our comforts are derived from the community among whom we reside; and it is our duty to contribute our part to the common stock, for the comfort and happiness of others. And certainly, the preacher himself appeared to have shared very largely in "*table comforts,*" at least. Whether he had contributed his quota to the general fund of enjoyment, was a question we could not determine; but he seemed bloated to the very brink of apoplexy.

"Alas!" we exclaimed, on our return, "it is no wonder *popery* is rampant in Brussels, with its usual accompaniment of Sabbath-breaking, and all manner of wickedness, if this be the kind of *cold, heartless, defective* preaching with which Protestantism is cursed." The Roman priesthood raise their standard of morality weekly, and insist strongly upon the properties in the character of a "good Catholic;" the Protestant ministers have their standard, and declaim upon the character of a good Protestant; and this, with a few honourable exceptions, is the sum and substance of continental preaching. Yet the laws of God are violated unblushingly; his holy Sabbaths are desecrated on all sides, without restraint. Infidelity holds

up its head fearlessly, and sways its direful influence over the minds of vast masses of the population.

It is in Brussels, as in every other part of the world, where "Christ crucified" is not fully and faithfully preached to the people, and remission of sins through faith in his blood; there is a manifest failure in the morality so much insisted upon. Corrupt human nature will ever bid defiance to the attempted restraints of the pulpit, when the regeneration of the soul, by faith alone, is not clearly and vigorously pressed home upon the conscience. No minister has ever yet succeeded in bringing his hearers to the practice of a perfect gospel morality, till he has effectually won them over to a real gospel conversion, through faith in the blood of the Lamb.

We left Brussels the next day, by railway, for Antwerp; and a dangerous affair they have made it. How the wheels maintained their position on the rail, nobody could guess; our carriage waddled like a duck; and thankful we were when we reached the old city in safety.* Antwerp is a well-built and strongly fortified city of Belgium. It is situated on the right bank of the Scheldt, and, if we reckon by the many windings of the river, about sixty miles from the German Ocean.

The style of its architecture resembles that which most prevails in the cities of Holland; the gable ends of the houses being principally toward the street, and of various fancies, both in shapes and ornaments, broken by steps on each side of the gable, contracting as they ascend, till they terminate in a slender point. It is remarkable, that some of the very old houses in the city of Albany, N. Y., are similarly constructed; so the next time you visit that city, you may gratify your curiosity, and think of Antwerp.

* A very bad accident occurred shortly after; several were killed, and many wounded. J. C.

From the time that Napoleon Buonaparte meditated the overthrow of England, Antwerp was to him a place of the highest importance. His avowed design was to make it the great naval arsenal of Europe. He projected many splendid improvements, some of which were completed, but his sudden downfall put an end to them, and, in the opinion of some, to the prosperity of Antwerp also.

The cathedral is the glory of Antwerp; a beautiful Gothic structure, surmounted by an elegant spire, little inferior to that at Strasburg, and only a few feet lower. The spire rises out of a massive and richly ornamented tower, and stretches towards the heavens, in a succession of pretty galleries, each diminishing in size as they ascend,—elaborately carved, and in such nice proportions as perfectly to satisfy the eye.

The interior of the cathedral is exceedingly imposing. There are no pews to interrupt the footsteps, as in American churches. An immense area, covered with smooth flags, presents itself at once to the view, lengthening and widening with the vision, to an extent of five hundred feet, by two hundred and thirty. The bold and majestic character of the architecture unfolds itself to the stranger as he advances. To the right and left he beholds a magnificent avenue of gigantic columns, and, though inferior in classic beauty to those of York Minster, their colossal size, and amazing altitude, are sublimely impressive.

The dimensions given of this building by some travellers, have been most extravagant. Our handbook stated the height of the ceiling to be more than three hundred feet, which we pronounced an exaggeration. There is throughout the whole interior, an admirable unity of proportions, with vastness of design.

There are many fine pieces of sculpture in marble, distributed around the walls, and paintings of no

ordinary merit; but the presence of two original paintings, by Rubens, would seem to affect them, as the sun does the stars. The first, which is generally considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of this great master, is the celebrated *Descent from the Cross.* Sir Joshua Reynolds considered, "The Christ, one of the finest figures that ever was invented," adding, that "the hanging of the head on his shoulders, and the falling of the body on one side, gave such an appearance of the heaviness of death, that nothing can exceed it." A careless observer would not perceive, that much of the soft radiance which falls upon various parts of the painting, proceeds from the white sheet in which the body is being lowered; an effect of genius worthy the talents of this noble artist. Some of the females around the cross, are invested with a purity and dignity, a pathetic modesty and grace, uncommon in Rubens, and not unworthy the pencil of a Raphael. A person of considerable taste and discernment has remarked, "That female, on whose shoulder the foot of Christ appears to be resting, is possessed of one of the sweetest and most heavenly countenances that ever was produced by the pencil of a man; and the young woman by her side, who is looking up to Christ with such intense anxiety, is not much inferior." This was saying a great deal; an encomium, in fact, seldom accorded to the female heroines of this artist. Few understood less than Rubens in what female beauty consisted; but none knew better how to express what one has somewhere termed "a meritricious air, a sort of reckless defiance of modesty and feminine diffidence." It is pleasing to see that he had the good sense, in such an awful subject as is developed in this painting, to forego his "*beau ideal*" of female excellence.

The second painting referred to, is the *Elevation of the Cross;* a splendid painting also. The great stir around Calvary, is what one would expect; but

it is difficult to conceive the necessity for such contortions of the muscles in so many able-bodied men, when making the effort to bring the cross to its perpendicular. It afforded the artist, however, a desirable opportunity for the display of his inimitable talent for colouring, and anatomical delineations. One of the ablest judges of the last century decided this to be "one of the best and most animated compositions" of Rubens.

The pulpit in this cathedral is an ingenious piece of carving in wood. It is supported by four figures, as large as life, and covered with birds of various kinds; but it did not strike us, as being equal to that in the church at Brussels, described in this letter.

There is in all the continental Romish churches, a profusion of confessional-boxes; but, in this respect, the cathedral of Antwerp surpasses them all.

We enjoyed an extensive prospect from the top of the spire.

Leaving the cathedral, we walked over to the Museum of Paintings; but we had the precaution to walk through the galleries in which are exhibited the *productions of living artists*, before we entered those appropriated to the works of the *Old Masters*. The collection of modern paintings was very large at this time, and of a very creditable character; a proof, certainly, that this fine art is well encouraged in Antwerp. Many of the paintings were exquisitely beautiful and true to nature; most were distinguished for a full and brilliant tone of colouring, approaching to a "flaring brilliancy," which the softening and mellowing hand of time may possibly remove. I am not, you must be aware, sufficiently acquainted with all that constitutes excellence in painting, to venture upon the criticism you desire; nor could I attempt anything like an opinion of the respective merits of the productions of each artist, without turning the remainder of my

letter into something like a catalogue. But I may say of them generally, (with a few exceptions,) in regard to subject, composition, colouring, pathos, poetic feeling, and mind, they were superior to any similar collection I had hitherto seen, and gave us an exalted idea of the Netherland artists.

Many of the landscape paintings were of a very high order. Rugged mountains; far-extended valleys; "woody offscapes;" fresh and smiling meadows, tufted with trees, and enlivened with flocks and pieces of water, were the characteristics of some. In others, were cultivated fields, fringed with wood-land, and cheered with a sparkling stream, a busy town, or splendid city. The varied appearance of water; the rapid or gently flowing river; the mighty cataract, "coming down like an eternity;" the spreading lake; the dark pool, overshaded with trees; or the ocean in a calm or storm, with vessels in the distance, or more dangerous proximity to the shore, were the subjects of others.

The sky has been termed, the key-note, which regulates the harmony of a picture; and it seems to have been well studied by these artists, in all its varieties of the grave, the cheerful, the brilliant, the gloomy, and the terrific; whether canopied in clouds, or presenting an expanse of liquid transparency. Its effects upon the landscape, in those combined niceties and intricacies of colour, (you know what I mean,) and those delicate interchanges and imperceptible gradations of tint, which none but close observers of nature could perceive, a few have imitated exquisitely.

Trees are no unimportant features in a landscape painting. Trees have their anatomy as well as the human figure, and require a far closer study than many would imagine; but, unlike the human form, each has its distinct anatomy. The idea, you are aware, is not *original;* but, when borne in mind,

it adds greatly to one's satisfaction while viewing a picture, in which trees are the most prominent and interesting objects. Trees are supposed to have, what some have termed their *character*. Under this head, if I mistake not, are classified *positions, dispositions,* and *massing,* besides the *tendency of stem,* whether directed naturally, or by some disaster, or by the pressure of the prevailing wind. And there is the proper *balance of the branches,* and their clothing, or drapery if you please; in reference to which we may observe, that all the fashions from the days of Solomon, in all his glory, down to our day of glitter and show, of which we may say,—

> "With varying vanities from every part,
> They shift the moving toy-shop of the heart!"—

cannot be brought into comparison with the beautiful and endless variety displayed in the foliage of trees. And it is but doing justice to the artists of Antwerp, to say, that while the trees in their landscapes would bear criticism according to the above rules, the other objects in the painting are equally creditable; at least, so they appeared to us, and every man has a right to his own opinion. Every object satisfied and pleased the eye and judgment,—was at home with a *meaning;* add to this, a nice attention to proportions, and an absence of that *mannerism* of which, in some American paintings, you have frequently complained. Do you recollect how glaringly defective M*****'s painting was, on the principles of perspective? But a *correct perspective,* lineal and aerial; that is, if I mistake not, clearness of outline, and diminution of objects by distance, in regard to *size, colour,* and *distinctness,* is, perhaps, at once the most difficult and most important part of landscape painting. There are optical illusions besides, with which landscape painters have frequently to grapple, and which, I

have heard remarked, depend not so much on distance as on a hazy state of the atmosphere. Some consider such illusions the most fascinating part of landscape painting; and limit success, in this department, only to the few who have sufficient cleverness to take that nice advantage of the fog, by giving to the objects the appearance of great distance, preserving, at the same time, unaltered, their real lineal perspective.

Of all places in the world, Antwerp seemed, to us, the most unfitted by Providence for the study of the picturesque in nature, if we except the privilege of learning the comparative bulk of objects, through the medium of a Dutch fog! What one has said of "the fenny borders of Dutch canals, the uninteresting flats of neighbouring Flanders, and the sand-hills of distant Holland," may be well applied to all that presents itself to the artist, whether he sketches from the ramparts of the pentagon-like citadel, or from the "tip-top" gallery of the spire of Notre Dame!

It is not unlikely that the paintings of the *Old Masters*, in the adjoining rooms, may have had more powerful attractions for the eye of those modern artists, than the picturesque scenery of more favoured lands.

It is proper to observe, that there were paintings in the exhibition upon which I have been remarking, which merited no praise. Several of the portraits were extremely immodest; and others, as to subject, design, and composition, were scarcely passable, in the estimation of some of our party. But I have been writing of the general impression made upon my own mind, by the best in the collection, and they were not a few. We wished to be pleased, and when we approached a disagreeable picture, it was easy to pass on to another of a more pleasing and instructive character.

From the galleries of modern paintings, we passed into those devoted to the works of the Old Masters. Here are assembled some of the finest original paintings of the most celebrated artists of past centuries; many of which once adorned the walls of several churches and convents of Antwerp.

Rubens is here in his glory. The identity of the paintings of this master cannot easily be mistaken. How prolific was his pencil! His works are to be found in most of the picture galleries of Europe. How exuberant was his fancy! How varied the subjects that occupied his genius! "His subjects," says a writer of taste, "are familiar, and remarkably attractive, by the playful and bold composition, striking effect of light and shade, luxuriance of the richest colouring and general air, and blooming profusion of everything calculated to catch the eye." And, says the great Reynolds: "Indeed, the facility with which he invented, the richness of his composition, the luxuriant harmony and brilliancy of his colouring, so dazzle the eye, that, whilst his works continue before us, we cannot help thinking all his deficiencies are fully supplied."

The great talents of this master were often wasted upon worthless subjects; but there are many of an opposite character, such as those we noticed in the cathedral of Antwerp, and others in these rooms: *Christ showing his wounds to Thomas; St. Ann teaching the Virgin to read; Christ crucified between two thieves*, etc., which have secured him a name, likely to be perpetuated during a great many centuries to come.*

* Here my humble and imperfect criticisms must close abruptly. My notes on this fine art extended over three or four additional pages; but an act of carelessness has rendered their insertion impossible. The manuscript got mixed with loose leaves already transcribed; and when clearing them away

The steamer, *Wilberforce*, being in readiness to sail for London, we went on board, and proceeded down the river. Our vessel occupied the Scheldt during five or six hours, and about dark we were amidst "the gentle pitchings and luxuriant heavings" of the North Sea! I had taken the precaution before leaving Antwerp, of tying a belt tightly round me, a little above my stomach, as a preventive against sea-sickness, which had never failed to attack me when within the territories of Neptune. Having little confidence in the measure, prudence dictated that the matter should be kept secret from some acquaintances on board, lest the internal sea should become as unruly as the "apoplectic brine of merry waves," when the gentlemen might possibly have laughed at me, as some have done at poor Xerxes, who attempted to bind with fetters the waves of the Hellespont.

We retired to rest early, and about five o'clock in the morning were awakened out of a sound sleep, by a singular rocking motion of our steamer, as if the masts were touching the water, first on one side, and then on the other. What rendered it more exciting was, that the machinery had nearly, or altogether,

from my study table, which, I confess, is often very untidy, they were with a mass of other papers accidentally committed to the flames.

This circumstance brings to my remembrance a minister, with whom I was acquainted, in America, who unfortunately had his house burned to the ground. His written sermons, though never remarkable for animation or unction, sharing the same fate with his library, he considered a most heart-rending affair. Being in company with a number of ministers, some time after the fire, and lamenting the loss of his manuscript sermons; a coloured minister, a shrewd man, who knew him well, rejoined: "But, brother, is it not likely they made a greater blaze at the time of the fire than they ever did in the pulpit?" Perhaps, then, the grate was the very best depositary which the notes alluded to could have found; and to write anything better is out of the question, in my present circumstances.

come to a pause. We hastened on deck, and the scene was truly awful. The wind had risen to a hurricane, and the waves—but let a poet speak:—

> "Huge and black the waves careered,
> And oft the giant surge appeared,
> The master of the mast."

"Huge and black," only for a moment or two; the next minute they were white as wreaths of snow, boiling, and foaming, and running together like infuriated armies; and when attempting to "master the mast," the storm blew thousands of their heads off in a twinkling, and spread them along helpless as the Assyrian army beneath the stroke of the destroying angel. Unlike that host, however, they rallied again in vengeance. Ocean howled to the hurricane, and the hurricane spoke back again to the rebellious ocean, with a voice louder than your Niagara. All was uproar and confusion; our vessel tossing to and fro in the midst of the belligerents. As we approached the wide mouth of the Thames, the gale was, if possible, more terrific. Two fine ships were driven ashore, one of which was freighted with passengers bound for a foreign land. The elements thundered NO to our struggling vessel, to which she replied YES, faintly, and staggered onward, gaining a little, and puffing hot steam in the face of her enemies,—

> "Climbing the billow's hoary brow,
> Or cleaving the raging heap ——"

It was a fair battle, in fact, between steam and storm. What a wonderful creature, I thought, is man! Unable, of himself, to contend successfully with the combined fury of the elements, he has succeeded by the energies and resources of his own genius to decoy them into a mutiny; and, having formed an alliance with the disaffected, he has "set them a fighting"

with each other; element against element; fire and water against wind and water in fury,—a *hot hurricane* against a cold one; while he himself stands in the midst of the furious and dangerous combatants, unconcerned and unarmed, riding on the whirlwind and commanding the Battle of the Storms; coming off more than conqueror, in ninety and nine such contests out of a hundred.

But what was far more wonderful to me than all, I was not sick! There was patient and perfect submission within, to bonds of good behaviour; nor was the peace once broken during the voyage. For once in my life, whether the thing may ever occur again may be a question, I enjoyed some such pleasure as an old sailor so well expressed:—

> "Oh! who can tell the brave delight,
> To see the hissing wave in might,
> Come rampant like a snake!
> To leap his horrid crest, and feast
> One's eyes upon the briny beast,
> Left couchant in the wake!"

My soul, during the storm, rested sweetly upon the goodness and mercy of God. I had no fear whatever. How secure and happy the soul can be amidst tempest and peril, that—

> "Feels the joys of pardon'd sin!
> Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
> That mind has heaven and peace within."

And thus it was, I believe, with the Rev. Israel Holgate, the companion of my travels.

Heathens themselves had an exalted idea of the security and blessedness of such a state of mind. Perhaps you have not seen, what is considered a spirited translation of the celebrated lines of Horace. I cannot remember more than two or three verses.—

> "The man whose nerve stern virtue strings,
> Firm by his lofty purpose clings,

Quails not beneath the scowl of kings,
And braves the rude democracy.

That lordly soul nor sees with dread,
The gale lash Adria's billowy bed,
Nor, hissing from his right hand red,
The bolt of heaven's high Thunderer!

Be earth's big orb asunder riven,
Crash to the azure roof of heaven,
Down on his head the wreck be driven,
'Twill smite him, smiling, panicless."

There is a bold and rugged grandeur in the above lines, but they are far inferior to a passage in the forty-sixth Psalm, both in sublimity, and in that reverential tone of expression, which should ever characterize sinful and dependent man, when beholding the elements in a motion so tremendous, and so indicative of the majesty and dreadful power of a present all-pervading God: "*God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah. The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.*"

Our steamer finally succeeded in gaining the peaceful Thames, and we proceeded rapidly up to London. The Thames is a fine river, but the meadows on either side are marshy and uninteresting, till within a few miles of London; when the evidences that the stranger is approaching the metropolis of a great and powerful nation, begin to multiply upon his attention. That part of the river, however, which we did not see, but which is most distinguished for "romantic scenery, and picturesque beauty," lies above London.

We landed at Blackwall, and after an examination

of baggage at the Custom House, which was a tedious affair, we were permitted to enter the city.

Next morning we left London by railway; and when within a few miles of Leeds I parted with my excellent friend, Mr. Holgate, and arrived here (Hull) about ten o'clock at night, and received a cordial welcome to the hospitable house of Mr. William Field, Grocer, Market-Place.

Having been frequently invited to visit this large and populous town, by the superintendent of the Hull East circuit, the Rev. Robert Thompson, I have concluded to spend a few weeks for the purpose of assisting him and his colleagues, the Rev. William Illingworth, and the Rev. John Vine, to promote a revival of the work of God.

I have preached a few times, but not with my usual liberty. O for a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost!

After retracing the scenes through which I have passed, during the tour of which you have an imperfect and hasty account, I cannot express my feelings better than in the words of the Rev. John Wesley. About the close of the eightieth year of his life, in the year 1783, he visited Holland, and some parts of Germany, and concluded the journal of his tour thus: "I can by no means regret either the trouble or expense which attended this little journey. It opened my way into a new world, where the land, the buildings, the people, the customs, were all such as I had never seen before."

Please present my love to * * * *, and to all inquiring friends.

J. C.

LETTER XII.

Cork, Ireland, June 8th., 1842.*

DEAR SIR,

SEVERAL years ago, an ecclesiastic, belonging to a neighbouring nation, when zealously engaged in making proselytes to popery, in the wilderness of North America, said, that his calling was, *la conquista espiritual.* This, I trust, in a high and scriptural sense, is *my aim ;* the *conquest of souls !* Not such a conquest, however, as shall deprive other churches of their members, by the "annexation" of them to Methodism. With this aim I think no one will charge me, who has paid any attention to the *matter* and *manner* of my preaching, in those places I have visited in this country. I have treated other denominations with *respect* and *kindness,* and so I intend to do, by the grace of God, while in this city, and during my tour through these kingdoms.

Ever since God converted my soul, I have been of the opinion of a certain old blacksmith: "No matter, there are two sides to the river;" was his reply to one who had assailed him, while engaged at his anvil, on the evils of having so many denominations, and the consequent separation of good men, whose hopes and interests are the same: "No matter, there are two sides to the river!" An excellent apology! He meant, I suppose, that the many churches of Christendom are encamped along each side of the river of life, but the inhabitants of both banks accompany it into heaven. It did not, therefore, make much dif-

* The "subject matter" of this and the few following letters, will, I hope, be a sufficient apology for their insertion, although they cause a break in the dates, with regard to the regular course of the Letters. J. C.

ference, which bank they occupied, if, in reality, they drank of the healing and refreshing waters. Now, to carry out the idea of the good man, perhaps farther than he intended; one side may indeed be rougher than the other, with higher banks, jutting promontories, deeper intervals, and much circuitous travel to come at the "water of life," but when they reach it, it is as sweet and wholesome on that side, as on the other, where are better and more convenient accommodations. Now, of course, I think the Methodist church occupies the best side of the river; and although I expect to meet multitudes in glory from the opposite side, it cannot be that I should not wish, however vain that wish may be, that they would take the boat of Charity, sometimes named Liberality, and cross over, and try the waters on the Methodist side of the river. But as such an event is not likely to come to pass, at least so as to become a *universal* thing, I often lift my voice so high that they can hear such sentiments as the following on the other side: "If it be not your will to come over and drink of the 'living waters' on our side, stay where you are; only take care that you do not perish with thirst, while there is plenty in the river. But if you can, on that untoward bank, obtain sufficient to keep your souls alive, your side stretches into heaven as well as ours; there we hope to meet you:—

> 'And bathe our weary soul
> In seas of heavenly rest,
> And not a wave of trouble roll
> Across our peaceful breast.'"

And for this, some have been offended, and have called me many hard names, among the softest of which is that of "an *illiberal and superstitious* man." This is most unreasonable! The impression has been deepening in my mind for several years, that it is pos-

sible for a man to become deeply concerned about his soul, and that during the progress of his uneasiness, he may be led to give up many of his sins, and exhibit an external and visible reformation, and yet stop short of *Regeneration.*

The visitations of the Holy Spirit, and the rebukes of his conscience, may have constrained him to renounce the company of the wicked and profane, and to give a decided preference to the society of real Christians. Having united with some branch of the church of God, his career may be marked all along by a regular attendance upon all her ordinances; in searching the scriptures also, as well as in family prayer, in asking a blessing at his table, in private prayer, and in the entire government of his household, there may be all that is becoming the real Christian; and yet he may still remain an unpardoned and unconverted sinner; the whole of his visible performances being, in the estimation of God, like a body without the soul, because of the absence of that animating spirit,—the love of God shed abroad in his heart, by the Holy Ghost given unto him. A conviction of the tremendous truths of eternity, and the priceless value of his own soul, may indeed have taken fast hold of his conscience, but the "one faith," by which a penitent is freely forgiven all his sins, through the redemption that is in our Lord Jesus Christ, has never yet been once exercised by his pensive and restless mind. Justification by faith, all this time, has been to him a mystery unexplained. The man has been seeking rest in the "outward law," but entirely ignorant of its "deep design." It has indeed, condemned him; it has left its curse upon his conscience, but it has not been the "schoolmaster to bring him to Christ." Throughout his entire efforts, the Spirit of God has never made a single visitation to his heart, as a witnessing Spirit that he is a child of God.

He has indeed received "the Spirit of bondage again to fear," but not "the Spirit of adoption," whereby he is enabled to cry, "Abba, Father;" "the Spirit itself," doth not "bear witness" with his spirit, that he is one of the children of God. Rom. viii. 15, 16.

It would be a relief, my dear Sir, if we could limit such characters to two or three in a church. Alas! I find them very numerous, in every denomination with which I become acquainted; and few things occur more frequently than the exclamation, with Nicodemus, "How can these things be?" when the doctrines of the new-birth are pressed home upon the conscience.

But my observations, during the tour in which I am engaged, have extended to another class of professors of religion, some of whom are members of various churches; and, dangerous as is the state of the former, the latter is still more so. I mean those who are living in the neglect of the duties of religion, and who, by the looseness of their lives, afford mournful evidence that they have not even been awakened to a serious concern for salvation.

Some, of both classes, I have found, who entertain no expectation of being saved through faith in the merits of Christ alone, but through the "good mercy of God;" others, I have observed, have some crude notions about faith, but mixed up with the neutralizing idea of the merit of works; while most have denied the possibility of any person knowing his sins forgiven, by the witness of the Spirit. And to rivet them in their unbelief, there have not been wanting ministers of the gospel,—and men called "evangelical" too, who have positively assured some of the above, who were brought to a concern about their souls, that there is no possibility of any person knowing in this world, that God has accepted him; denying, most roundly, the witness of the Spirit, and affirming vehemently, that the only

evidence of being saved from guilt, which any individual can have, is that of his moral conduct, and those deductions, which he is at liberty to draw therefrom.

It is not necessary I should, in this letter, call forth those passages which prove, that, "He that believeth on the Son of God, hath the witness in himself," (John v. 10,) because I know not that you desire it. But my object has been to unfold to you the real state of the case, so far as such matters have come under my own observation. I have no doubt whatever, that multitudes join the various churches of this land, live and die in union with them, without having been born again; and what have they gained by it, but a deeper damnation? Such unhappy persons may be fitly compared to the beasts which entered Noah's ark; neither their embarkation, nor the terrors of the deluge, —the mercy of the Lord displayed in their preservation, while other brutes perished; nor the voice of prayer and praise by Noah and his family; wrought any radical change in these animals. They went in brutes, and they came out brutes; they entered the ark wild and unclean, and they departed wild and unclean. Be it so; they were only brutes, and the God that made them, never designed they should be anything else. This is not the case with the sinners in Zion; they may be converted, and become saints of the most high God! But a vast number of both classes, already described, enter the church of God, and remain there unchanged in their nature; and leave it for another world with an unchanged nature, and with as great a distaste for God and godliness, as characterized their carnal mind through life. We have seen some of them stretched upon the bed of their last sickness; even those who had led a moral life; but now, unexpectedly called to die, they have realized the inefficiency of all their past performances, to bring tranquillity to their conscience, or to sustain effectually

the confidence of their departing spirit, or to inspire them with courage to meet the decisions of their supreme Judge. And there have been cases, not a few, in which the various acts of rebellion against conscience, have terrified the soul: "Life has been all retouched again," and with a finger of fire! If such have not sunk into the sullenness of despair, it has been quite as distressing to the minister of God, to see them gather up their energies to die with something like manly fortitude, in the entire absence of any religious comfort.

A few solitary cases, it is true, have come under my notice, where, after a severe struggle, which has appeared to render the last sickness, as the agonies of a "double death," the persons have ventured at last upon the atoning blood of the Son of God; and we have seen the languid eye brighten, with the expression, "My God is reconciled," and thus, at the eleventh hour, they have "escaped with the skin of their teeth." Job xix. 20.

Such death-bed scenes, however, have not been the only places where I have learned the dangerous state of many deceived souls. Facts the most startling have come before me, in the course of my ministry, of persons who had been living long in church-fellowship, without any internal religion whatever; but who, under the searching truth of God, applied by the Holy Spirit, were brought into a state of deep concern, and after seeking salvation with many tears, found it to the joy of their hearts.

I have conversed with vast numbers, who have declared, that though they had long sat "under the sound of the gospel," they had never been "born again;" never had known their sins to be forgiven,—that they had,—

> "Rested in the outward law,
> Nor knew its deep design."

And now, dear Sir, you cannot imagine that such cases have failed to awaken my attention, particularly to this class of my hearers. God has impressed deeply upon my mind, the necessity of dealing faithfully and plainly with professors of religion; and that, at the peril of my future account, such must not be overlooked in my appeals to the sinners of the world.

And thus have originated those discriminating and pointed appeals, (of which you speak,) to the consciences of those who have been entrenched for years within the ramparts of my own and other denominations; and results of the most startling and impressive character have occurred. To their *surprize* and *horror*, many have discovered that they had, not only never got out of the road that leads to hell, but *positively*, they had been for years, slumbering on the very brink of damnation! But this, you must be aware, has laid the ground-work of the complaint of which you speak.

Although I have been recommended by my Bishop and Conference, to the Wesleyan Methodist church, in Great Britain and Ireland, yet I feel myself a debtor to other churches, and would fain do them good also. The word preached has not been in vain. Since my arrival in Ireland, I have seen penitents, members of most denominations in the cities where I have laboured, upon their knees, pleading for salvation.

When such persons were converted, they have generally returned to their own churches; but frequently they have met with such a cold reception, both from the minister and members of their church, that they have felt it was at the peril of backsliding from God, to remain there. They soon discovered, also, that the kind of preaching, which satisfied them very well in their carnal state, had now but little in it that was congenial to the state of their new-born souls; and with tears they have returned, and requested to be ad-

mitted members of the Methodist church; nor could her ministers deny that privilege to a member of another church, which they would desire might be extended to any of their own members, who should, from religious scruples, leave the Methodists, and offer themselves to another denomination.

As the door of Methodism is open for any of her communicants to leave her pale, so, in their opinion, that door should not be shut, but remain quite as wide open to receive members of other churches, who believe in her doctrines, and who are willing to be governed by her discipline.

It has frequently happened of late, that members of other churches, and persons who merely belong to certain congregations, have been brought into a state of alarm about their souls, by attending these services. There have been instances where they have gone to the minister, and made known the state of their minds; but instead of pointing them to the Lamb of God, and explaining the way of faith, and rejoicing that, by any means, they had at last been brought to a sense of their danger, my manner of preaching has been held up to ridicule, and they have been warned not to hear me any more! Again and again, before they have left that minister's company, he has assured them it is all fanaticism for any man to say that an individual can know his sins forgiven in this life. Now, what must be the inference drawn in the minds of these anxious inquirers after salvation? What, but, "My minister himself, has never been converted; surely all must be doubt and uncertainty in his own mind respecting the state of his soul, since he positively denies that any person can attain to certainty upon this subject; else, why should he declare *that* unattainable by me, if he himself has received it, seeing it is written, 'God is no respecter of persons?'" It so happens, however, that when the Spirit of God

is probing the heart of an awakened sinner, such unscriptural declarations generally fail to satisfy his conscience. Such persons, notwithstanding various prohibitions from the above quarter, return to the place where they have been wounded, in hopes of finding out the means of a cure for the "wounded spirit." In a short time they learn the way of faith, and after resting simply and only upon the merits of the atonement, they are freely forgiven for Christ's sake, and the Spirit of God is sent "into their hearts, crying, Abba, Father." Gal. iv. 6.

And now, Sir, after the great and scriptural change of conversion has taken place, with a full and conscious knowledge of their adoption into the family of God, what do you suppose are their views respecting their former minister? Is it likely they would feel very comfortable to return and sit under his ministry, where the same things would be repeated, no doubt, again and again? What sort of a reception would such a one receive, were he to call upon that minister, and relate what great things God had done for his soul? There have been cases, not a few, where a sense of duty has led such new converts to "go show themselves to the priest," but a sense of duty, quite as strong has compelled them to withdraw from his teaching.

This is a plain unvarnished statement of the case. You appear to be a man of good sense; I shall therefore leave you to your own reflections. If other denominations oppose these services, and hinder their people who are unconverted, from attending where it is most likely they would be converted, then let vigourous exertions be made for their salvation in their own place of worship. But if they choose to neglect this important duty, and will still use their influence to prejudice their minds, or interpose their authority to prevent them from hearing the truth, which might possibly result in their conversion, to God they are

accountable. And should these persons lose their souls, in consequence of such an interference, I have no hesitation in saying, that they will have to account at the great and dreadful bar of God, for the part they had in their destruction.

"Small preaching," is a new phrase to me, but I suppose you mean by it, my condescending to dwell upon those "minute points" of Christian experience, not usually taken up in a more florid and eloquent style. But have you never read that striking sentiment of Galen, *In medicinâ nihil exiguum?* "In physic nothing is little." "A *little* error there," said another, "may occasion fearful mischiefs; so a small mistake in souls' concernments may occasion everlasting ruin." An *error* respecting conversion is *ruinous, —damnable,* if the person die in it. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." This is a decision of tremendous import. Now the object to be attained by faithful preaching is, to tear away the veil, so that the deluded conscience may be enabled to look the deception fully in the face. It is not, however, that kind of preaching which you call "eloquent," that is adapted to accomplish this.

As to the charge, that my preaching "has a tendency, in nine cases out of ten, only to disquiet and torment sincere minds," it requires better proof than that which often accompanies a mere assertion. That a person may be sincere in *error,* I freely admit; but I cannot allow this to be a *state of safety.* It may be nothing more than a treacherous calm before a disastrous storm. "The word hypocrisy," says a writer, "is originally borrowed from the stage, and it signifies *the acting of a part;* and we have heard of a stage-player who acted a part so long, that he believed himself to be the very person he acted! And so I take it to be no extraordinary thing for the religious hypocrite to be given up to the same delusion, to believe

his own lie; and having put on religion first for a formality, to believe at length that that formality is religion." Is it, then, my dear Sir, a matter of small importance to endeavour to undeceive such self-deceivers? If you refer to such characters in your charge, I must indeed plead guilty. The direct tendency of my "small preaching," is to disquiet such persons, and the sharp crack of small fire-arms may be attended with more serious consequences than the loud report of cannon, in the "far-away distance," especially when nothing more is contemplated than the "eloquence" of the flash and the roar!

If you can point to "many who are sick" of my preaching, "and who have been thrown into unnecessary distress by it," and some within your own "family circle," I could conduct you to many who have been lately cured of their sickness, by the instrumentality you affect to despise, and who would not now for all the world have avoided the knowledge of their sickness, which has been succeeded by a consciousness of a perfect cure! The medicine, therefore, that has made them sick, may, after all, have been best suited to the state of their diseased souls. "But it fares," as one has somewhere said, "with faithful ministers, as with honest and able physicians, that are many times ill thought of by the sick man, and foolish friends, when they put him to pain and trouble. They charge him with cruelty, in delighting to torment the poor man unnecessarily, and it may be, think of discharging him, and getting a physician that will deal more gently with him; whereas, indeed, he is the sick man's best friend, and many times, if he should not pain him, he should *kill* him."

I cannot continue this correspondence; I hope you will excuse me, but this is the last letter I can afford time to write. I fear our differences of opinion would be endless. I remain, dear Sir, your sincere friend, J. C.

LETTER XIII.

TO * * * * * *.

Cork, Ireland, June 25th, 1842.

DEAR SIR,

PERHAPS the best way to combat your "serious objections," is to place them at once in battle array!

"These revival operations have a direct tendency to unsettle the members of other churches, and to render them dissatisfied with their own pastors." Perhaps so; and would not any good pasture-field, near to a neighbouring flock, starving through the negligence of the shepherd, upon a bare and barren heath, have this tendency? But would any man in his senses, present as a reason why that good shepherd should be indifferent about a luxuriant pasturage for his own flock, lest, otherwise, he might possibly unsettle the arrangements of his neighbours? Rather should he not turn his attention to the slothful shepherd, and urge the necessity of bettering the condition of his flock, as the only means of making them contented with their own pasturage? It is a silly sheep that would again and again exchange a good pasture for a worse! I was reading, the other day, of a minister who once preached the gospel successfully, in a certain part of Yorkshire, England; but he was the cause of great vexation to the minister of a neighbouring parish, who could not restrain his church from "running after" the faithful preacher. At length, he made the complaint to the minister himself, and received this reply: "Feed them better, and they will not stray."

"I have heard," you proceed, "that since your ar-

rival in Ireland, many, in consequence of your movements have withdrawn from their respective churches, and have joined the Methodists." A few have done so, but the majority of those who have been converted to God, during the revivals to which you refer, were sent back to the churches to which they belonged, and in a safer and happier state of mind than when they first visited the Methodist chapels. "When Jesus Christ healed the afflicted, his constant advice was, 'Go show thyself unto the priest.'" I reply, not always. "Why not send them back to their own ministers, if they have received good? Why not let those who have laboured so long for their conversion, as they who mus give an account, hear from their own lips, what God has done for them? Why not send such converts back to their own churches, and let them declare to their fellow-Christians what they have received?" I can assure you, dear Sir, we have frequently attended to this very thing; indeed, it is our general rule. That there have been cases, in which we have been compelled to take a different course, I freely admit. The following sentiment, of a particular friend of mine, I consider a good apology: "It will be conceded that circumstances must, in every case, determine as to the propriety of this. In some instances, it would be compelling the defenceless lamb to approach a roaring lion; while in others, it would resemble the sending of a new-born infant to a mere unparental anatomist, whose only solicitude would be for the *gust* of its dissection." 1 Kings iii. 26, 27; Deut. xxvii. 18; 1 Thes. ii. 7, 8.

"During your proceedings, congregations have been deserted by a large number of regular hearers, and I learn they have never returned." Beware, lest you colour too highly. Where there has been anything of the kind, the ministers connected with such congregations have had none to blame but themselves. They

may thank their own conduct, and their injudicious railing against the revival, for such humiliating results. People will, in such cases, judge for themselves, and when they hear men reviling what they consider a real work of God, and giving credit to reports which they know to be utterly false, it is not likely they will sit patiently to hear it; especially, when it is known that their minister has not been at one of those meetings, in order to hear and judge for himself.

"I have myself heard several of these religious emigrants declare, they had no religion previous to their going among the Methodists." And how do you know they did not speak the truth? If truth, was it wrong in them to acknowledge the fact? If so, had they no cause for thanksgiving to God? "And that they felt it to be their duty to remain among the people, who had been the means of what they term their '*conversion.*'" But are you sure they were wrong, I will not say in the expression, but in their determination to remain where they had received so much good? "Not a few of them have imprudently insinuated, in the hearing of some of my friends, that their former pastor had never been converted." Perhaps this was wrong, at least, injudicious; but are you quite sure it was not, in some instances, a mournful truth? "I am sorry, indeed, to admit, that some of our clergymen do acknowledge, that they are not aware of any other regeneration in their own experience, than what they are confident did take place when they were baptized in infancy. But what of that? Even a blind man may hold a candle to enlighten others, though he himself may walk in the dark." Yes! but let him have a light, and not a candlestick without one, or a dark lantern; else he, and those he would guide may, eventually, "fall into the ditch" (that is, into hell) together. Matt. xv. 14. "The Sun of Righteousness may shine, through the meanest window,

upon the heart of a hearer, equally well as through one of the cleanest and purest material." Ay! but let him be a real window, not an imitation; not the mere semblance of a converted minister of Jesus Christ; not mere brick-work, and plaster, and paint, (to carry out your figure,) to avoid the tax, and yet keep up appearances! From such ministerial windows, good Lord deliver us, and all our friends! Allow me to say, that just such a window is every unconverted minister. If the Sun of Righteousness should shine through such a man, upon the hearts of his hearers, it would be a greater miracle, than were the natural sun to send his beams through those tax-avoiding imitations, which amuse one in every street!

You say farther, "A leaden pipe may convey the 'water of life' to the souls of the people, quite as well as a golden one." Yes, but let it be a pipe, and not a mere mass of lead. If a pipe, let it be connected with the Fountain; else it may as well be no pipe at all! Do you understand me? A sheet of lead may be converted into a pipe, and so may a minister, *but let him be converted!* "A man may see himself in a plain glass as well as in one with a gilt frame." Just so, and I have seen my likeness quite as well, in one that had no frame at all. But let it be glass, and let it be a clean and pure mirror, else it will show no likeness at all, or, at most, a false and incorrect one. The soul of a regenerated and sanctified minister of the Lord Jesus, is like his sermons,—a transparent mirror of eternal truth. I dare not enlarge upon your figure, lest my letter would extend beyond your patience, and the time I have at my command.

I remember reading the following sentiment, which I very much admired at the time, and which, I think, applies to what you consider an imperfect ministry: "A pearl may be showed forth by a weak

hand as well as by the arm of a giant." True; but that hand should be governed by a discerning and well-informed judgment, else it might display these gems in a very improper light, or present worthless pebbles instead of pearls.

Beware, my dear Sir, how you encourage men of whose conversion you stand in doubt. "It is a doleful thing," said an old divine, "to fall into hell from under the pulpit; but, ah! how dreadful to drop thither out of it!" It is awfully possible for ministers to coast the land of promise, like the unbelieving spies; and, like them, have no inheritance therein throughout eternity! He who has taken upon himself the office of preaching the gospel, through *sordid* and *impure* motives, has not the chance for salvation which other men enjoy. He may be, at one and the same time, an *incumbent* and a *cumberer*. A *speculator* in preaching he may be, and starve the church of God; but throw off the letter S., as a quaint man said, and you have his true character,—a peculator. He may be capable, by his learning and talents, of stringing together a number of clever predictions; but, in the "judgment of God," the man may have no other design than the accomplishment of his own favourite *predations* upon the church of Jesus Christ. It is at the imminent peril of his soul's damnation, that an unconverted man casts a covetous eye towards the gown and surplice of a dying minister, who has been faithful to his God; or, that he clothes himself therein, either for ease, honour, or to earn with worldly credit a piece of bread. You have read how Æneas, though he had purposed to spare the life of Turnus, yet when he espied the girdle of Pallas about him, he changed his mind, and turned the point of his sword to his heart.

It would therefore appear, from your own letter, that some churches in the nineteenth century, are yet

cursed with what was complained of so earnestly in the seventeenth century: "They by whom the streams of heavenly doctrine flow to us, are of such superabundant charity, that they desire to empty themselves before they are half full; nay, many before they have any drop of saving knowledge and divine learning, are most ready to deliver that which they never received, and teach what they never learned!" Have you never read of that Bithynean, whom Lactantius seized for taking upon him to cure dim and dark eyes, when he himself was stark blind? I am, yours affectionately,

J. C.

LETTER XIV.

TO * * * * * *.

Dublin, Nov. 6th, 1841.

DEAR SIR,

I SUPPOSE you will not be displeased at seeing your own inquiry, or objection, stated at length: "Are you not aware, that in these revival meetings you dwell upon one class of truths exclusively, so as to leave other very important doctrines totally neglected? Other ministers take up the various branches of the doctrines of grace, the pleasing as well as the alarming, and by these, strengthen and enlighten the congregation." Perhaps I am in fault. Allow me, however, to say, it has been my practice, for years, to dwell particularly upon those doctrines which are acknowledged to be essential to salvation, but which have not yet produced their *proper effects* upon the hearts or

lives of my hearers. But what important doctrines do you suppose are neglected in the promotion of this revival? Those of unconditional election and reprobation? Final and unconditional perseverance; the doctrine of, "Once in grace always in grace," so far at least, as to render it impossible for such a one to fall back into the condition of a reprobate, and to perish everlastingly? The impossibility of our being cleansed from all sin till death? Then at your tribunal I must plead guilty, because I do not believe such propositions, and, therefore, cannot preach them. But I think these sentiments have not been wholly neglected, though not treated, I would presume, in the way you could have desired. I am not aware we have shunned to declare any part of the counsel of God, nor have any of the doctrines essential to Christianity been "treated with indifference." That some of these have engaged our attention more than others, I will freely admit, because we have been aiming directly at the conversion of sinners; and, in order to effect this, those truths which are calculated, more than others, to accomplish this desirable event, have been most frequently insisted upon.

A lady, not long since, came to me, and earnestly requested I would preach on the subject of water baptism. Now she herself, and indeed all the congregation to which she belonged, had been baptized; but nothing was more desirable, in her estimation, than a dissertation upon that subject. We had other and more important work to do; and the awakening truths of God's word were brought to bear upon sinners; when the individual in question was brought to a deep concern for her soul, and afterwards was made a happy partaker of the pardoning love of God; but I have heard no more about the sermon on baptism.

Now, you will not understand that I consider baptism an unnecessary and unimportant theme for the

Christian minister, on ordinary occasions, especially where that ordinance of Christ has been neglected; but in such a crisis as the revival referred to, it would have been injudicious, to say the least, to have made it a subject of discussion. I remain, your affectionate brother in Jesus Christ,

J. C.

LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

Dublin, December 14*th*, 1841.

DEAR SIR,

Now I understand you. But you should have explained yourself at first. The points upon which you desire me to expatiate are pleasing themes, and were I, as formerly, a pastor, preaching thrice every Sabbath to the same congregation, I should probably indulge myself therein.

Christianity has her subjects of beauty, harmony, and grandeur. In many instances, she would seem to invite the inquiring mind into the investigation of "truth in the abstract;" where taste may be regaled, and where the lover of polite literature may luxuriate in the wide field of her boundless wealth. That there is much in such intellectual disquisitions "to sooth the mind," as you say, "please the fancy, and move the affections," I do admit, but I do not forget, that there may be much also to gratify human vanity. Could you see my papers, which are folded up and put away, you could not believe such subjects have been by me "always and wholly disregarded;" but they are totally unfit for the *present services*, and those great truths which are adapted to them, I conscientiously

prefer, even at the risk of having "certain persons of an intellectual character form an unfavourable opinion of the mind and education of the stranger."

"With a religion so argumentative as ours," says an elegant writer, "it may be easy to gather out a feast for the human understanding. With a religion so magnificent as ours, it may be easy to gather out a feast for the human imagination. But with a religion so humbling, and so strict, and so spiritual, it is not easy to mortify the pride, or to quell the strong enmity of nature, or to arrest the current of the affections, or to turn the constitutional habits, or to form a new complexion over the moral history, or to stem the domineering influence of things seen and things sensible, or to invest faith with a practical supremacy, or to give its objects such a vivacity of influence as shall overpower the near and the hourly impressions that are ever emanating upon man, from a seducing world."

Nor should the sentiments of one of your own great divines, of the seventeenth century, be overlooked: "General persuasives to repentance and a good life, and invectives against sin and wickedness at large, are certainly of good use to recommend religion and virtue, and to expose the deformity and danger of a vicious course. But it must be acknowledged, on the other hand, that these general discourses do not so immediately tend to reform the lives of men; because they fall among the crowd, but do not touch the consciences of particular persons in so sensible and awakening manner, as when we treat upon particular duties and sins, and endeavour to put men upon the practice of one, and to reclaim them from the other, by arguments taken from the word of God, and from the nature of particular virtues and vices."

My work, in these *special services*, is to cast away from me every discussion that would serve to retard the great purposes of my mission, and to preach those

mighty truths of the gospel, that will awaken and convert men. If some of my hearers do not, or will not, understand my "object and aim," I cannot help it. We may say of fine sermons, during a revival, as Hector said to Paris: "It is not your golden harp, nor curled hair, and beautiful painting, that will stand you in the field;" and, as an old divine says: "Neither is it the wrought scabbard, but the *strong blade;* not the bright colour, but the *sharp edge* of it, that helpeth in danger, and hurteth the enemy." I have, my dear Sir, drawn the sword, and have thrown away the scabbard; let jesters and speculators "have their say," that sword shall make havoc, by the power of the Holy Ghost, among "the King's enemies;" and before I leave this chapel, I hope to be able to point to a great cloud of witnesses, a host of *new converts,* and say, "Behold the fruits of my ministry!—these are of more value to me in the church of God, than thousands of hearers applauding my sermons, and not a sinner perhaps converted to God!"

You inquire "if these religious excitements, which some call *revivals,* are of God; if they are really produced by the Holy Spirit, why then are they not more frequent and more general among all denominations of Christians?" A very important question indeed; and, were I to express all the thoughts it suggests to my mind, this letter would swell to the size of a pamphlet.

As I believe you to be a sincere and candid inquirer, I shall set down a few of these thoughts in order; nor shall I grudge an hour spent in doing this, (great as is my hurry at present,) should they be rendered a blessing to you and your friend.

"If these revivals are produced by the Holy Spirit, why then are they not more frequent and more general among all denominations?" Ordinarily, I should suppose, it is because the great truths necessary

to bring sinners to repentance, are but *partially* and *faintly* insisted upon; or, though advanced with some degree of point and power, the impressions are not followed up by repeated blows of a similar character, nor are distinct results expected.

The reason why the important doctrines of "repentance and regeneration" are not realized vividly, and experienced clearly by the great mass of Protestants, of various denominations, is, not because they are not laid down and defined in their articles of faith, and ably defended in their theological books; but, chiefly, from the fact, that they are not *distinctly, fervently, frequently,* and *experimentally* preached. May not the words, *conversion,* a *change of heart,* or the *influence of the Spirit* upon the soul, be introduced merely to grace a sentence, impart smoothness to a period, or to throw a hue of orthodoxy or of spirituality over the sermon, and not from any deeply felt desire, that the unconverted should be brought into this safe and happy state *immediately?* Not unfrequently it is with the above, as with the doctrine of an eternal hell; the word "hell" is incorporated into the discourse, because it cannot be well avoided. It becomes a link in the chain of a high-sounding argument. Leave that link out, and the chain is broken; the argument would fall to pieces, and become disgraceful to the preacher. (A word in the sentence it *must be,* because necessary to the sense, and without it the effort would be stigmatized as "*meaning nothing.*") The hard, impolite, and unfashionable little word is, therefore, employed, but in such a manner as to give the least offence possible. I have heard some men use the term *hell* in their sermons, apparently for no other purpose than as a rhetorician introduces a solecism, that is, a want of fitness in a word or sentence, in order to distinguish, with more peculiar grace, certain other figures of speech; or, as a musician uses a

discord among harmonious notes, to impart to the latter a sweeter melody; or, as a limner employs dark colour, to throw out into bolder relief and beauty the brighter parts of a picture; but with just as much concern for the awakening and conversion of the sinner, as is felt by the rhetorician, the musician, or the limner.

The real hell, as described in the scriptures, is not uncovered in all the terrific horrors which belong to it; nor in such a manner as to render inapplicable that satirical couplet:—

> "Smooth down the stubborn text to ears polite,
> And snugly keep damnation out of sight."

Hell is not unfolded so as to make the heart and soul of the many sinners in that congregation, quake and tremble before the Lord God of hosts; extorting, if possible, the awakened and agonizing cry:—

> "What must be done,
> To save a wretch like me?
> How shall a trembling sinner shun,
> That endless misery?"

Or, in the language of the terrified jailor, "What must I do to be saved?" In this way did an eminent man, now with God, open the horrors of hell, before the eyes of an appalled audience. His text was, Revelation xiv. 9—11. And what, think ye, must the sermon have been, when the following is but a scrap from the exordium, or introduction? "Great God! suspend for a few minutes the small still voice of thy gospel. For a few minutes, let not this auditory hear the church shouting, '*Grace, grace* unto it!' Let the blessed angels, who assist in our assemblies, for awhile leave us to attend to the miseries of the damned! I speak literally! I wish these miserable beings could show you for a moment, the weight of their chains,

the intensity of their flames, the stench of their smoke. Happy, if, struck with these alarming objects, the sinner may imbibe a holy horror, and henceforth oppose against all temptations, these words, *The smoke of their torment* ascendeth up forever and ever, *εἰς αἰῶνας αἰώνων, forever and ever!*" In such a manner, Cecil preached, when he said, "Hell is before me; millions of souls are shut up there in everlasting agonies, millions more are on the way. Jesus Christ sends me to proclaim his ability and love. I want no fourth idea; every fourth idea is a grand impertinence; every fourth idea is contemptible."

I write to a candid observing man. Tell me, is hell thus delineated in the place of worship where you usually worship God? If hell be a reality, and is believed to be so by the preacher, is it safe to keep it out of the sinner's view, or to represent it less terrible than it is? When the Rev. John Wesley began to preach thus, he raised a storm of persecution around him, but he was soon surrounded with thousands of penitent and alarmed sinners. And when compelled to take up the pen in self-defence, he said, "You put me in mind of an eminent man, who, preaching at St. James's, said, 'If you do not repent, you will go to a place which I shall not name before this audience.' I cannot promise so much, either in preaching or writing, before any audience, or to any person whatever. * * * For, to say the truth, I desire to have both heaven and hell ever in my eye, while I stand on this isthmus of life, between these two boundless oceans; and I verily think the daily consideration of both highly becomes all men of reason and religion."

I cannot pursue this thought farther; but allow me to inquire, how has that deeply interesting phraseology of the Holy Ghost been treated by your minister? (Unless you are the individual in question, which I strongly suspect.)—"Born again.—Repent and be con-

verted.—Passed from death unto life;—from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins.—Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us unto the kingdom of his dear Son.—In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins.—The eyes of your understanding being enlightened.—Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but, according to his mercy, he saved us by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.—We have not received the Spirit of bondage again to fear, but the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.—The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God. —And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father."

But this language may be explained away, so as to mean nothing beyond a stricter attention to the duties of religion than may have hitherto marked the conduct of the hearer; or the putting off the immoralities belonging to the irreligious, and putting on those external decencies which should characterize the servant of God.

The above-quoted language of the scripture, is defined by a regenerated minister, not as including a mere attendance upon the ordinances of religion, nor a mere change in the morals; (which are indeed the *fruits* of "*the new birth unto righteousness;*") but the forgiveness of all the sins which are past, (Rom. iii. 25,) and the regeneration of the soul; an entire and radical change of the whole nature; a complete renovation of the heart, as well as of the life; and a full and satisfactory assurance, by the witness of the Spirit, of the adoption of the believer into the family of God, and the earnest of his right to the heavenly inheritance. Such a minister will not rest satisfied, till he sees the unconverted in his congregation broken down

into repentance for sin. With many tears, and with a heart yearning for the salvation of sinners, he will scatter, with an unsparing hand, the living coals of eternal truth, upon the naked consciences of his hearers, till each is compelled to cry for himself, "God have mercy upon me, a sinner! Save, Lord, or I perish; heal my soul, for I have sinned against thee!

> 'I must this instant now begin,
> Out off my sleep to wake;
> And turn to God, and every sin
> Continually forsake.
> I must for faith incessant cry,
> And wrestle, Lord, with thee;
> I must be born again, or die,
> To all eternity.'"

Nor will he rest, until he hear many of these agonized sinners joyfully exclaim, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's!"

Alas! Sir, there are ministers within the circle of your acquaintance, who, instead of using such scriptural methods for the conversion of their hearers, "ridicule the idea," and pronounce such effects, a fanatical excitement, to be deprecated and avoided. It would appear, from the expressions of some, that rather than witness such a movement among hitherto careless sinners belonging to their charge, they would prefer to see their congregations bearing all the marks of deep spiritual slumber, and not a single vestige of the true character of godliness unfolded in their experience or practice. That there are some honourable and noble exceptions, I am ready to admit; but that

I am not overrating the matter, as it regards several within the circle of your acquaintance, you know very well. Instances have come under my own observation, where a *revival* has commenced and spread among multitudes who had till then lived in the total neglect of all religion, and that revival bearing all the marks, and presenting the most convincing evidence, of its being a real work of God; the cries of penitential sinners, mingling daily with the triumphant shouts of new-born souls. Acts ii. Yet such men have taken the alarm, and from their pulpits have warned their people against "this imported fanaticism."

A town in America was visited, at a certain time, with a powerful revival of religion. Multitudes of sinners were brought into great distress about their souls, and very many were made partakers of the pardoning love of God. There was indeed a great shaking among the dry bones. Ezek. xxxvii. 1—10. There were the piercing cries of penitent sinners, and the heavy groans of others, who dared not so much as look up to heaven, and the loud supplications of the faithful servants of God, who knew and felt all this to be the result of an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and that nothing short of the power of God could have brought about such a sudden and wondrous change in the feelings of so many sinners at the same time. Sinners, high and low, rich and poor; youth and old age,—from the child of ten to the grandfather of seventy, were supplicating together, at the throne of grace, for mercy. Christians, who had long prayed for a revival, were now weeping aloud for joy, and new converts, whose numbers were daily increasing, were rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory. It is proper to state, as it is connected with the anecdote, that it was a winter of extreme cold in that part of North America; the ice was on the lakes and rivers, from two and a half to three feet in thickness. Not far from the

scene of the revival, one day, stood two men in close conversation. They belonged to different churches, and the following was the substance of their discourse: "What is the state of religion in your church?" inquired one; a very important inquiry, by the way, and I wish it were more frequent among Christians of every denomination. The other, who had "tasted of the good word of God, and felt the powers of the world to come," had sufficient discernment and spirituality to reply: "Very cold, indeed, Sir; it is as far below the freezing point at present, as the temperature of the atmosphere!" Very expressive, and applicable to more churches than one. "And what is your minister preaching about?" was the next inquiry; and a very natural one, because such a state of extreme coldness in religious feeling, while neighbouring congregations were receiving such gracious visits from on high, and when the wilderness and the solitary places were being made glad, and were rejoicing and blossoming as the rose, would naturally call forth some expression from the pastor, from which it might be inferred whether he was satisfied with such a state of things. The answer was: "He is labouring chiefly to show the danger of animal excitement." This was the theme of the poor man's preaching; who evidently preferred that his church should remain in a state of cold indifference, and he himself enjoy his leisure and his books, while a great mass of the sinners belonging to his congregation were asleep in their sins, and exposed, every moment, to the torments of hell; and all this for the avowed and plausible reason,—lest they should incur "the danger of animal excitement." The conversation closed with the amusing exclamation: "The danger of animal excitement! Why, surely the man's sermons would be better adapted to the state of his congregation, were he to preach on the danger of being spiritually frost-bitten!"

Now, we will suppose that the Spirit of God had, in mercy to that church, descended upon the souls of sinners, while the minister was in the act, perhaps, of uttering some great truth of Christianity; and this he could not well avoid doing sometimes, although it might be mingled with much that was erroneous in principle. We will suppose that, under the power of that constraining influence from above, many had been instantaneously awakened into the deepest distress, on account of their sins,—as were the three thousand on the day of Pentecost, who were "*pricked in their hearts,*" and cried, "*Men and brethren, what shall we do?*" Alas! for the man, what would he have done? Probably he would have taken the most direct methods to put down the noise, and check this "animal excitement." Unless, indeed, fear had induced him to pause, not knowing what to do.

A few years ago, a circumstance, somewhat similar, occurred in the United States. Two ministers, whose method and whose success in preaching were the antipodes of each other, were one day conversing together. It had long been a matter of surprise to the unsuccessful preacher, how it came to pass that the other could always produce such a powerful excitement among the people wherever he went, the good effects of which he could not deny; many sinners having become reformed and truly religious under his preaching, as if by miracle. During the conversation, he pleasantly expressed his wonder at the achievements of his friend, and alluded slightly to the absence of any such thing in connexion with his own ministry. He received the following reply: "Our objects in preaching, my brother, are quite different. I aim at the conversion of sinners to God, but you aim, it would seem, at nothing of the kind, and how can we expect similar effects, when we aim at effects so widely different?" Seeing the good-natured man pleased

with the remarks, if not deeply convicted of their truth, he continued: "Here is one of my sermons, preach it to your people, and observe the effects." The sermon was accepted, as it probably saved him the trouble of preparing one for the coming Sabbath. In the simplicity of his heart, he entered the pulpit, and, at the proper time, began the sermon. He had not proceeded far with the discourse, before it began to move the congregation; but having his eyes confined closely to the document, he did not at first discover the effect. When sinners became alarmed, he felt embarrassed; but continued the sermon to the end. Upon descending from the pulpit, he was met by a sinner in great distress, inquiring, "What shall I do?" The unhappy preacher was thrown into confusion, and began to apologize: "O! I am sorry I have hurt your feelings, indeed it was not my intention to do so!"

How is it possible such a man could have a revival? or enter into one and carry it forward, should it commence under his ministry? And, to refer again to that minister who warned his people against "animal excitement," would it not have been more becoming, had he admonished them of the danger of *falling into hell;* a catastrophe, this, of more dreadful consequence than the mere excitement of animal passions. Had that man's heart been right with God, instead of frequent attempts to prejudice sinners against the revival, he would have been in an agony for their conversion, "Weeping between the porch and the altar;" and praying for his guilty brethren, as did the holy prophet: "O Lord, I have heard thy speech, and was afraid: O Lord, revive thy work, in the midst of the years make known, in wrath remember mercy."

Pardon me for referring again to the clergyman and the borrowed sermon. Had that man, ere he began to preach, drunk "the wormwood and the gall," from

the bitter cup of repentance; had his soul been carried through all the stages of a troubled and penitent conscience, till by faith in the blood of atonement, he had experienced remission of sins; had he then been prompted by love to the souls of perishing sinners, and impelled forward to preach the gospel to them, by a *consciousness* that *necessity* was laid upon him, with a "*woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel;*"—had this been the case, his heart would have leaped for joy, to behold a weeping congregation; and, when this conscience-stricken sinner came, inquiring what he should do, the answer would have been forthcoming, and the sympathizing minister would have been on his knees too, supplicating God in behalf of the condemned one.

But the man who has never felt the evil nature of sin, nor tasted its bitterness, nor suffered the agonies of the "new birth," can have but little sympathy with the sorrows of a penitent; nor is it to be expected that such a man will preach clearly, energetically, and successfully, the doctrines of repentance, faith, and conversion. He can have little heart to do so. A poet has well described the preaching of such:—

> "The clear harangue, and cold as it is clear,
> Falls soporific on the listless ear;
> Like quicksilver, the rhet'ric they display,
> Shines as it runs, but grasp'd at, slips away."

I admit, that a man possessed of some acquaintance with theology, of considerable learning, ready utterance, of an "ingenious and metaphysical turn of mind," and capable of some thrilling strokes of eloquence, which he would show off equally well were he lecturing upon any of the sciences, may sometimes be drawn out farther than he had intended, in preaching the peculiar doctrines of the cross. Though he has never been converted, and is no more a child of God than the "veriest sinner" in his congregation; yet, in the use

of the pen, he may be the subject of deep emotion, and in public speaking, he may kindle into excitement, and expatiate largely, and with ardour, upon the necessity of a conversion which he has never realized in his own experience.

In those seasons, he may be led to utter some bold and stirring thoughts upon the subject, which may fasten upon the consciences of some flagrant sinners in the audience; and may even excite very uneasy sensations in the minds of his more intelligent but unconverted hearers. But, should any of them weep aloud, and, through the violence of their feelings, cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" or, come to him, in the usual distress of penitential sorrow, privately, for advice, the man would be thrown into confusion, and be "at his wit's end." Grant that he has a particle of moral honesty in his soul, will he not be compelled to confess his own incapacity to explain to the inquiring penitent, the way of faith?

After such an occurrence, it is likely, he would be more guarded in his pulpit phraseology,—the sure method to avoid any trouble of a similar kind; and, of course, an effective precaution against a revival. But a secret conviction, not to be stifled, of the danger of his own soul, may fasten upon his conscience; which, if it do not result in his conversion, may embitter many an hour of his existence.

While in the city of Quebec, a few months since, I was much interested in a work lately translated from the German. While proceeding through the volume, I met with the following anecdote, which will serve to illustrate the point, while it shows, at the same time, how the truths of the gospel affect the sinners of that country.

The author stated that, some years ago, and not far from his place of abode, there lived a very gifted preacher; that he preached the doctrines of the cross

with great earnestness, and on that account, was violently opposed. One of his opponents, a well-informed person, who had for a long time absented himself from the church, observed, one Sabbath morning, that he would go and hear the gloomy man once more, and see whether his preaching was any more tolerable than before. He went, and that morning the preacher was speaking of the "narrow way," which he did not make any narrower, or broader, than the word of God describes it. "A new creature in Christ, or eternal damnation," was the theme of his discourse; and he spoke with power, and not as a learned reasoner. The man heard him patiently; and, during the sermon, the question forced itself upon his conscience, "How is it with myself? Does this man declare the real truth? If he does, what *must* be the *inevitable* consequence?" This thought took such hold upon him, that he could not get rid of it amidst any of his engagements, but it became more and more troublesome and penetrating, and threatened to embitter his whole life. By the way, Sir, this is just what we mean by the terms we are often led to use, during the progress of this revival; such as, "Convinced of sin;" "brought under a concern for the soul;" "the awakened sinner;" "the anxious inquirer after salvation," etc.

His uneasy state of mind continued; the danger of losing his soul, again and again intruded upon his thoughts, and was continually present in all his meditations. At length he concluded to go to the preacher himself, and ask him, upon his conscience, if he were really convinced of the truth of what he had lately preached. So, embracing an opportunity, he addressed the man who had been the means of creating all this trouble: "Sir," he said, with great earnestness, "I was one of your hearers, when you spoke, a short time since, of the only way of salvation. I confess to you, that you have disturbed my peace of mind,

and I cannot refrain from asking you solemnly before God, and upon your conscience, if you can prove what you asserted, or whether it was an unfounded alarm." The preacher, not a little surprised at this address, replied, with convincing seriousness, that what he had spoken was undoubtedly the word of God, and, consequently, infallible truth. And now it was, that the Spirit of God was about to make the awakened sinner, in his turn, the instrument of convincing the clergyman, that he himself had never been converted to God; and, therefore, not in the "narrow way." "What, then, is to become of US?" replied the visiter. The last word, US, startled the preacher, but he rallied his thoughts, and began to explain the way of salvation to the inquirer, and to exhort him to repent and believe. But the latter, as though he had not heard a syllable the preacher had said, interrupted him in the midst of it, and repeated, with increasing emotion, the anxious exclamation, "If it be truth, Sir, I beseech you, what ARE WE to do?" Terrified, the preacher staggered back: "WE," thought he, "what means this WE?" But endeavouring to stifle his inward uneasiness and embarrassment, he resumed his exhortation and advice. Tears came into the eyes of the visiter. He smote his hands like one in despair, and exclaimed in accents which might have melted a heart of stone, "Sir, if it be truth, WE are lost and undone!" The preacher stood pale and speechless, and trembled. But overwhelmed with astonishment, with downcast eyes, and convulsive sobbings, he exclaimed, "Friend! down upon your knees; let us pray and cry for mercy!" They knelt down and prayed, and, shortly after, the visiter retired. The minister shut himself up in his study, and sought the salvation of his soul with his whole heart. The Sabbath arrived, but the congregation was without a preacher. He had, it would seem, come to a conclusion to preach no more, till he knew

that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven his sins. Word was sent to the waiting congregation, that the minister was unwell and could not preach. The same thing happened the Sabbath following; on the third Sabbath he made his appearance before his congregation, worn with his inward conflict, and pale, but his eyes were beaming with joy. He commenced his discourse with the affecting declaration, that he had now, for the first time, passed through the "strait gate." Matt. vii. 14.

Perhaps the following may not be uninteresting. There is a story related in the town of Northampton, state of Connecticut, United States, of a young minister, of the name of Stoddard, who, many years ago, was pastor of a congregation in that place. Although his learning and talents could not be questioned, yet some of the pious of his church seriously doubted whether he was a converted man. Why they entertained such a suspicion, I have not seen stated in any accounts of the circumstance. It arose, probably, either from his careless manner of living, or from the style and matter of his preaching; perhaps from the cold reception he may have given to persons who were in distress for their souls; as well as from his repeated assertions, that nobody could possibly ascertain by their feelings whether they were in a state of grace. However, the conviction became rivetted upon the minds of his sincere and honest people, that the great question of their minister's conversion was yet unsettled; and that he could never preach the great doctrines of repentance, faith in Christ, and regeneration, with zeal, with an unction from above, and with convincing clearness and success, if he had never experienced such things himself. The event proved that they had been correct in their surmises. They knew him to be a young man of talents and learning, and were aware how useful he might become, if prepared

for it by a sound conversion. They could not conscientiously desert the house of God, nor tempt him to withdraw from preaching the gospel, and, perhaps, throw his talents into the service of the devil; but they agreed to set apart a day for special fasting and prayer, for the conversion of their pastor.

Many of the people going to the house of God on that day had, of necessity, to pass the door of the minister. Mr. Stoddard observing unusual numbers passing by, hailed a plain man, whom he knew, and inquired, "What is all this? What is doing to-day?" The individual replied, "The people, Sir, are all meeting to pray for your conversion."

This piece of information went to his heart like an arrow; and he silently exclaimed, "Then it is time, surely, I prayed for myself." He was not seen any more that day, and while his people were praying for him in public, he was ardently seeking salvation in private. While they were yet speaking, God answered, and set his soul at liberty. It was not long before the people of God obtained evidence, most unquestionable, that he had indeed passed "from death unto life!" That man laboured among them nearly half a century, and, it is said, he was ranked among the most able ministers of his age.

It is now nearly time to get ready for preaching; and I cannot, therefore, pursue the subject much farther. In the above, you will find a few important *reasons*, why revivals are not more prevalent in all denominations; but I am as far from assigning these as the *only* reasons, as I am from affirming that the majority of ministers who are not favoured with such outpourings of the Holy Spirit, are unconverted men. I said before, and I repeat it, there are many honourable and noble exceptions, within the circle of my acquaintance; but I still think, they are not employing the best methods to bring about such a desirable event.

As to the matter and manner of my preaching, were I certain that you have honoured me with a hearing, I should certainly enter into an explanation with pleasure. But if you have merely gathered your prejudices from the various conflicting reports now afloat in this city, the task would be endless and perplexing in the extreme. That my style may be "too abrupt," and "has the appearance, at least, of emanating from a dogmatical spirit," is perhaps too true; and that "some" of my "illustrations and tales, are not in keeping with that purity of style which the educated classes of this country esteem, as belonging to the dignity of the pulpit," may be very correct, and may, "in the estimation of some in this city," be a defect, "scarcely to be tolerated." I feel, however, unwilling to alter entirely, a manner which I find most successful among the great masses which come to hear, for the uncertain hope of winning over to Christ, those whom you consider "the educated classes." I say *entirely;* because, if I may be allowed to say it, there have been sermons interspersed, not so liable to such objections; but, it is possible, for one sermon "so out of taste," to spoil a dozen of those which are more polished and elevated.

You have probably read the memoir of a clergyman of the Establishment, who was, in his pulpit labours, very successful in the awakening and conversion of sinners;—the Rev. R. Mayow. If so, you will recollect the following sentiments, from his own pen, and they are the best apology I can offer for myself. "The occasional abruptness of my sermons, is not owing to inattention, but design; were I previously to show the manner in which I intend to carry on the attack, I should act like a general who should publish all his plans to the party he wishes to overcome. Through the whole of my life, I have been of the opinion, that the poor, and indeed, that all ranks of people, are best taught by tales and parables. Not to be affected by the marvel-

lous, is an irrational and false refinement which the poorest of the people never arrive at in any age. It is on this principle, that I encourage myself to say, in the pulpit, what often appears uncommon and extraordinary, and what, by many people, is taken for a useless and wild eccentricity. But to a mind free from refinement, everything said in this manner comes with double weight. It approaches to the nature of the marvellous, which is the strongest power by which the human mind is governed.

To me it appears not to be enough considered, how much harm is done by being tedious and tiresome. It is this that makes empty pews in so many churches. Of my own sermons, I feel perfectly certain, that they have done more harm by being wearisome and by setting people asleep, than they ever did by being uncommon. I certainly allow, that in my mode of preaching, it is very easy to go too far; the very attempt itself to write a striking sermon, unavoidably exposes one to the danger of writing a bad one; for it is a very thin division that separates what is *very bad*, from what is *very good*. This division is sometimes so very slight, that it cannot be seen at all. It always occurs to me, that going too far, will never be discovered by the greatest part of my hearers, if I cannot find it out myself; and as to the *judicious few*, I always give them credit for being satisfied with my intentions, though not with my judgment."

You close by inquiring, "Why call persons forward to be prayed for? Why make such invidious distinctions in your congregations? Could not God convert them in any other part of the chapel, as well as at the communion rails?"

1st. Because there are "distinctions" in reality, produced by the Spirit of God, before *we* make them by separation.

2nd. If God has told us to *pray one for another*,

that we may be healed, is it not *reasonable* that we should know *who they are that require to be healed?*

3rd. By this means we are made acquainted with their particular state of mind, and the hinderances with which they may have to contend. We are thus enabled to give them instruction suitable to their circumstances, and to spread their whole case before the Lord.

4th. Sympathy is thereby excited in the hearts of praying men. It is not possible to see so many persons in distress for their souls, and thus separated from the congregation, without having one's feelings deeply interested in their salvation. But sympathy, fervency, and the *prayer of faith* are very closely connected.

5th. Frequently, such a *test* as that of coming forward to be prayed for, leads to a *decision* the consequences of which may be eternal.

6th. This public avowal of their determination to leave the ranks of sin, while it *commits* them to the cause of God, and raises a *barrier* against their return, not unfrequently has a very powerful influence upon those who are yet undecided.

7th. We find that those who take such a decided step, obtain by doing so, a much greater earnestness of soul, than those awakened sinners who conclude to remain in their seats.

8th. That God could convert them in "any other part of the chapel," we do not deny; but nineteen out of twenty of those who get saved in this blessed work of God, have thus come forward to be prayed for publicly. If the revival be of God, this is a part of it which He has evidently acknowledged. But, to inquire, Why are more converted at the communion-rail than in other parts of the house of God? would be as wise, perhaps, as to question the propriety of the angel

passing by all the streams and pools in Palestine, and honouring only Bethesda, as a place for healing the "impotent folk." Yours, affectionately,

J. C.

LETTER XVI.

TO * * * * * *.

Leeds, July 10th, 1843.

DEAR BROTHER,

THE "one case of conversion" you mention, may stand in the same relation to a revival, as the first drop to the coming shower.* When twenty, thirty, fifty, or one hundred, get converted to God within a few hours, days, or weeks; then it is that the Divine glory has descended upon the tabernacle, and the arm of God is being made bare, in an extraordinary revival of pure religion. This is the sign between God and his praying people; this is the visible token that he has come down into the midst of them, for purposes of mercy; that is, for the revival of his own work. It is as much their privilege to "accept the sign," when one sinner has been converted in their assembly, as when fifty are pardoned; and to be assured, that if he have saved one, he is able and willing to save hundreds and thousands. But why does he not? Because it does not always happen that his people recognize the token of his presence, nor the indications of his will. There is now the sound of abundance of rain; one drop is frequently the

* At the first meeting we held in Sheffield, May 12th, 1844, in which we called penitent sinners forward for prayer, there was but one saved; but the next meeting was crowned with fifty, and so it went on till more than two thousand were converted to God.

forerunner of as heavy a shower, as the descent of fifty in a moment. It is thus the Lord usually signifies to his ministers and people, that he is ready and willing to work if they will but co-operate. He has now come down, they may depend upon it, to make them and the places round about his hill a blessing. Ezek. xxxii. 26. God has appeared in his temple "to beautify the house of his glory." And, if they enter into his gracious designs, the time is near at hand when the Lord shall inquire of that church, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?" Let her ministers and members reply, "These are thine, O Lord God, souls but newly found in thee; gathered and gathering into thy church, that they may obtain a preparation for their final flight into paradise." Let them answer thus; and they will soon have it impressed upon their hearts by the Lord God of hosts, "Therefore thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night." Isaiah lx. 11. If they now throw open the gates of Zion; have preaching every night, or day and night, for weeks, as they do in many parts of the United States; visiting from house to house in the intervals of the services, and urging the sinners of the entire population to abandon their sins, and return to their offended God, who has come down to save every sinner in the place;—then will God shake the trembling gates of hell; they shall see Zion in great prosperity, and multitudes of converted sinners added to the ranks of the faithful.

It may be because of the close connexion which exists often between the conversion of one sinner and that of hundreds, that our Saviour tells us, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth."

The Lord, my brother, may have manifested his power in the behalf of that one soul, in answer to the cries, perhaps, of one or two devoted members of your

church. And if the effectual fervent prayer of one righteous man avails so much with God, how much more the united prayers of your entire church! "If one sigh of a true Christian," says an old divine, "wafts the bark to the desired haven, or stirreth Zion's ship, how much more a gale of sighs, breathed by hundreds of believers! If one trumpet sounds so loudly in the ears of God, how much more a concert of all the silver trumpets in Zion sounding together. Where so many hands are lifted up, how many blessings may they not pull down from heaven!"

We must do God's work in *his time*. But if we content ourselves by saying, "We have had a glorious meeting;—a revival has begun, *surely*;" and yet appoint no additional services for the week, in order to fan the flame already kindled, the next Sabbath and the next, we may find that He is not with us, in *our time*. It may be with us as with the Israelites who murmured against Moses, and refused to go up and possess the land in God's time. They believed the report of the unbelieving spies, and offended the Lord, who had intended to subdue the whole country before them. Some of them did go up at their own time, but God was not among them, and they fled before their enemies. The whole congregation of Israel were ordered to retrace their steps into the wilderness; and a judicial punishment was inflicted, which extended through that entire generation. Do you understand me? Can you make the application? I have seen many a flame of reviving piety kindled and extinguished in this way.

I have, however, known instances, when, through love of the world, or love of ease, or through inattention to the work of the Spirit and the call of Providence, churches have been left in a state of great barrenness; and where they have repented, humbled themselves before God, entered the field of conflict for a revival,

and, by his assistance, have obtained splendid victories over the powers of hell.

A minister of my acquaintance visited an American town some years ago. He had only preached a few sermons, when many sinners were awakened, and about twenty found salvation. But a few persons of importance were of opinion that the ordinary services were sufficient, and discouraged the active brethren, who, rather than cause any unpleasant feelings in certain quarters, held back. The Spirit of God was grieved, and the revival stopped. The man of God was disheartened, and went to another town, where ministers and people made him welcome, commenced hostilities against the ranks of sin, and the result was an extensive revival; hundreds of sinners were converted. News of these displays of the power of God reached the former town, and caused great searchings of heart. They saw their error, humbled themselves, and invited him to return. In the meantime, to show how sincere were their desires for a revival, they began special services of their own accord. The minister returned, and found them holding their meetings in a large lecture room. He proposed that they should open at once their spacious and beautiful chapel, have it lighted brilliantly every night, and comfortably warmed, for it was winter-time, and thus let the public know that they intended to accomplish something, by the help of the Most High, and upon a large scale. They did so. During the first and second weeks sinners were very hard, although they had preaching twice a day, and little was done. At length, after their past unbelief and indifference had been well chastised, and their faith tried to the uttermost, the Lord came down amongst them in glorious power, and sinners were slain on every hand.

Having seen their error in the former instance, they resolved now to improve this victory to the utmost.

Opposers of the first effort entered fully into the work, and the revival efforts were continued several months, and the saved of the Lord were very many. I am, your affectionate brother in Jesus Christ,

J. C.

LETTER XVII.

TO THE SAME.

Leeds, August 8th, 1843.

My dear Brother,

I was once in the very position you describe. The church over which God had placed me, had long been unvisited by an extensive revival. My soul became more deeply concerned than usual for the conversion of sinners; and I was led to pray most earnestly for a revival. I began a series of meetings, in the month of December, first in one private house, and then in another. I preached every night, and held a prayer-meeting afterwards; but we never got the matter fairly before the public; only a few attended, and the *special effort* was a complete failure. The meetings dwindled down to nothing, and we gave them up with as good a grace as we could, and returned to the ordinary means. But you will inquire, "Why such a defeat?" Weakness of faith, and distrust in God, were perhaps the chief causes. We missed our way, in not lighting up the chapel at once. We endeavoured to take hold of the population by means of these little meetings, in various parts of the town, and failed to make a sufficient impression upon the public mind. Sinners cared nothing for us and our paltry movements; there was no expectation raised, no curiosity excited; we were down, nor could we recover

ourselves; and so the effort was abandoned. "But why did you take such a course? Why then did you not open the chapel?" There were several reasons: 1st. We could not obtain the proper preachers to assist in such an arduous undertaking. They were all engaged in vigorous efforts for souls, in "protracted meetings" on their own circuits. 2nd. I had at that time a very small stock of sermons that were any way suitable for a revival. Unhappily, I had spent much of my time upon speculative divinity; in composing sermons, fifteen thousand of which would not, it is probable, have brought one sinner to God. The truths embodied in them, were not at all calculated to bring about an instantaneous revival. The few sermons likely to make an impression, had been exhausted in the ordinary services. 3rd. I concluded that, in these private meetings, some good might be done by taking up new texts of a revival tendency, and preaching as I best could. But not having at command the proper materials for the illustration of truth, nor those arguments which are best adapted to awaken sinners, and excite public attention, I could only dwell upon the dry materials of theology, and so I was as one beating the air. 4th. Aware of my deficiencies, pride or prudence suggested the impropriety of my attempting to preach every night in the chapel, where a failure might be attended by a serious reaction.

But the same difficulties accompanied me, of course, to the meetings in the private dwellings. I knew my want of preparation for so many sermons; and, though it should not have affected me, (for my trust ought to have been in God,) yet it weakened my faith, and I had no courage. The praying men caught my spirit also; thus, instead of being able to fight a battle manfully for God, during several weeks I could only stand a few *skirmishes*, and the devil and sin were victorious.

Here I received a lesson never to be forgotten. I now saw the necessity of turning my attention to that style of preaching which would be likely, by the aid of the Holy Ghost, to awaken sinners, and bring penitents to God. *Revival artillery* I resolved to have. I fasted and prayed, and searched the scriptures. My reading, thinking, conversation, and all my observations were laid under contribution to one end;—preparation for *soul-saving*, which I now perceived to be the main end of the gospel ministry. My little stock of sermons suitable for a revival increased rapidly. When a text presented itself as suitable for a revival, my cry was, "Lord, God, open the eyes of my understanding; give me a clear perception of thy meaning in this passage." A forenoon was generally spent upon my knees, pleading for divisions and subdivisions; sometimes a simple proposition was presented. Having completed my "*skeleton*," I returned to my knees, and pleaded for an introduction, and that flesh and sinews might come upon these dry bones. And the pleading was not in vain; thoughts of a moving character came into my mind in troops. Having finished the rough outline, it was folded up till next day. On the morrow, I returned to my knees, read the subject over, expunged such extraneous and superfluous matter as only tended to load the memory and encumber the subject, but retained all that had point, and was likely to do execution among sinners. The holy scriptures were then called in to prove or illustrate the sentiments; Commentators were referred to; and, lastly, my private Journal and Common-Place Book. It is proper to remark, that I had long attended to that advice given by an aged American minister, to a young preacher: "This I would advise you, wherever you, in any reading, meet with a curious illustration, prize it, seize it, enter it in papers where you may design a lodging for such inestimable jewels. Like Hezekiah, have your

treasures for precious stones; and let these be such unto you. Get such an amassment of them, that among them you may be like the king of Tyrus, and 'walk up and down in the midst of the stones of fire,' when you are upon the holy mountain of God. One of these may be like an ingot of gold, and a whole discourse may be rendered acceptable by having such a jewel studded in it." After walking thus in the mount with God, among my *jewels* and *stones of fire*, some original, others by right of conquest, and collecting such as were calculated to move an assembly,—supposing I could do nothing more with them at present, the written outline was brought to the footstool of God, thus: "O Lord God of hosts, God of the armies of Israel, and Head of the Church, I ask thy acceptance of my body, soul, and spirit, and of this my humble offering,—this outline of a sermon, which I now present to Thee. Forgive all that may be wrong in it, or which savours of human infirmity; and grant that, wherever and whenever it shall be preached, the power of the Holy Ghost may attend it to the hearts of sinners and of believers. Grant that I may obtain, by its instrumentality, thousands of souls to my ministry, from the ranks of wickedness, through Jesus Christ my Lord! For this, and the pardon of all my sins, and the purification of my nature, I offer the atonement of the Saviour. I trust in the blood of Jesus Christ thy Son; I cast myself upon it by faith, and upon the veracity of Christ Jesus in that promise: 'What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' I have desired these things, I have prayed for them, and I do receive what I have asked agreeably to thy will."

The sermon was then placed among kindred subjects, and carefully put away, under the label,—REVIVAL; and I held myself in readiness to take up another text, in a similar manner.

But you will inquire: "Did you not preach them immediately to your people?" Sometimes I did so, but not always; nor could I, the ordinary services being so few. I considered myself only in preparation for a campaign; that I was just getting my ammunition and engines of war in readiness for a *great battle*. The following Conference recalled me from the town alluded to, and sent me to another field of labour. After my arrival, I endeavoured to get the church into a prepared state for a revival; and proceeded with increased activity in the accumulation of "munitions of war." As the time approached, when we were about to enter upon an extraordinary conflict with the powers of darkness, I endeavoured to secure ministerial help, but, in case of a failure in that quarter, had my own artillery ready. I had faith in God and good courage, because faith had been exercising itself for several months in active preparations for the holy war. Cromwell said to his soldiers, on the battle-field, "Trust in the Lord, and rely upon your pikes!" and, on another occasion, "Trust in the Lord, and keep your powder dry!" But had they had neither pikes nor powder, their trust in God would not have been very firm. In my last skirmishes with the devil and his children, I had a feeble trust in God, but had neither pikes nor powder; you know what I mean, and I have told you the results. On the eve of this battle, glory be to God! I had both pikes and powder. I trusted in God, however, knowing that both were useless, if not attended by an influence from heaven; and when fully in the engagement, the weapons were wielded with such an energy as if everything had depended upon human might.

The people of God were fully aware of the difficulties in the way of a revival; but they were all of one heart and soul, and joined together as an impenetrable phalanx. The respective officers put on their heavenly armour of faith, and hope, and love. The

intended conflict was talked of in every direction, and all was expectation in the town.

The time arrived; the house of God was thrown open, and hostilities commenced. Many people thronged there to witness the conflict. The weapons of our warfare were not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down strong holds, and casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalted itself against the knowledge of Christ. The pulpit was the "grand battery," but there were several others along the ramparts; (if you will allow me to continue the use of military phraseology, which I employ without scruple, as did St. Paul, because it was a real battle between mind and mind, light and darkness, truth and error, powers divine and diabolical;) and there were no "blank motions," no "powder and flash without ball." The execution was tremendous. It appeared to some as if the devil had fled, and left the field to Zion's sons. If so, he left his troops under a "galling fire," and the surrender of some of his regiments was exceedingly grand. The battle lasted nine weeks; and the results were glorious. If victory had not been ours at the end of that time, we must have had to retreat, as my "ammunition" was nearly exhausted; but this only imparted a fresh impulse to my mind, to lay up "military stores" on a larger scale. In addition to this, my late experience had enabled me to detect the artillery that was weak or unwieldy, and therefore unfit for the service. There were weapons, some of whose points were too soft, others of a harder temperament than they should have been; and though they did some execution upon mind, they might have accomplished much more, had they been of better metal, kindlier temper, and keener edge. To remedy these defects, and get ready for another campaign, was my happy employment during the intervals of my pastoral duties.

In the meantime, the new converts received close

attention; were appointed to classes; new classes were formed, and every possible means used, by visiting them daily at their own houses, and by affectionate pulpit discourses, to confirm and establish them in the practice of true piety. Books were placed in their hands for the improvement of their minds; and the absence of any one of them from class, was a subject of immediate inquiry. Thus the reaction talked of by some was avoided; we had, in fact, nothing of the kind. A few went back to the world, I admit, and, shortly after, a number of the new converts died happy in God, and went home to glory; but a large majority remain to the present day, pillars in the church of God, and happy witnesses that "Jesus Christ hath power upon earth to forgive sins."

I have now, my dear brother, given you a detailed account of my experience in these things. I could enlarge, but it is not necessary. If I have been, in some measure, successful among my brethren, in winning souls to Christ, the Holy Spirit of God has been the original and efficient cause; and to him be all the glory. That he works by means, you will readily admit, and, in the above hasty sketch, you have seen the progress of my mind in laying hold of that class of truths which is calculated, by divine aid, to awaken and convert sinners. I could give you an account of many revivals, in which I have been engaged during past years, and farther observations upon the effects of particular and pointed truth upon different characters, but time will not permit. My mind is quite as much alive as ever to seize upon illustrations in nature, science, and common every-day life, of which the world is full, were we only intent upon perceiving them. My common-place books, and little pocket note-books are always at hand, in which are noted down whatever may occur to my thought, in conversation, observation, and reading.

I am fully persuaded, the reason why some preachers are averse to what are called "revival movements," is not because they have no desire for the conversion of sinners, nor from a conviction that God has not called them to bring sinners to repentance, for they frequently attempt it; nor because they have not talents for such an effort; but, chiefly, for the want of proper *pulpit preparations*, to begin and carry forward a revival. Although they may have a respectable stock of sermons, which procure them a rank, deservedly, among the accomplished theologians of the day; yet, the engaging a very few times in preaching would exhaust their capital; and then, to come forward with "long common-place sermons," as unfit for producing immediate and beneficial effect in a revival, as snow upon a harvest field, would disappoint even the expectation of sinners, discourage penitents, and weary and unfit believers to enter the prayer meeting with life and zeal. A few such dull sermons would soon thin the congregation, and leave the preacher to address an array of empty seats. Such men have, therefore, no heart for such a continued and laborious struggle. What confidence could a general have in laying siege to a city, or in attempting to take it by storm, knowing that he has neither ammunition nor artillery sufficient for such an undertaking? But these, in a spiritual sense, every minister of Jesus must have, if he would undertake with proper energy to lay siege to and *storm* a population of sinners. Hence, the preachers on whom I have ventured to animadvert, are shy of making full proof of their call to the work of the ministry, in this way; and when the matter is pressed home upon the conscience of one of these, he usually resorts to the pitiable apology, "I have no talent for these revivals. Every man has his particular gift. All cannot be revivalists. I must, therefore, proceed in my own way." Let the inquiry be put to his con-

science and understanding, by a proper person, "But, my brother, *what is your way?* What are you aiming at in preaching? Upon what principles did you begin to preach at first? Excuse the inquiry; what were the *secret feelings* which *prompted* you in the beginning of your career in the ministry? If the immediate conversion of sinners was not your object, what was it? Why? for what purpose do you yet enter the pulpit? Is it not to bring sinners to repentance? But, if you are incapable of conducting a prayer meeting, and of kneeling down to pray for a penitent sinner, to whom must the church of God look? If you are incapacitated to point a trembling sinner to the Lamb of God, and to tell him how to believe, to whom must the unhappy soul resort? Do you say, 'I make such things known in the pulpit, and that is the place for the performance of my duty?' But St. Paul preached Jesus 'from house to house,' and 'with many tears;' is it, therefore, improper to do the same thing in a prayer meeting, under circumstances so interesting?" Language more pointed than this might be used, but it is well even now, if he keep his temper.

You may depend upon it, you will find in the above hints, most of the prominent reasons for the aversion of some men to revivals; and, perhaps, why Mr. * * chooses to discountenance such extraordinary endeavours for the salvation of sinners. It is upon the same principles that we may frequently account for those mortifying failures, when *special efforts* have been made to bring about a revival.

If this letter shall tend, in any degree, to throw light upon your perplexities, or to influence your private studies and public movements, so as to make you more successful in the great work, to which, I believe, the Lord has called you, I shall feel amply compensated. It has been written in a very hurried manner, as you will perceive, and amidst many interruptions. But it

is fresh from my heart; and may God give it his blessing!

I cannot close without an allusion to your mental conflicts. Have you not read Augustine's advice to a young minister, *Prepara te ad pressuras?* To which a good man added, "When a man enters upon the work of preaching the gospel, he finds himself speedily, as it were, in the wine-press." It is seldom the following sentiments of one now with God, have failed to be realized in one way or other in my experience: "You will hardly ever be engaged in any special service for the kingdom of God, but you will either just before it, or after it, meet with some special trouble; either from some failure of your health, or in some storm of groundless obloquies among the people; or, which is worst of all, some horrid *colaphisations* from wicked spirits on your mind, strongly filling you with *consternations* and *confusions*, which, be they ever so *unreasonable*, yet will be *intolerable*."

It is in the latter way, I have hitherto chiefly suffered, although I have had my trials from most of the above sources; but the onsets of those cruel and invisible spirits upon my mind have often been terrible. The devil has generally taken his revenge in this way, when I have been favoured with any remarkable success in the work of the ministry. These conflicts have often been very severe just before some remarkable conquest; and after the revival, he has come against me as a roaring lion; but the Lord hath hitherto delivered me, and by such commotions, prepared me for greater *usefulness*, and endued me with a larger measure of *watchfulness* and *humility*.

I have often shortened these days of trial, by plunging into another revival; then all has become light, and peace, and joy. I have therefore, of late years, arranged matters, so as to step into another effort for a revival, when my work has concluded in any given

place. The devil has been baffled for the time, by these rapid movements; but he has still threatened my trembling soul in a manner I cannot describe; suggesting, that, for every instance in which he has been foiled in this way, he shall yet have his vengeance, in one concentrated and tremendous storm, which is brooding and preparing in the gloomy distance. "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, if I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry I have received of the Lord Jesus." "*He that will wage war with hell, must suffer hell's rage,*" has long been my motto; but, if the devil and I must fight, I am determined to be the *aggressor*. I think there is an advantage here worth taking; and we may take it most fairly, as the apostle tells us he is wide awake to "get an advantage of us!"

We may say of Satan and his fiends, as did a Carthaginian general of *Marcellus*, "We have to do with those who will never be quiet—either conquerors or conquered. If conquerors, they will pursue the victory to the utmost; if conquered, they will labour to recover their loss." Remember, my brother, that the Captain of your salvation was forty days and forty nights tempted of the devil in the wilderness. Like him, however, you may have ministering spirits to succour you, and you may return from the wilderness in the power of the Spirit into Galilee; and, to the astonishment of hell, and a world of wickedness, you may cry, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor: he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

These trials, I admit with you, are "worse than preaching;" and, a succession of them, make a man look older by many years than he really is. The peo-

ple who surrounded our Lord, mistook him for being nearly fifty years of age, when he was only a little more than thirty. "Thou art not yet fifty years old," —this was their nearest guess, "and hast thou seen Abraham?" John viii. 57.

I agree with you also, "These temptations are afflictions," and are often more severe than those of the body; they are not joyous, but grievous; yet the peaceable fruits of righteousness may be produced by them. You have read, probably, those sentiments of the pious Kempis: "Temptations are very profitable to men, though they be troublesome and grievous; for in them a man is humbled, purified, and instructed. All the saints have passed through, and profited by, many tribulations, and they that could not bear temptations became reprobates, and fell away." The advice of an apocryphal writer is worthy to be remembered. "My son, if thou come to serve the Lord, prepare thy soul for temptation. Set thy heart aright; constantly endure, and make not haste in the time of trouble. Whatever is brought upon thee, take cheerfully; and be patient when thou art changed to a low estate; for gold is tried and purified in the fire, and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity." But a greater than either hath said, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive a crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." James i. 12. Read also 1 Peter i. 7.

Some have considered the mountain to which our Lord called his disciples, and where he chose and sent forth the twelve apostles, was figurative of two things: 1st. As mountains are elevated to be seen and criticised by all, so are ministers.

2nd. Mountains are exposed to winds and tempests; so are the preachers of the gospel to various oppositions both from earth and hell.

Fear not, my brother, the victory is sure! Flinch

not from declaring the whole truth, "And more than meet the gathering storm." Accept the sympathy of your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,

J. C.

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Leeds, August 22nd, 1843.

My dear Brother,

Be assured your responsibility is very great. Realize, I entreat you, in what position you are placed. I *now* understand all you describe. At one period of my ministry, this would not have been the case; I should have united with others in saying, "You are on the eve of a glorious revival." Be not deceived; the sinners of the nineteenth century are well versed in the art of procrastination. There is not a faithful minister in England who has not learned this to his sorrow. My opinion is, you will look in vain for an extensive revival, unless you "*follow the blow,*" with a *succession* of sermons and prayer meetings. "The heavens are big with rain," but neither one peal of thunder nor half a dozen may sufficiently shake them; a score may be required to bring down the "teeming shower." Often have I observed such clouds of mercy gather over the people of my charge, but they have passed away, and the thirsty land has remained unwatered. How many times have I seen a congregation on a Sabbath night, moved as if the breezes which are wafted through the streets of the New

Jerusalem had swept over the audience, and only five or six out of the affected multitude went down to their houses justified! After such a season, I have heard some good people prophecy, "Surely a great revival has commenced!" But here the matter ended; month succeeded to month, and no general revival took place; and very few were gathered from the world into the fold, during all that time. And why? Either because we were too slothful, or ignorant of the call of God, or too busily engaged in other matters, to enter into the designs of the Holy Spirit, and do God's work in his own time. It would appear as if we considered our only duty to be to *wait*, and be still, and expect to see sinners coming by scores, of their own accord, inquiring what they should do to be saved; and all this without any extra effort on our part, or any additional meetings beyond the ordinary ones. But to our surprise, sinners became as hard and careless as ever, and we were doomed to the disappointment which our supineness deserved. You see, my brother, we must *follow up* and *improve upon* a victory. One whole week, or indeed, two or three weeks of special services, should have succeeded the scene you witnessed a few Sabbath nights since. Depend upon it, had you done so, you would have seen a glorious display of the power of God among sinners. It has been said of the great general, Hannibal, that he knew how to *obtain* a victory, but not to *improve* a victory. Let heaven and earth, my brother, never have cause to say this of you again; that is, if to "*improve* upon the victory," lie within the circle of possibilities. Remember the saying of the old Greek poet; I shall give it you in plain English: "No wise man will be taken a second time in an error he hath suffered for;" rather should it not be the glory of a Christian minister, to compel all hell to say of him, as did the enemies of a certain Roman general: "If he obtain

a victory over us, he fiercely insults us and pursues it; if he be repulsed, he returns afresh."

You have read, that the dying Elisha commanded king Joash to take a bunch of arrows, and smite the ground with them. 2 Kings xiii. 18, 19. "And he smote thrice and stayed." The dying prophet was deeply grieved in spirit, and said, "Thou shouldst have smitten five or six times; then thou hadst smitten Syria till thou hadst consumed it: whereas, now, thou shalt smite Syria but thrice." He, finally, obtained only three victories over the enemies of Israel, but, it would appear that God intended to have given him five or six signal victories; quite to the overthrow of Syria. But his three strokes, perhaps, indicated his constitutional tendency to slackness or indolence; and were an intimation that a few victories over the enemies of his God, would satisfy a soul fond of *ease and quiet;* and that, when just upon the point of achieving other splendid victories, the *habit* would allure him into retirement, there to enjoy an inglorious peace.

Ah! thou man of God, why didst thou not repeat the stroke? Now thou hast obtained but one small victory; whereas, God may have intended thee many, and may have purposed, by many strokes, to have shaken the trembling gates of hell; quite to the overthrow of the devil's kingdom in * * * *.

Perhaps the Captain of your salvation may soon favour you again with another display of his power. If so, what do you purpose? As you resolve, so execute. Should God honour you again, as I believe he will, confer not with flesh and blood; regard not what any man may say; improve the victory; push it to the utmost. Consider Judges vii. and viii. chapters. See how Gideon *improved* the advantage given him by God. The first victory resembled the beginning of some revivals under *very small* sermons, that God

might have all the glory. It was without sword or spear, for the battle was the Lord's. Although one hundred and twenty thousand men of the enemy that drew the sword had fallen that day, yet Gideon pushed the victory to the uttermost: "He came to Jordan, and passed over with his three hundred men, *faint, yet pursuing;*" and went up to Nobah and Jogbehah, and smote a second host, "For the host was secure." He pursued *Zeba* also, and *Zalmunna*, the two kings of Midian, and took them and discomfited all the host. Gideon knew how to improve a victory. In the midst of his mighty achievements, there were some fault-finders, *murmurers*, the men of Ephraim; and there were *opposers*, "The princes of Succoth." Gideon, it seems, had asked bread of them for his little army, and this was his plea: "For they be faint, and I am pursuing." He received a rough reply. Gideon, however, knew better than to waste precious time in parleying; but to the men of Ephraim, who complained bitterly that they had not been called out at the beginning of the battle, that they might have shared in the glory and the spoil, Gideon replied: "What have I now done, in comparison of you? Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abi-ezer?" Some have supposed this passage displaced, and that he was now giving them credit for their noble and vigorous *improvement* of the victory; that the fact of their having taken the two Midianitish generals, and discomfited their hosts at the passes of Jordan, was of more importance, than if they had been present in the moment of the *first* victory by "the sword of the Lord." "Then their anger was abated toward him, when he had said that." Judges viii. 3. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." "He might have said," says one, "that he could place but little dependance upon his brethren, when through faint-heartedness twenty-

two thousand of them left him at one time; but he passed this by, and took the more excellent way." There is an important lesson here for *revivalists.* His answer to the princes of Succoth was severe, but the men of Ephraim were of a very different character, and had heartily repented of their neutrality.

You desire my opinion of a certain kind of preaching; but your own views are so very good, I know not that I can add anything material. We may say of many sermons, as the countryman, of an exquisitely painted head: "What an excellent skull is this, and yet there is no brain in it!" A discourse, fraught with "picked phrases," and pretty flowers only, but containing nothing to arouse the sinner, or to draw believers into more entire devotedness to God, is a sad misapplication of talents. We may say of such a discourse, as Herodotus did of the head of Onesilus, "It was destitute of brains; and instead thereof, was filled with honey-combs." We may demur against such sermons, as did Antalcides of the garland of *roses* sent him by the king of Persia, perfumed with sweet spices and odours. He accepted them, but his reply in Latin was equivalent to this: "*The natural fragrance of the roses is lost, by being mixed with artificial odours!*" There is much of this kind of "artificial perfumery" about the preaching of some men.*

* Had my friend listened to the sermons I heard during my last tour through Italy, he would indeed have had but little cause for such complaints as are hinted at above. We could not imagine how any man of leisure, to say nothing of learning, whose talents were at all above mediocrity, could bring into the pulpit such a skeleton of Christianity. They contained neither "brains," "flowers," "honey-combs," nor the "artificial fragrance," which the sentiment of Antalcides was intended to illustrate; a mere shadow of the gospel; and from Protestant ministers, too!

York, *August* 18*th*, 1845. J. C.

I was amused with a writer, the other day, who, when speaking of the difference between superficial preachers, and those who go deeply into the meaning of the Holy Ghost, compared the former to the boys of apothecaries, who gather broad leaves and white flowers from the surface of the water; and the latter, to accomplished divers, who bring up precious pearls from the bottom of the deep.

"There is a difference," says an old divine, "between washing the face of a discourse clean, and painting it; the former is beautiful and commendable; the latter, sinful and abominable. Ministers must mind the capacities of their auditories, and not put that meat into their mouths which their teeth cannot chew, nor the stomach concoct. Their sermons of *quiddities* and *school niceties* may (in the opinion of giddy men) tend to their own praise, but never to their hearer's profit. Such men, when their children ask bread, give them stones, which may choke them, but will not nourish them. It is a pity he should ever teach school, that will not speak to his scholars so as that they may understand."

A late divine, though not so homely in his phraseology, is quite as severe in his remarks upon the wickedness of this soul-famishing and gospel-dishonouring preaching: "Indeed, what is more unbecoming a minister of Christ, than to waste his animal spirits, as a spider does his bowels, to spin a web only to catch flies; to get vain applause, by a foolish pleasing of the ignorant? And what cruelty is it to the souls of men! It is recorded, as an instance of Nero's savage temper, that in a general famine, when many perished by hunger, he ordered that a ship should come from Egypt (the granary of Italy) laden with sand for the use of the wrestlers. In such extremity, to provide only for delight, that there might be spectacles at the theatre, when the city of Rome was a

spectacle of such misery as to melt the heart of any but a Nero, was most barbarous cruelty. But it is cruelty of a heavier imputation, for a minister to prepare his sermons to please the foolish curiosity of fancy with flashing conceits; nay, such light vanities, that would scarce be endured in a scene, while hungry souls languish for want of solid nourishment."

The only answer I can give to your closing inquiry is this: "We must not only strike the iron *when it is hot,* but strike it *till it is made hot.* Great occasions must not be waited for, but we must make use of ordinary opportunities as they may offer." Should a great occasion again offer, make the best use of it within your power; it is easy to hammer out iron when hot, but if circumstances are nothing more than ordinary, repeat the blow, and strike with power, nor give over till sinners are broken to pieces all around you, by the power of God.

Duty calls me away. God bless you. Farewell.

J. C.

LETTER XIX.

TO * * * * *, AN ANTI-REVIVALIST.

Leeds, August 25th, 1845.

DEAR SIR,

A FEW days since, when reading the Memoirs of the late Mr. William Dawson, I met with the following anecdote. It is so applicable to yourself, and so appropriate as having occurred in this very town, and perhaps in the same chapel where *your* prejudices have been so greatly shocked, that I cannot well resist the impulse to send it you, although you may have read it before.

Mr. Dawson, it seems, was one day accosted by an individual, who said he had been present at a certain meeting; that he liked the preaching very well indeed, but was much dissatisfied with the prayer meeting; adding, that he usually lost all the good he had received during the sermon, by remaining in these noisy meetings. Mr. D. replied, that he should have *united* with the people of God in the prayer meeting, if he desired to retain or obtain good. "O!" said the gentleman, "I went into the gallery, where I leaned over the front, and saw the whole, but I could get no good; I lost, indeed, all the benefit I had received during the sermon." "It is easy to account for that," rejoined Mr. Dawson. "How so?" inquired the other. "You mounted to the top of the house, and on looking down your neighbour's chimney, to see what kind of a fire he kept, you got your eyes filled with smoke. Had you entered by the door, gone into the room, and mingled with the family around the household hearth, you would have enjoyed the benefit of the *fire*, as well as they. Sir, you have got the smoke in your eyes!"

I hope you will excuse the delay of my reply to yours; and that this will not render a few hasty remarks unacceptable or unprofitable. Your objections against revivals in general, and those in Leeds in particular, are somewhat original in classification and language, but not in idea, as the same things have been brought against revivals a thousand times over. It is not, however, impossible that you will say of my reply, what I felt strongly inclined to apply to your objections, "There is no new thing under the sun." We have had all these arguments, or rather prejudices, to meet and combat during our great revivals in America. Thank God! such have been the wonderful and glorious displays of the power of God, in these gracious visitations; and such the evi-

dences of their divine origin, that the batteries of our opponents have been well nigh silenced; and we only hear the report of small fire-arms, now and again, after the Indian fashion, from behind some "denominational tree," or from the swamp of sin.

A few years ago, and at a time when the church of God in the United States was engaged in a mighty struggle for the salvation of sinners; when she was grappling with the powers of darkness, and with unconverted thousands, with tremendous energy, and amazing success; an ingenious dialogue came out from the press, which had a very good effect upon the public mind.

I am sorry I did not preserve the article. I have forgotten the precise language, but I can give you the substance of it. Some of the sentiments uttered by one of the characters, are, indeed, most foolish and irrational; nor would I insert them, but for the necessity of meeting those unreasonable objections proposed by yourself and other opponents of revivals. It was a supposed dialogue between the Prophet Elijah and an old Carmelite. The scene is laid upon the top of Mount Carmel; all around, as far as the eye can reach, is desolation. During three entire years and six months there had not been a single shower of rain. The streams and fountains are all exhausted and dried up. The hills, and mountains, and vales, and woodlands, trees, fields, and gardens are withered, —scorched as by the sweeping fire on a western prairie.

"The earth was made of iron,—heaven of brass;
And fissures in the soil were gaping wide
For the fresh rain that came not, herbs and grass
Fell sear and dead, and strown on every side
Were yellow leaves; and buds and blossoms died;
And Spring to Autumn turned, grey without fruit;
And night and day went round as wont, yet brought
No cheering interchange for hopeless thought.
No dews the eve, no mist the morning gave,

To slake the craving of the fiery drought:
Mildew, and death, and desolation wave
O'er parched hill and dale, like cyprus o'er the grave;
The wells and mountain springs were dry and dank,
And Canaan's face became a chaos and a blank!"

The herds have perished from the field, and multitudes of the inhabitants have slept their last sleep; the land is full of orphans and widows. This is a very bleak picture. Behold yonder mountain! near to its summit is a man; but he is prostrated upon the earth, pleading with God in behalf of the desolated country;—it is Elijah the prophet. And, lo! beside him stands an old hard-hearted croaking Carmelite. Long has it been since a drop of rain has fallen from heaven upon his shriveled body; so long, in fact, that he has arrived at the same contentment (if not malignant joy) which many sinners in Zion feel, when they behold the moral landscape around them, unwatered for years by the reviving showers of grace from the throne of God; when the population of sinners is just in the same wretched condition, spiritually, as the material lanscape was around Mount Carmel.

The Carmelite stands in a very anxious attitude; as if deprecating the power of the prophet's prayer. (Indeed, the prophet had already told king Ahab, in the old man's hearing, "Get thee up, eat and drink; for there is a sound of abundance of rain." 1 Kings xviii. 41.) At a distance is the prophet's servant, ascending a higher part of the mountain, in order to get a view of the sea; for his master had said, "Go up, now, and look toward the sea." Elijah has cast himself again upon the ground, with "his face between his knees"—a painful and humiliating posture; but perhaps not more so than the position chosen by many a minister of God, when pleading with God for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The

patience of the old Carmelite is quite exhausted. "So much praying and groaning" is to him intolerable; and he begins to mingle his gruff sounds with the sighs and supplications of the prophet.

Carmelite. Prophet of God; I am afraid you are praying for rain. Now, I am a friend to rain; but I want it to come in the right way; as it ought to come. I have indeed been thinking seriously, that the prophet should beware of what he is doing; seeing he cannot secure us against consequences.

Elijah. Your fears have taken a strange direction. Have you no apprehensions for the entire destruction of your country? Lift up your eyes, and behold the desolation! Tell me if you can behold a green thing within the whole range of your vision? [Awfully illustrative of the state of thousands of these Leeds sinners.] Is not the canopy of death spread over the whole face of creation? If God do not interfere, how terrible must be the consequences!

[The prophet is much affected, and addresses himself to God in earnest and prevailing prayer.]

Car. I wish you to understand that I am decidedly in favour of rain, [a revival,] and that I have no desire to see these scenes of wretchedness protracted, nor that my country or my fellow-men should remain any longer in jeopardy; but I want such rain as our forefathers had; I wish it to come exactly in the same way too, and that it should produce the same delightful effects. Long experience has taught me to deplore the evils of excessive rain [revivals]. For this cause I have been grievously persecuted by the ardent and enthusiastic creatures around me, as if I were an enemy to rain [revivals]; just because I have endeavoured to show them the evils which proceed from certain kinds of rain.

Elijah. Deploring the evils of rain! You have

been strangely employed these three years and six months.

[The servant returns, and tells the prophet, "There is nothing." "Go again," was the reply, "seven times;" and the prophet falls down again before God in prayer.]

Car. I saw how anxious the people were for rain; I was met with the disgusting and worn-out term [revival] at every corner. I have often told them that genuine rain would do; but it must come in the natural and ordinary way, and not by these forced measures; as if the noisy uproar of thousands could shake the heavens, and bring down rain whether or no. So to keep them quiet, I set myself about showing them what evils rains have done to Israel during years gone by. I have urged them again and again to leave the world to the government of God, and to mind their own business; that he would do what was right; and that if the nation would keep meddling in this way with the plans of the Almighty, he might send them rain the most ruinous; that, instead of prayer and all this stir, they should wait quietly till God sent it. And now, for these prudential remarks, the propriety of which none have successfully called in question, they have set me down as an enemy to rain [revivals] altogether; and have turned the affair into a plea for downright persecution.

Elijah. Strange infatuation!

[The servant returns. The Carmelite, finding the prophet too intent upon prevailing with God for rain, to attend to his senseless speculations, begins to address the servant; conduct not unlike that of some during vigorous efforts for a revival. If the minister says, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease, while I leave it and come down to you?" Neh. vi. 3, they will then

endeavour to weaken the faith, or to perplex and annoy the zealous leaders and members of his church.]

Car. Servant, your master is praying for rain, and you are looking for the evidences of its coming; but we want such rains [revivals] as they had in the days of Abraham, Moses, and Samuel [Wesley, Whitfield, &c.]. If he would only pray for such rain, I could agree with him.

Servant. If rain come from heaven at all, must it not be of the very same kind as that which fell in the days of these servants of God. Beware how you eulogize the dead prophets, while you persecute the *living one.*

Car. I can show in a dozen instances where modern rains [revivals] differ from those in former times, in their effects, and in their consequences.

Serv. Stay; let me go again, and see whether my master prevails with God.

Car. Stay, hear me: 1st. We want smiling heavens with the rain, to inspire men's hearts with joy; but should your master succeed, black clouds will overspread the whole sky. The gloom will be dreadful; nobody, in fact, will have a heart to do anything, for looking after this rain.

2nd. It absorbs all attention; nothing, from morning till night, is talked of but *rain, rain.* I have not been able to have a pleasant conversation with my neighbours upon Mount Carmel for months; nothing but rain and this Elijah are talked about; it is a complete *mania.* I am disgusted. Young and old are clamouring; the very children, who never saw a drop fall from heaven, are prattling about rain. What enthusiasm! I wish I could change my residence; and I would do so but for these reasons: 1. I suppose the mania is general all over the country. 2. My presence here may have some influence, in checking this wild enthusiasm; and, 3. I want to phi-

losophize upon this rain and its results, when they appear.

3rd. I have some particular friends, who think exactly as I do upon these subjects. All the little sociable parties, which formerly made society agreeable, are broken up. I have no wish the country should be destroyed, for want of good rain; but I want the people to act like rational beings; nor do I wish to see society split and rent by these commotions. But I see what the end is to be; all cannot see alike, nor be equally enthusiastic about rain [a revival]. This mania, I can call it nothing else, is bringing about divisions very fast. It has begun its operations in families; wives and husbands, parents and children, masters and servants, are divided upon this matter. These hot-headed fanatics will rend the nation in twain, as they are splitting the society in our neighbourhood into pieces. Such fault-finding, and charging people with sins they have never committed; just as if the heavens could not have a dry season without its being occasioned by the sins of the people. Your master, it seems, has converted king Ahab himself to be as wild about rain as any of them. He is preparing to return to his capital post haste, expecting abundance of rain, when there is not a cloud to be seen, and the heavens are blue and bright; no more signs of rain, except an increased uproar among the people, than there was this time last year. It is a sad thing when great men lend their influence to such fanaticism. Ahab was once a wise king; but Jezebel, however, still retains her good sense. And behold the prophet! He is about to kill himself in his efforts for rain [a revival], as if he could bring it before the appointed season.

4th. Again: In seasons of extraordinary rain, many clouds discharge themselves at once; rivers are suddenly swollen, leave their channel, and overflow the

hitherto pleasant vale; indeed, they often sweep away flocks, and herds, and grain. It is even dangerous to live in the vicinity of Carmel at such times, owing to the higher lands settling, and sliding down upon the rich pastures beneath.

Serv. I think you have had little trouble in that way, during the last few years.

Car. I am speaking now of what we may expect, if the prophet obtain his request. But I must proceed. Gusts of wind attend modern rains; indeed, such tornadoes, that houses are unroofed, and trees overturned. Frequently the lightning and thunder are terrific. Many a tall and handsome tree I have seen shattered to pieces. But this is not all. If tenements have not been thrown down or unroofed, they have been so rent and torn as to become leaky, greatly to the injury of the health and comfort of the inhabitants. Indeed, I have known people who have been killed outright; families have been broken up. I cannot tell you one half of the evils arising from late rains [revivals], with lightning and thunder. I have said nothing about the *noise;* at such times one can scarcely think, much less hear any one speak; rain, lightning, and thunder, are almost synonymous.

Serv. O, no. You are getting too much excited, I fear.

Car. Remember, I have lived much longer than you; you are but a young man yet. Now it is a fact, that when we have no rain [revivals], we have none of these strange *noises* and *disturbances.* I have known the very ground tremble, beneath its *peals* and *extravagances.* We generally know the evil is approaching, when this phenomenon occurs. Perhaps lightning and thunder [powerful preaching and mighty praying] bring down rain; I cannot tell.

[The servant goes to the mountain peak, and returns; Elijah continues in fervent prayer.]

Car. These rains come so often out of season; at the very time we do not want them. During summer, rain will fall upon the ripe fruit and mown grass, and upon the hay when nicely dried, and upon the grain, as well as upon the pasture field. If it would rain where it is most wanted, I should not have a word to say; but why give those places a superabundance, which have enough already?

Serv. Pause, Carmelite; I must hasten to my post of observation; my master, you see, is deeply affected.

Car. I shall ascend with you; I cannot endure all this praying; I wish he were of my mind; and he would take the matter more easily.

Serv. I question whether you are much at ease in your own mind, any more than the prophet.

Car. It is not to be wondered at. I have seen so many evils arising from these things, that I cannot look upon the prophet without concern. Think, for instance, of the effects of rain [revivals] upon the poor. I have known many labouring men kept within doors by rain, when their families have been almost starving. Others, not a few, have spent their evenings in doing nothing but talking about rain. Aye! and when they should have been asleep, too; then they would have been better prepared to work for their masters: Yes! and pay their lawful debts. Even you, yourself, would be much better employed, if you were about other work, than thus running yourself out of breath, up and down this mountain, looking for rain; and you might, in my opinion, be doing more good to the world.

Serv. I am aware hard climbing does not suit *you*. Allow me, however, to say, I am in the employ of a good master, who pays me liberal wages; nor will he ask you or your party to assist him in defraying expenses.

Car. These rains [revivals] nourish noxious weeds, thorns, thistles, and brambles. Behold, how clean the fields are now!

Serv. Yes! but the *wheat* also has been all parched up and destroyed!

Car. I am not speaking of wheat now; but, as you are on that subject, I will tell you what I have seen in relation to wheat.

Serv. But can wheat grow if totally deprived of rain? Has wheat no dependence upon moisture? Can the moisture remain in the fields unless recruited by rain? Is there anything of the kind in the weedless and grainless fields which now draw your admiration?

Car. I cannot answer all your objections; but in rainy seasons [times of revival], I have noticed that there is *chaff*—much chaff. Now, if it be good rain, why not make the wheat grow without chaff. But the chaff,—worthless ingredient, has always, since the beginning of my observations upon such matters, been in close connexion with wheat. Have you ever found a grain of wheat [a new convert] produced by these modern rains [revivals], without chaff along with it? I have stood by many a threshing floor, and could not but be annoyed and surprised at the overseer and his threshers, to see their eyes sparkling with joy, because of the immense bulk of what they called, "A heap of wheat," when I knew (and they could not but have known) that the greater part of it was chaff.

Serv. Certainly, they were better off in those days than we are now; for, surely, it was better to have a little wheat, amidst much chaff, than to have none at all! Besides, the chaff could be easily separated from the wheat, and was so, doubtless, in due time.

Car. Aye! that is what I want to impress upon you. It was on this account I pitied them, because I knew there was no foundation for such self-

congratulations. And when I warned them of the deception, and foretold that the heap would be reduced more than one-half at the *winnowing* and *sifting* time [reaction after the revival], some paid no attention, others set me down as envious at the successes of others, and a few whispered that I was *jealous* of my own credit as a farmer; and some insinuated that I was an enemy to good wheat altogether, which was most unreasonable. However, I was patient, and the sifting season did come. Because, you know there is always, after these modern rains, a winnowing time; when the chaff and the wheat are both held up in one sieve, and then to see how dissimilar their fall,—the wheat reaching the floor, and but very little of it, while the chaff was carried quite away. Aye! that was the time for me! Then I could talk with my enemies in the gate, and prove my discernment and prudence by facts the most undeniable.

Serv. It is well if you did not rejoice at the humiliation of your industrious neighbours. Tell me, had you any desire that there should have been less chaff in the day of trial?

Car. There may be pride in the *activity* of a farmer, as in any other employment; and I like to see proud, positive, and self-willed people humbled. Facts, too, are worth knowing; and I always state them to those who seem anxious for extraordinary rain.

Serv. It is well, however, to remind you, how little business you have had of that kind during the last three years. The threshing floors of Israel, have of late, I am sorry to say, afforded little chance for such speculations. There is not a farmer at present in Israel, I venture to say, who would not be willing to have a "heap" upon his floor, although the third part of it were chaff.

Car. My remarks, of course, apply to past years, before we were visited with this clear invigorat-

ing weather, which you denominate a dangerous drought. Besides, you cannot deny, that the farmers have been far more industrious in ploughing and sowing than when we had such torrents of rain; and I may add, they have had access of late to very low lands for agricultural purposes.

Serv. They have sowed much, but gathered little; there has been no parade of harvest labours of late years, nor indeed any period distinguished as the harvest.

Car. Modern rains [revivals], are transient in their influence; in a few days or weeks the ground is as dry as ever.

Serv. In that case, another shower is needed. [Here the servant is on the tip-toe of expectation, looking very earnestly toward the sea.]

Car. You have been speaking of the necessity of another shower; but there you fall into a great mistake. Had we rain of the right kind, the benefits would not pass away so soon. The health of the citizens too would be improved. There are many widows of late in Israel.

Serv. But nineteen out of twenty have become widows since rain has ceased to fall.

Car. If men could only be persuaded to dwell upon the top of Gilboa, where there is neither dew nor rain [no revivals of religion], what health and vigour would they enjoy; and be free, also, from all this din and persecution about rain! But ———

[Here the servant interrupts him, by pointing to a little cloud rising out of the sea].

"Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand;
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.
Lo, the promise of a shower,
Drops already from above,
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love!"

Car. Horrible! We shall have nothing by-and-by, but confusion worse confounded.

Serv. It is just as the prophet told Ahab; there is a sound of abundance of rain.

Elijah and his servant hurry down from the mount; and the old Carmelite hastes to his cave, to brood over the evils of rain [revivals], and the delusions of the people.

The winds are howling, the lightnings are playing, and the thunders roaring through the vault of heaven. The rain is descending far and wide over the thirsty landscape. The pulse of life throbs once more through the arteries and veins of reviving nature. The drooping plants lift up their heads; the flowers bloom as if by miracle, and spread their fragrance all around; while the withered trees freshen into green, and wave royally their leafy branches on high.

The Carmelite continues in his cave, while thousands are rejoicing in the abounding mercies of a benevolent God.

Weeks and months have passed away; the landscape looks like a new creation, and one smile of universal joy plays upon the renovated cheek of nature. But none of these things move the old Carmelite. He is out, the first fair day, plodding along, with his head down, yet on the look out for *facts*. Nor does he notice the innocent flowers [new converts] blooming around his footsteps, nor the green foliage of the trees, nor the revived appearance of the cedars of Lebanon [effects of the revival upon the church], nor the verdant meadows and pasture fields, where creatures are sporting themselves, exuberant in all the happiness of which their natures are capable; nor the boundless fields of grain, wide waving over hill and dale, rich in the cheerful promise of an abundant harvest. The cheerful voices of many people ring out on the air in songs of thanksgiving to the God of Israel; but he hurries on, with a

mind filled and running over with philosophical musings. But whither is he going? From place to place; to see whether the streams have kept their proper channels; and if the low lands have not been injured; what houses have been unroofed, or have become leaky; whether any persons have been terrified out of their senses, by the thunder and lightning [alarming preaching]; or, if any quarrels or dissentions have arisen in families because of differences of opinion about the rain [revival]. The state of general health is an object of interest, of course; in a word, he is out *collecting facts*, that by them he might cool down the enthusiasm of the population for rain [revivals].

Finding himself very unsuccessful with the people, although he found quite enough to satisfy his own mind on the subject; he returned to his cave, to await with some impatience the results of the harvest.

Time, that brings everything else in its season, brought this event also; so, staff in hand, he paid a visit to all the farms [churches and *classes*], that he might view the heaps on the threshing-floors, and thus be enabled to give some friendly hints respecting chaff; and to lift his prophetic voice as to the results of winnowing and sifting. And no man ever looked so contented nor so wise, as when he saw the chaff fly in all directions; although he repeatedly declared he was sorry to see the disappointment of his neighbours [the reaction after the revival].

He re-visited them all, to sympathize with them in their misfortunes; but, to his surprise, he found the farmers all very happy; it was a time of general rejoicing, in fact; each congratulating the other, that their heaps of clean pure wheat had not been so large for very many years; that during the last three years of drought, instead of having heaps of increase, to compare with those of the harvest just celebrated, they

had had nothing of the kind, by which to institute anything like a comparison.

This circumstance rather preplexed the old Carmelite; but prejudice is an ingenious feeling. He suggested, that by the time the next harvest came round, there would be little of this kind of wheat left. But the agriculturists assured him that the wheat was of the very first quality; that some, it was likely, would be sent off to supply deficiencies on other farms [churches and classes at a distance], and some would be shipped off to other countries; but that it was not their intention, by the help of God, to let three years pass, as, during the last drought, without a harvest. They informed him of their intention to plough and sow again, and that already they had begun to make larger preparation than ever for another harvest; that they had better wheat to begin with, more experience, also; and God was now propitious; he would, they were sure, give them the early and latter rain [a succession of revivals], and the appointed weeks of harvest. The old Carmelite, convinced in himself that they were incurable, left them in their glory; and returned to his cave, mourning over the delusions, stubborn prejudices, and miseries of mankind.

And now, dear Sir, I must bid you farewell, as I cannot renew the correspondence; but you cannot fail to see yourself in the character of the old Carmelite. I have incorporated in the above dialogue, some of the most prominent objections against revivals; and I wish you could as clearly see their worthlessness, and as heartily disapprove of them, as you do those of the old Carmelite against rain.

There are a few other objections, which I might perhaps have noticed, had it been evident you had studied that famous verse of Horace:—

> "With touch so soft, so tender of his friend,
> He handled every fault which he would mend:

That the calm patient, with a smile endures
The playful hand, which pleases while it cures."

There is one which relates to myself, not unworthy of notice, " Such *frequent preaching* must necessarily become superficial, and vapid in the extreme." The best reply I have at hand, is the following, once given by an aged divine: " 'Better one excellent sermon,' says an objector, 'than many *mean and ordinary: Nardi parvus onyx eliciet vini cadum:* One border of true pearl is worth more than a thousand glass or sophisticate stones; one picture drawn with true and rich colours is more valuable than many slubbered over with slight wash colours.' I grant it; and, it were to be wished, that they who preach but seldom, did it always more accurately, and with power, that the defect in the number, might be supplied in the weight of their sermons; but, certainly, experience shows the contrary. Water, you know, corrupts in the conduit, if it be so stopped as either to run not at all, or but sparingly; the golden spouts, my friend, which adorn the temple, and which run most frequently and fully, yield the sweetest and most wholesome supply of water; and, St. Basil observes the like of wells; that they grow better, the more water is drawn out of them. However, considering the dulness of hearing, mean capacity and brittleness of memory of all, I wish those that are of most eminent gifts to dispense the mysteries of salvation, were to preach more frequently than they usually do, with all due respect to their plea—*accurate preparation;* because Cato spoke truly when defending himself for distributing silver among his soldiers, whereas, other captains bestowed gold on them: *Melius est ut plures argentum quam pauci aurum referant:* It is better that many should carry away silver than a few only gold." The latter remark will apply well, I think, to your ideas of a " low style of preaching, though pleasing,

perhaps profitable, to the ignorant and vulgar mass, but positively disgusting to the intelligent and intellectual." "It is better that many carry away silver," (or *copper* if you please, if so be it is authorized current coin,) "than a few only gold."

Be this as it may, there are "intelligent and intellectual" persons in ——— chapel, not a few, who make no such complaints, but do themselves receive the truth in whatever garb it may be clothed, and profit thereby. Affectionately yours,

J. C.

LETTER XX.

TO * * * * * *.

Hull, Dec. 9th, 1843.

DEAR SIR,

No! Your inquiries are not "offensive;" but my great difficulty is want of time, not of disposition. I may say of this revival, as Seneca of his philosophy; that it cut him out so much work, he was necessitated to spend every day and part of the night in making it up. Thank God, I have no chance to test the truth of a poet's sentiment:—

> "A want of occupation is not rest,
> A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd."

You say, "Your experience, Sir, has been far more extensive than mine. I should like to inquire whether all these extraordinary movements begin and proceed in the same way; I mean, by such *protracted efforts,* and by calling people forward to be prayed for, and so

on ?" No, not always. I witnessed a revival several years ago, when they did not call penitents forward to be prayed for at all. The truth was preached to the people in a very pointed manner, and after each sermon, the congregation was requested to kneel and pray to God as the necessities of their souls demanded. The work of God broke forth in power, and witnesses were raised up on every hand that Jesus Christ had power upon earth to forgive sins. We were compelled, however, to take such a course, on account of having so few brethren to help in vocal prayer.

A revival commenced in a certain place by the following means: Two or three pious young men, agreed to meet in the chapel, at a certain time, to pray for a revival. They had never seen anything of the kind; but almost the entire population were "lying in the arms of the wicked one;" and they considered this a proper and scriptural method for their rescue. Their minds, also, were greatly distressed on account of the low state of religion. The society had dwindled down to a few; and it was so long since the place had been visited by an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, that the leaders knew little if anything about a revival, and, of course, felt indifferent as to such a divine manifestation. The young men continued to hold their meetings. Their timidity forbade them to ask a light, (for their time of prayer was in the night,) but they knew that darkness and light were both alike to a prayer-hearing God. In that dark chapel, night after night, did they pour out their souls in prayer for the inhabitants of the place.

Two months had nearly passed away, and sinners appeared quite as indifferent as ever; but they were not discouraged, and continued their meetings. About the close of the ninth week, on the night of a public prayer meeting, two young men, hitherto careless and wicked, were in great distress, and disturbed the few

present, with their sobs and groans for mercy. This was a new thing, but not sufficient to impress the old professors. They were upon the eve of a glorious revival, and knew it not. The people were dismissed, and no farther attention paid to the incident. The praying youths, however, had prayed and wept too long to be indifferent; but there was no meeting for public prayer till the following Thursday night. "O!" said the person who related the circumstance to me, and who was one of the party which composed the secret prayer meeting, "O! it appeared to be a month till the next meeting." The official men, in the mean time, foreboding some disturbance, became "nervous," and exceedingly afraid of excitement. Thursday night arrived, and the place was crowded. No one could tell why there was such an unusual stir; the secret was with the young men. Information reached the preacher stationed on the circuit; he came, and recognized it at once, as the beginning of a great work of God; and entered into it with the usual zeal of a Methodist minister. He adjourned the meeting into the chapel; the official members followed, curious to see the results; but in a short time God touched their hearts, and opened their eyes; and they were compelled to exclaim, "Surely God is in this place, and we knew it not." It was not long before scores of converted souls were added to the little society.

I could name a place where a revival began, a few years ago, under the following circumstances:—

The society had long been in a low state of religious feeling, although additions, from time to time, had been made to their numbers. The previous preachers had been successful in winning people out of the world into the church, but, it would seem, they had had little success in converting them to Christ. Whether it was on account of the generally dead state or the members, or the indistinctness in their method of

preaching justification by faith, and the witness of the Spirit, or that they did not bestow sufficient labour to have such awakened sinners actually saved, the great day must declare.

A new preacher was sent to the town by Conference. Like a faithful man of God, he entered immediately upon a close examination of the classes, and was surprised and distressed, as we may suppose, to find upwards of two hundred persons, who, from their own admission, had never experienced anything more than mere conviction for sin. Afterwards he met the leaders, described to them the mournful condition of the church, and entreated them to exhort those whom they knew to be in an unconverted state, to press into the liberty of the children of God. The local preachers of that circuit were a numerous and respectable body. God at this time began to awaken them, in a deeper manner than formerly, to the necessity of *mental improvement*. They formed themselves into a theological society; and met once a week for the discussion of subjects of divinity. Two objects were constantly kept in view: 1st. To obtain a better understanding of the doctrines of the gospel; and, 2nd. That they might be qualified to preach those doctrines in a clearer and more effectual manner.

These "conversations" became increasingly interesting, and resulted in a deeper conviction than they had ever realized, of the necessity of preaching a present salvation to their hearers; and, moreover, that it was their duty and privilege, to expect an *immediate effect*.

From this time, the style of their preaching improved with the clearness of their perceptions of truth, combined with more expansive and enlightened views, as to the great design of the gospel to bring sinners at once to Christ. One and then another got out of his "old beaten track," and aimed directly at the conversion

of sinners. In the mean time their congregations increased surprisingly. The spirit of prayer and expectation came down upon believers. Faith, in reference to a general revival of God's work, increased daily. Many sinners were "pricked in their heart;" and this took place so repeatedly in the *ordinary* services, but certainly under *extraordinary* preaching, that they could conceal their disquietude no longer, and cries for mercy became of frequent occurrence. Additional meetings were now appointed. Crowds attended the meetings for prayer, as well as for preaching. The local preachers co-operated with their pastor, gave up their theological meeting, and, in their turn, preached the gospel with great power. The services were continued every night for a considerable length of time, and nearly five hundred sinners were converted to God, from nine years of age to ninety.

An account of a revival now lies before me, which occurred in another denomination. The minister of that church, whom God has greatly honoured for his faithfulness, in giving an account of the revival, states, that his church got into a very low desponding condition, and matters became so gloomy that he was upon the point of asking a dismission. Unlike some, he could not sit down at his ease, knowing that his labours were not blessed, careless whether poor sinners were saved or damned. No! he could not bear the thought of staying any longer in a place where he was conscientiously convinced he was useless. The time of extremity was God's opportunity. One Sabbath night, the Spirit of God arrested a young man; he desired to see the pastor, and opened his mind on the subject of his distress. A meeting for prayer had been appointed for that week, and when the time for beginning the prayer meeting arrived, to his astonishment, the place was crowded. A large number of persons were there, deeply distressed on account of their sins.

From that hour the revival advanced in power, and, according to the last account I heard, the number converted and added to his church, was above sixty souls; and many more were expected to unite themselves to it. I remain, your friend in Jesus Christ,

J. C.

LETTER XXI.

TO THE SAME.

Hull, December 20th, 1843.

DEAR SIR,

I WRITE to my correspondents just as I preach. Facts are my materials, and not theories. Not that I am insensible of the benefit of theories; they are very good in their place, nor do I neglect them. They may be to a discourse, what a foundation is to a building. A foundation answers no purpose, unless an edifice be raised upon it; but we want more than the foundation, in the construction of a seemly specimen of correct architecture. A sermon, all theory, is neither pleasing, profitable, nor effectual. I consider a *theorem*, of course, in the sense of a religious truth laid down as a principle, and treated in a speculative manner, without any illustration whatever. Our Lord never neglected first principles, but he never *speculated* upon them. He seldom advanced a theological principle, in the absence of an historical fact, nor the simplest moral truth, without an illustration of some kind, real or supposed.

The world is calling out for "illustrated science," in every department of literature. There is everywhere

a dissatisfaction with dry definitions and vague speculations. In a late London periodical, there is a very severe critique upon a certain work, entitled, "A History and Geography of Central Asia." The reviewer tells us that it is a very *learned* and a very *useless* work. After inquiring, What matters it to us of the present day, where imaginary rivers ran through doubtful provinces, watering apocryphal cities some centuries ago, belonging to hoards of barbarians, shifting as the sands with which they are surrounded, and often overwhelmed? he asserts, that all these should give way to actual observation: "The world," says he, "demands *facts*, and facts *only*, and turns aside with disgust from mere speculation. A few pages from the latest travellers who have explored those regions, are worth more than hundreds of volumes of mere controversy." With the above work I have nothing to do, for I have never seen it; but the remarks of the critic are just.

It is a remarkable peculiarity of the scientific lecturers of the present age, that they are universally fond of illustrating their principles by facts.

A few years ago, I was invited by a surgeon to hear a medical lecture, in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in the city of New York. The platform was honoured by the presence of several talented physicians. We had been seated but a few minutes when an active little man, aged about fifty, made his appearance on the platform, Professor * * *, and was *cheered* by the students. He announced his subject immediately: "The influence of the nerves upon the mind, and of the mind upon the nerves." Brisk, lively, and eloquent, he had our *attention* in a moment, nor did he lose it during the entire lecture. *Principles* were laid down at once, but instead of supporting theories by theories, and discussing them in the dry technicalities peculiar to the medical science, as I ex-

pected, he came forward with *facts*, undeniable facts, drawn from his own experience, and the observation of others. Real life and history were called upon for contribution, without apology. Every eye was fixed upon the animated speaker, every mind was interested. Principles, to some, might have been unintelligible, to others questionable, but his facts were *irresistible.*

I here received a lesson on preaching, which I trust will never be forgotten. Many of our hearers understand our theological terms very well, and though they require no illustration to deepen their convictions of the truths of our holy religion, yet *facts* may make them *feel*, and there is *enjoyment in feeling*, when the heart is rightly tuned by the grace of God. To many of our hearers, however, *theological technicalities* may be quite unintelligible, and are but partially understood, even when we have done our best at *defining;* while to others, after all our effort, they may be questionable or uninteresting. The effects of mere *statements of truth*, and *explication of terms* upon the minds of both classes, are generally vague and superficial, and are easily obliterated; as letters drawn upon the sand are washed out by the coming wave. But they will understand *facts*, and remember them too, nor will they readily fade away from the mind. Like a stone in the sand, a fact may imbed itself in the mind, and stamp upon it an indelible impression of the truth of that which has been thus illustrated. A judicious writer has well observed, "The most important truths, as we are now constituted, make but a very slight impression on the mind, unless they enter first like a picture into the imagination, and from thence are stamped upon the memory."* "May

* "There were times," says an intelligent friend of mine, "when *laws* were *chanted*, and Orpheus and Amphion were both, it is believed, poetical legislators, as were almost all legislators among barbarous people, whose *reason* must be addressed through the medium of the *imagination*."

not the sinner," says another, "as well be hearkening to a mathematician demonstrating Euclid's Elements, as to a preacher *only* proving a point of Christianity?"

Exceptions to this sentiment may occur to your mind: "Proving a point in Christianity" may have its effect; indeed I think it is quite necessary; for we need line upon line, and precept upon precept. As those who have learned the Greek Grammar, and have studied the language well, find, on neglecting it for a time, an inexpertness in translating, and no small difficulty in recalling first principles, to grapple with the root and its branches; so it is necessary to have our memories refreshed again and again with the true meaning of every point in Christianity. But observe, the above writer says, "ONLY proving a point." Now the minister of Jesus whose heart is influenced by one desire and aim, will not content himself with having convinced the hearer of the truth of any one point of Christianity; but he will grapple with the conscience, and his ingenious mind will range through heaven, and earth, and hell, for facts and illustrations; nor will he allow the sinner to get away, till he is forced, if possible, to *feel* that he has need of everything Jesus Christ hath purchased for him by his most precious blood.

A few of the above remarks will apply to some of your "proposed views" upon revivals. We may theorize and *philosophize* upon revivals for years; but a minister will learn more on the subject in one week, when the gospel is taking effect upon sinners, producing its distinct and positive results in their conversion, than he could by many years of mere theorizing.

We may say of a certain kind of revival speculations, what a writer remarked respecting a *review* when compared with the actual scenes peculiar to the real battle-field. "*It has been truly said, that nothing is so unlike a battle as a review.*" "The art of war," says another, "is one of those sciences, which no

theory nor application of fixed and established rules can possibly teach; it is one thing to write from experience of the past, and another to acquire a facility of directing operations by a servile adherence to the maxims of others."

I have known places, however, where they had no revival; but an account of a revival at a distance, given by an intelligent observer, who was engaged in it himself, has there produced the most salutary effects. Indeed, this may in part account for the prevalence of revivals throughout the United States. Popular periodicals have what they term *The Revival Department.* These papers circulate through all the cities, towns, and villages of the nation. It is seldom any of them appear without an account of six, seven, or a dozen revivals; the instrumentality which God has been pleased to acknowledge and honour, with most of the remarkable peculiarities of each are there stated, and read by many hundreds of thousands. The population of the country is thus made familiar with revivals. Such descriptions fan the revival flame in the hearts of ministers and people. A revival which has occurred, or is going forward, in such a place, becomes the theme of general conversation. Often the effects are thrilling and powerful beyond description. An entire church will be thrown into a state of sanctified excitement, after reading or hearing the account of a revival in some city or town with which they are acquainted. "The revival in ———" is talked of in the counting-house, work-shop, parlour, and kitchen; and why should it not? Is it not a mighty and a glorious event; before which the interests of science, commerce, and politics, should disappear, as stars before the sun arising in his glory? It is then that the inquiry goes forth with emphatic meaning: "Why may not we have a revival, as well as the people of such a place? Why may not we use the means which

they used? Is God any more a respecter of places, than of persons?" Frequently such revival news produces great "searchings of heart," both among preachers and people. It is impossible now to persuade each other that they are doing as well as they might, or equally well with other parts of the church. They now know to the contrary; and facts cannot be put down, nor conversation hushed. Fine preaching, learned and eloquent preaching, will not satisfy the church. The people of God ask for EFFECTS; they inquire for results. There is deep humiliation in certain quarters, and a provoking to love and good works; nor will they rest satisfied till their ministry and town are honoured with a similar outpouring of the Holy Spirit. In the course of a few months, their prayers are answered; their ministers preach as they never did before; sinners are broken down, and are turning to God on every hand; so that their town appears in its turn in the Revival Department, with all the circumstances of a gracious visitation; and similar effects are produced upon other declining churches.

It frequently happens that these revivals, published in the papers referred to, have occurred in towns and circuits where certain preachers laboured with very little success. The effects upon *their* minds are, of course, peculiarly stirring; leading them to deep humiliation before God, and to earnest resolutions to be more faithful and zealous; many of them, in fact, never rest till similar results attend their preaching.

The successive accounts of such revivals never lose their interest. Nor have I ever known the people express a want of confidence in such communications. The periodicals bearing the revival news are circulated generally in the very places where the revivals are stated to have occurred, and are read by numerous subscribers, who certainly would contradict the statements if untrue. Besides, such articles are

never printed, unless sent by a responsible person; usually they are written by the preacher in charge of the circuit; and thus the veracity of the narrative is considered by the editors as unquestionable. This secures the religious public from exaggerated statements; they are therefore read with all confidence, and held in undiminished reputation. I am sorry the religious periodicals of England have not generally such a department in their columns. Is it because revivals are too numerous to be thus noticed, or that their rarity renders a *Revival Department* unnecessary? For many reasons, I should consider it a serious disaster to the church of God in America, if such accounts of revivals were suppressed.

Your inquiries respecting those "vague reports" are not offensive, but it is quite out of my power at present to take time, either to "explain or defend;" that is, so as to do justice to myself in relation to them. I know not that there has any alteration taken place in my mode of preaching compared with what it was while I was in Leeds. Circumstances may indeed have served to give a colouring to my style and manner there, or, in some instances, have called forth real or supposed "extravagances," which may not occur in this town. I am not aware, except in a few *extraordinary seasons*, that I now preach in Hull differently from what I did in Leeds. You must therefore judge for yourself.*

I am, yours most affectionately in Christ Jesus our Lord, J. C.

* The following letter was written by the Rev. James Everett to an inquiring friend. It was inclosed to me a few days since, with permission to make what use of it I pleased. Having obtained leave of Mr. Everett to publish it among my printed Letters, I now do so with no small degree of pleasure. It contains, certainly, an ingenious apology for the *matter* and *manner* of my preaching, which, it seems, have excited a great deal of interest, if not speculation, in certain quarters.

LETTER XXII.

TO THE SAME.

Monday Morning, Hull, Jan. 1st, 1844.

DEAR SIR,

AN argument, I admit, may be "*plausible* but not sound." But may it not be "*sound,*" and yet so attenuated as to be good for nothing but glitter and

Since my arrival in England, I have endeavoured to preach the gospel of God my Saviour in sincerity and in truth, and according to the ability God has given. My manner of illustrating the truths of the gospel, I cannot consider altogether singular or peculiar to myself, as there are many ministers who avail themselves of similar advantages for the elucidation of truth. It is not however improbable, that I may sometimes draw more largely upon *nature* and *active life* for *similes* than many of my brethren. I often think there is a necessity for this, circumstanced as I am with a crowd of sinners around me, composed of various grades of character, who must be brought first to *understand*, and then to *feel the truth;* and this, not for a *few meetings* only, but throughout a series of services, in the same town, and extending through a succession of several months.

Bold as have been my appeals to sinners, and *mysterious* and *hazardous* as have been some of my delineations of character; and, frequently as the bow has been drawn at a venture; I know my heart is right with God: and even those who have heard, with *amaze*, those appeals to certain characters, have been afterwards compelled to acknowledge, *that He has confirmed the word* by signs following.

JAMES CAUGHEY.

Spark Brook House, Birmingham, *Feb.* 16, 1846.

York, November 18*th,* 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND H * * *,

THE objections, noticed by you, to the Rev. James Caughey, are only such as have taken the round of the social circle, and absolutely become stale by repetition: I have heard them so

show? It is said that a single grain of gold may be beaten so thin, as to cover fifty square inches; re-

often in my wanderings, that they have now become like the dust on the causeway along which I walk, and are passed over with the buoyant step of a youth of eighteen. It affords me pleasure to find, that you are breaking away from your prejudices, and that the excellent persons to whom you refer have also got their minds disabused on the subject. Most of the objections have originated either in ignorance or malice—proceeding, in the first instance, from the professors of religion, and, in the second, from the profane; designed, of course, in the one case, and undesigned in the other: and the two uniting in their progress through society, have formed, at length, a kind of common stock, out of which, persons so disposed, are helping themselves—employing at the same time such latitude of meaning, and such vividness of colouring, as occasionally to give a new face and form to detached portions—not unfrequently uttering them with such an air of the oracular, as to impress you with the notion, that the oracle has spoken for the first time, and that the objection is the result of personal observation and special investigation. It is amusing, in one view, to find the "wise says" met with in Ireland, struggling to obtain currency in England, and after passing from lip to ear, winding their way through almost every grade of society, from John o'Groat's house in Scotland to Land's End in Cornwall, passing off very often in the shape of "new discoveries." In listening to the tales of *oral* reporters, I am often reminded of Mr. Wesley's remark to the celebrated Beau Nash, who, on demanding the authority of the allegations of the latter, and being informed that he spake from "*common report*," very significantly and pungently retorted, "I dare not judge of you by *common report*." This was admirable, and must have been felt like the keen edge of a razor. Common report, in fact, is rarely to be trusted with either sentiment, expression, or character: many an honest man, on the testimony of such a witness, would grace the gallows; the immaculate Saviour of man would not escape censure from the very creatures he came to save; nor would the reporters themselves, if tried at the same bar, escape serious blame in other matters, at the moment they are laying the "flattering unction" to their souls of personal innocence.

> "O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as others see us,
> It wad frae monie a blunder free us!"

quiring more than twenty thousand leaves of it to make one inch in thickness. Whether our argu-

The objection to Mr. Caughey's want of filial affection, supported, as was supposed, by the fact of his leaving America with the professed design of visiting his mother in Ireland, and of being months in that island without ever once going near her, is on a par with most of the others; for the truth is, that his mother resided in America, and died there before he quitted the shores to cross the Atlantic. As to the members neglecting their classes, during his ministrations, matter of fact is against the charge: on the testimony of the leaders, not only do the *new* members meet regularly, but the *old* ones are improved in their attention to the duty: but if even this were not the case, I cannot conceive why the blame should rest so heavily upon Mr. Caughey, since his exhortations are so pointed and frequent on the subject—urging the whole society to be punctual in attendance on this excellent, prudential ordinance. In all other matters of moment, he is, as far as I am able to judge, a genuine Wesleyan, supporting his positions with an apparent enthusiastic appeal to the writings of Mr. Wesley. But, to the points in question:—

You ask—not because you are disposed to believe it, but because you have heard it—"Is not Mr. Caughey open to the charge of *vanity*, in so often quoting himself,—appealing to his experience and observations?" The charge may unquestionably be preferred, but the proof may not be quite so easily established. Are the persons, it may be demanded, who prefer it, entitled to respect, or remarkable for humility themselves? or rather, are they not seeking for an apology for their own vacancy and inexperience in the things of God—habitually shrinking from the scriptural practice of declaring the work of the Spirit to others? In the Epistles of the Apostles, and especially those of St. Paul, we do not only find *allusions*, but lengthened accounts of personal *experience*, *faith*, and *practice*. These, of course, on the same principle, are subject to the same charge. Nor is the venerable Wesley less so, in giving his experience in *print* to the world, in his published Journals, during his life. Such an objection, if fairly followed out, will lead to the subversion, not only of lovefeasts, but class and band meetings. The royal Psalmist was not ashamed of giving a general invitation to such as were disposed to accept it, to come and listen to him, while declaring what God had done for his soul: nor are the Preachers backward in employing his example as an argument, in urging the members of society to speak, when

ments are "plausible, but not sound," or sound, but not plausible, or plausible and sound, we should

timidity, modesty, or other conflicting feelings, produce a temporary pause on the subject of personal experience in a large assembly. What, are we to urge others to speak, and to remain silent ourselves? Are we to have ordinances established among us for the express purpose of coming at each other's experience, and of aiding that experience when we have arrived at the desired knowledge, and to remain mute, as Christian teachers? Are we to hear the experience of others, and are they not to be privileged with ours? Is the shepherd to know where and how the flock are feeding, and are they to remain ignorant of the fact, where and how he himself is living? His own experience—if good, can do them no harm; if bad, or meagre, there is a reason for its concealment. If *experience* is only to be shown in *practice*, there is at once an end of the fellowship of saints. I should be glad to know too, what, in such case, becomes of the *pulpit* and the *press*. The Wesleyans assume it as a fact, that their ministers are not of that class of public teachers, who deal in *unfelt* truths: this being the case, why should a man, who has a right to the advantage of that opinion on the part of the people, be subject to the charge of vanity, on letting it out to them,—that such and such statements are the result of his own *experience* and *observation?* Is a man to make use of his intellect, his eyes, and his ears, and to give the result of his observations to the world, on all that comes under his notice, save his own *experience*, as a Christian minister? Is all to be kept sacredly boxed up in his soul till he dies,—till his biographer, should he have one, is pleased to let out the secret to the public? Are politicians, philosophers, agriculturists, chemists—in short, all classes of *Experimentalists*, to publish the result of their experience and operations to the wide world, and is a Christian minister not to be allowed to tell his still more important tale to—say, a thousand professing Christians, enclosed within the walls of God's house, where his theme is not only suited to the place, but where he meets with the hearty response of the one half of his auditory, and where the other half ought to be ashamed of themselves, either because of their stunted growth in the divine life, or want of relish for divine things? I need not tell you, that a minister has to think, hear, read, see, and feel for others than himself; and is not unfrequently obliged, like the Apostle Paul, to become "*a fool*," even in matters of experience, and at the hazard of being

take care not to allow the line of a witty poet to be applied to our lucubrations:—

"Climb o'er the house, to unlock the little gate!"

charged with the pride of *boasting*, for the sake of others—that the grace of God may be magnified in him. As it regards myself, I confess, that my confidence is generally strengthened, when, in reading a work, or listening to a narrative, I find the author or the speaker able to add—"I *heard*—I *saw*—I *felt* it." In such case, I find myself at the spring head: and if there is judgment, combined with sincerity and good general character for truthfulness, I consider myself as indebted to the individual, for thus stooping to confirm my faith in this particular way;—I say *stooping*, for all the pride of human nature will rise up in rebellion against it. Every Christian minister is bound to go before his flock, not only in doctrine and practice, but in *experience;* and those are the most apt to conceal their religion, who have the least to make known. It would be well if, on this subject, ministers were a little more communicative: it would preserve them from many improprieties, as the people would then have a check upon them in social life, by being able, as in the case of "The Pulpit and the Reading Desk," to confront the preacher with the man. Do not mistake me: I am not contending for a constant exhibition of personal experience, and of such incidents and providences as have come under our own notice, or with which we may have been either immediately or remotely connected; but there is a difference between a little, and none at all—between a completely sealed fountain, and a few drops; and a man has no more occasion to be ashamed of his Christian experience, than he has to be ashamed of its divine author—Jesus Christ. It is doubtful whether, in such case, we are not shrinking from the cross, and whether such backwardness is not traceable to the pride and carnality of the human heart.

The other question—"Does not Mr. Caughey pretend to something like *immediate inspiration*, in reference to *character*," &c.? receives an answer in his *mode* of *address*, and generally lies in the simple, but effective use of a *single word*—the *pronoun;* employing the *singular* instead of the *plural*, like the old prophet,—"*Thou—thou—thou* art the man:" Take a case—and one will illustrate many more: in a congregation of *mixed* characters—sinners of every description, comprizing from twelve hundred to two thousand persons, the preacher asserts—"There is a *man* in the *gallery*, who has *grieved* the SPIRIT of GOD,—

It is not for me to state how far attenuation applies to your letter, till I see how I succeed with the *material* of

he knows it—he feels it; to him, I am speaking," &c., &c. Would he be wide of the mark? Is there *one* who *has not?* It does not require the vision of a seer, to authorize a man to make this statement; or to foretel how it will be taken by some, and interpreted by others. A person takes it *home* to *himself*, and the preacher is published as a *discerner* of *spirits!* Or, we may advert to persons in *debt*, and unwilling to pay; availing themselves of various discreditable shifts and excuses to put off the day of reckoning. How many are there of these in a large assembly, owing from one to ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty pounds, and even more, with almost every figure between? Let the minister state,—"There is a man in this congregation indebted to another—(say a certain sum); he might have paid him but has not: till that specific sum is paid, the man has no right to expect mercy at the hand of God," &c. Would a *personal* appeal be out of place here? Could a minister fire a shot of this kind among so many *crows*, without *hitting* and *wounding* some? Any man acquainted with *human nature*, in all its *dishonesty* and *selfishness*, and with the *state* of *society*, in its *wants*, its *commerce*, its *borrowing* and *lending*, its *trusting*, *swindling*, *over-reaching*, its *day-books* and *ledgers*, may select a hundred cases, in which *hundreds* are *implicated*, and feel in silence such personal and pointed appeals: but there is *only one*, perhaps, who yields to the *blow*, and has *simplicity* enough to *publish* the *effect* of the appeal to the *world*, and *honesty* enough to pay his *debts*, at the *bidding* of the SPIRIT of GOD in the *ministry of the word*. On this principle, every faithful minister is a *seer*; and it is not uncommon for persons to charge others with having informed the preacher of some facts relative to their personal history. The *thoughts* of their hearts are made *manifest* to *themselves* by the *ministry*, in the first instance, and then, by themselves, to *others*, in the next.

As to the question—"Is it correct, that the converts in these revivals disappear with the instrument of them?" 1. I should like an answer to some other questions, before that is attended to: and the querist will allow me to ask, in return, Is it a fact, that *all* who profess to receive good, relinquish their hold of religion, and go back into the world? 2. Is it to be admitted, that, if they are not found in *one society*, they are not, therefore, to be found in *another*;—if not in one circuit,—not, therefore, in another;—if not among the *Wesleyans*,—not in other *religious communities?* Who, among the objectors, will

my reply. There is, perhaps, no small danger of my being just now guilty of what I have always depre-

take the credit of possessing the knowledge necessary, both for extent and accuracy, to answer a question of this nature? But, 3. Are not *scores* of persons to be found, in different places, who, in these revivals, were brought under serious impressions, and who, to the present moment, have maintained as creditable a Christian profession, as those who can boast of a *less turbulent*, though, perhaps, a much *slower process*? 4. If *ten* are saved to *God* and *society* out of every *hundred*, is not a revival to be hailed with joy? There are ministers—I do not say Wesleyans, who pass away from among men, without the *knowledge* of a single *reformation*,—omitting everything in the shape of *conversion*, having ever been effected by their ministry—a ministry, perhaps, of thirty or forty years continuance! 5. Should it, however, even be the fact—which is not admitted, that the *converts* in these *revivals* do *not stand*,—What then? Are we, in consequence of this, to assume it as a further fact, that the work was *not genuine*? Would not such assumption operate against any work being *real* in the *backslider*, in any other given case, from a David to a Peter, with every grade between, and also lead to the doctrine of "Once in grace, always in grace?" For this, no thorough Wesleyan will contend. "A desire to flee from the wrath to come," is as genuine a *work* of *God*, in its *degree*, and for the *time being*, (and, as such, is recognized, by being made the *condition* of *admission* to *church-membership*,) as true *repentance*, and will lead to the latter, to Christ, and to heaven, if not checked. Revivals, generally speaking, are *beginnings*; and without them, there can be no glorious *finish*. We must take the *beginning* on our way to the *end*. The best of *seed* may be sown, and yet *fail*, when no fault is to be found with either the grain, or the husbandman that has scattered it: the soil, the season, and a hundred other things, have to be taken into the account. I go further, and maintain, that no man is accountable, unless it be through *neglect*, or the propagation of *error*, for the *stability* and *standing* of his *converts*: no more than the husbandman, just referred to, after having sown *good seed* in his field, and *seen* it *spring up*, is responsible for "the full corn in the ear,"—is bound, in short, to protect it from mildew, the birds of the air, &c., and to ensure a succession of fruitful seasons: no more than a *parent* is responsible for the *good behaviour* of his *child*, during his *absence*, or can be expected to secure steadfastness in every case through a *prolonged life*.

cated, since I began to use the pen,—*prolixity;* that is, "To draw the thread of my verbosity finer than the staple of my argument."

And this brings me to another point: if the minister, who is the honoured instrument of a revival of the work of God, manifests nothing but ardent zeal, preaches the truth as it is in Jesus, and burns with pure love to God and man, while in the midst of it, is obliged to remove to *another place*, where the same *spirit* is evinced, the same *plans* are adopted, the same *unwearied diligence* is observed, and the same *signs* follow,—if this, I say, were to be the case, it is but reasonable to believe, and charitable to hope, that had he continued, being the same in *spirit* and *practice*, that the work also would have continued —new converts being added, and those of an earlier date not only preserved but strengthened. You will perceive by this remark, if not, where I am, at least where I wish to be. When a child *sickens*, or becomes *wayward*, the fault, perhaps, is as much in the *nurse* and the *tutor*, as in the *parent*. Apply this, not only to Mr. Caughey—for why should he stand alone as a mark to be shot at? but to zealous *itinerant* ministers generally. When a man has been honoured of God in the *conversion* of others, he is compelled, agreeably to the economy of Methodism, to leave his *converts* in the hands of others: but unless there is the same anxious care in *nursing*, as in *bringing* them at first to God,—to *keep*, as to *lay hold*, no wonder that there should be a *falling away*. Now, without calling in question either the *piety* or the *good sense* of the brethren, it is well known that, in the present day, as in apostolic times, "There are diversities of gifts"—yes, and of *views* and *feelings* too,—or why so many clashing opinions on the subject of these revivals? This being admitted, suppose a preacher to enter into the labours of one of our revivalists, who, constitutionally, is disinclined to everything like agitation, noise, fermentation, and what not, and who, from a certain course of training, some peculiar views, associations, or prepossessions, has been led to express his disaffection, is it at all likely, that the new converts will profit under the ministry of such a man, or even respect him, to the extent in which they would have improved under another of the same spirit and views with the man under whose ministry they were roused to a sense of their danger? I have no wish here to encourage fastidiousness: but we know enough of human nature, to assure us of its likes and dislikes, and somewhat too much of the Wesleyan body, not to feel pained at the difference which even *older members* make between preachers

But *you* are really eloquent. I am a little poetically inclined sometimes; and it will be well if such

on the same circuit, appointed by the Conference,—one for Paul, and another for Apollos. If the *old* are often fickle to a fault, can we expect the *young* to walk without halting? *Special meetings, special nursing, special training*, will be found as necessary *after*, as *during* a *revival*. A revival must be carried on, as well as begun. We have not done with it, when the tumult subsides, when the effervescence goes off, when the groans of penitents die on the ear. Let those then, in the *first* place, cease to rail against revivals, who make no *extra effort* to *preserve* the *field* that has been *won*. The excellent men on the York circuit, Messrs. Walton, Cheetham, Curnock, and Radcliffe, are anxiously labouring, by extra efforts, to preserve to the church, in the revival here, the souls that have been brought out of the world. *Secondly*, let no Wesleyan be forward to speak against, what some persons are pleased to designate—"*noisy meetings*," till he is satisfied that Mr. Wesley was in the wrong in first *sanctioning* them—the meetings themselves having been the *starting point* of experimental religion in Methodism. But I forbear here, as you are acquainted with my views of such meetings, in the small tract, on the "ORDER *of* GOD," appended to the "Village Blacksmith." *Thirdly*, least of all—and an appeal is here made to ministers belonging to every religious community, ought that man to impugn the labours of others in revivals, who rarely, if ever, in his ordinary work, either *sees* or *hears* tell of any fruit of his own ministry? *non-usefulness* will do very well to pair with the supposed *blasted fruit* of others.

Just a word, if you please, on another topic. Much has been said on the subject of Mr. Caughey not being in church-fellowship with any Christian community, on his roving at large and not being responsible to any established authority for his conduct. There would be weight in this, if founded in fact. And yet, I should be glad to know under whose authority John and Charles Wesley, together with George Whitfield and others, acted, when they took the liberty of going from town to town and parish to parish. They were expelled from the pulpits of the Established Church; they were under no control; they became their own masters—leaped over hedge and ditch—and we are thankful for it; nor would the Wesleyans have existed as a body, but for such ecclesiastical waywardness: and whatever claims they instituted to church-membership, they were not admitted by the regular clergy. As for the sanction of the Bishops,

powerful gusts as your letter contains, do not drive me forward, like yourself, into the regions of poesy. However, when all your flowers are plucked, and laid in a "nosegay by themselves," and "the entire stems,"—pardon me, *arguments*,—are reduced to *sober prose*, they amount to this: "I consider the state of these new converts in no other light than that of a state of *terror*." But they are really *happy*; and surely you will allow this feeling to be inconsistent with the idea we attach to that little English word. "Their state is that of high excitement; a reaction must take place, when it is likely they will fall into the opposite extreme." Perhaps not. "They are merely frightened into a religious life." This may be true, and yet it is possible they are converted; and that which was occasioned by "a fright," may

Mr. Wesley's Works furnish evidence sufficient, in what light he was beheld by the Episcopal Bench. The fact is, he was viewed as a mere outlaw. Let us, then, in looking at our origin, not forget that *candour* is due in cases where *justification* is not always to be had. Now, Mr. Caughey is a *member* and *minister* of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America;—as fully so, though in England, as Messrs. Reece, Hannah, and Newton were members of the English Conference, when in America. The visit of these brethren was *sanctioned* by the *Conference*; and the visit of Mr. Caughey to Europe is *sanctioned* by his *bishop*, whose letter of approval I have seen, and which letter not only recognizes him as a *brother*, but states that his return to America will be hailed with joy by the church. As to authority, he is under the control of every superintendent, whose circuit he visits, into which he is pressed by sheer importunity, and who has the power to refuse him access to the pulpits, should he deem it proper.

Excuse haste: I have no time to enter upon other points noticed by you, though persuaded that they are all capable of satisfactory solutions. The writer to whom you refer is remarkable for perspicuity, research, force, and occasional grace; but he is not sufficiently evangelical in his sentiments.

Ever your's

Most truly,

JAMES EVERETT.

last to the end of their life. But is it not very remarkable, that they all, every one of them, thank God they ever heard the doctrine and preaching which "frightened" them out of their sins "into a religious life?" Did not St. Paul declare, that knowing the "terrors of the Lord," he "persuaded men?" Should you or any servant of God be displeased, if thousands of these sinners, who encompass us on every side, many of them very vile, were scared out of their sins; "frightened" away from the service of the devil, into obedience to God? Does it matter *how* a sinner is brought to repentance, if it only be *genuine?* I freely admit, the sinner can only be justified in *one way,*—through faith in the merits of Christ's death; but I will not allow he can be awakened to a concern for his soul in *one way* ONLY. *Facts* are against such a position. You may, it is true, be among those who discard FACTS, and wish to reason without them; but it is neither *philosophical* nor *scriptural.* "The man who writes, speaks, or meditates," says Lord Bacon, "without being well stocked with facts, as landmarks to the understanding, is like a mariner who sails along a treacherous coast without a pilot, or one who adventures in the wide ocean without the rudder or compass." Weigh well that beautiful passage in the epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians. Lest you should be indisposed to turn to it, I shall quote it for you: "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all. But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal." 1 Cor. xii. 4—7. This is a striking and singularly expressive piece of composition, and allows great latitude in the operations of the Godhead, in bringing about the salvation of man. I glory in this,

that the gospel of Christ, assisted by the influence of the Holy Spirit, is the revealed instrumentality from heaven, for the conversion of sinners; but this does not exclude the Lord from awakening men to a concern for their souls, by his providences, and by his judgments. That they are regenerated by these, no spiritual man will assert; but they may learn righteousness (Is. xxvi. 9), they may be aroused,—"frightened," if you please,—into an agonizing concern for their souls by them. And far more terrific may be their sensations, under these, than if a living preacher were thundering "hell and damnation" in their ears from the pulpit. It is not an easy matter to terrify a sinner, sitting in a comfortable chapel, in good health, and with no certain prospect of dying soon; it is, indeed, utterly impossible, unless the Spirit of God, which can alone reach the conscience, take hold of the man; then the thing is done indeed, and effectually. Now, if "a manifestation of the Spirit is given to EVERY MAN to profit withal;" and if "there are DIFFERENCES of administrations, and DIVERSITIES of operations;" and "all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit;" would it not be wrong to limit the beginnings of these divine manifestations? or to deny that the Spirit of God may use the instrumentality of various providences and judgments, wielded as they may be by the omnipotence of God? May not such an *administration of terror* be subservient to a preparation for diversity of gifts; among which are "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost?"

How can you be ignorant of the *fact*, that the elements of terror are frequently used by the Almighty for the conversion of sinners; that these are often rendered all-powerful,—

> "To force the conscience to a stand,
> And drive the wanderer back to God?"

I was present in the awful and important hour, when a most powerful revival commenced, under the following circumstances and instrumentality: In the town of Burlington, State of Vermont, United States, we had a small Methodist society. It had been in existence several years; but having no "house of worship," and having to hold their meetings in school houses, and in private dwellings, their influence with the community was very limited. A few brethren, assisted by several of the inhabitants of the place, resolved to build a house for God. After many painful struggles and sacrifices, the church (so Methodist chapels are called in the United States) was completed and dedicated. The pastor and his little flock, entering into conversation respecting their depressed state in such an important town, came to the conclusion, now that they had a church, that something should be done towards filling it with regular hearers; and also to increase the number of converted members. It was resolved accordingly, to hold a "protracted meeting." The prospects of a revival were very problematical to their feeble faith. The pastor secured the assistance of several ministers, among whom was the writer. Many said, "What can these feeble Methodists do?" We felt the force of the remark, and humbled ourselves before God. We had preaching every night, but could make no impression upon hardened sinners. One night, after a sermon from Romans xii. 1, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service," and just as the congregation was retiring, and before we knew of a single case of *awakening*, and I should think before fifty of the audience got out, a most tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, burst over the town. The windows of the church were unusually

large, and they appeared all in a blaze, from the effect of the lightning. The mass of the people were arrested in a moment. It was at a season of the year when thunder is very seldom heard in that country. The storm raged in fury; and one of the preachers, a plain young man, began to exhort, and wielded with power that passage in the eleventh Psalm: "*Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire, and brimstone, and an horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup.*" Thus while God thundered and lightened outside, his minister did the same within. It was a scene of terror and awful grandeur. Some began to tremble, and weep, and pray. At length there was a movement toward the ministers, where they were standing at the altar; not to take vengeance upon the fiery exhorter, but to cry for mercy from that God who was thundering through the heavens, and to seek an interest in the prayers of his people. Still the storm continued, with peals of loudest thunder, which were re-echoed by successive bursts of the most impassioned appeals to the consciences of terrified sinners. Nothing was heard but,—

> "See the storm of vengeance, gathering
> O'er the path you dare to tread;
> Hear the awful thunder rolling,
> Loud and louder, o'er your head!"

And all this attended by the deep and subdued groans of sinners, slain by the sword of the Spirit. This was help in time of need. Victory, from the Lord of hosts, was on our side from that hour; and the victories achieved by a preached gospel, during the three or four weeks following, amazed the whole town.

"But," you will be ready to inquire, "did not many of these go back to their former course of life, after their *fright* was over?" A few did so; but a large majority are still living in the enjoyment of that grace, which "the terror of the storm" drove

them to seek. A few did, indeed, "Measure back their steps to earth again." But if this argument be allowed to make against the results of this extraordinary providence, it may be wielded equally against the *fruits* of the "ordinary and sober services" of the ordinary ministry of the gospel. How many are constrained to a serious course of life, by all that is mild, enlightening, and softening, in a "quiet and peaceful delivery" of the gospel message; are even converted to God, and yet afterwards relapse into a wicked life.

Several of the subjects of the above revival have since passed into the eternal world. I visited some of them on their death-beds, and the scenes of holy triumph I witnessed there, were sufficient to convince the most abandoned infidel of the truth of religion. That revival is yet remembered by the people of Burlington with great interest; and God has since honoured them with a succession of revivals, into which that church has entered with increased confidence. Such have been the results of these divine visitations, that Methodism has arisen to such a point of importance in that town, as to enable its friends, a few months since, to entertain, during its session, the Troy Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

I remember *another* revival, which occurred in the city of Montreal, Canada, in the winter of 1835; but its commencement showed a difference of administration by the same Spirit. I had not the privilege of being present during the hour in which was displayed this manifestation of the power of God over mind. Those who witnessed it, informed me that it was a scene of overpowering interest. During more than one week they had preaching every night. On the evening in question, the discourse was more than usually pointed and solemn. A death-like stillness pervaded the large

assembly. At the close of the sermon, an unexpected influence came down upon the people. But instead of two or three persons manifesting a desire for salvation, the entire congregation seemed to be moved at once, like a forest bending beneath a heavy gale. There was very little noise; no shouting or screaming; but many tears and sighs among the multitudes; and strong men bowing themselves, in penitential sorrow, before the Lord God of hosts, with earnest prayer; but evidently restraining the deep emotions which agitated their souls. When an invitation was given to penitents, and they were exhorted to come forward for the prayers of God's people, the aisles were speedily filled, all crowding toward the communion rails; rich and poor were seen mingling together. I cannot enter into all the particulars; but it was supposed, that within the short space of four weeks, four hundred sinners were converted to God. That city, several times since, has been visited with revivals of religion. In the year 1827, there was a visitation of this kind, which resulted in the conversion of two hundred souls; and again, in 1841, two hundred found peace with God. I had the delightful privilege of being present during these three revivals. In all these outpourings of the Holy Spirit, that noble and blessed people, with their ministers, local preachers, and class leaders, entered into the work with an ardour that did them credit, while it showed how highly they estimated each previous revival.

In a certain part of America, surrounded with woods, a minister of Jesus was preaching the gospel to a listening crowd. A stranger, on horse-back, proceeding through the forest, hearing the sound of a human voice, paused; and then, through curiosity, approached sufficiently near to hear the truth delivered by the earnest preacher; but did not alight. What

he heard, it seems, made no impression upon his mind at the time, and he continued his journey. As he rode along, he began to reflect upon the importance of the truth he had just been hearing. The Spirit of God accompanied his meditations in so forcible a manner to his conscience, that he fell from his horse, as one dead. How long he lay upon the ground, he could not tell; but, upon coming to his senses, he perceived that a surprizing change had taken place in his mind. Love, peace, and sweet communion with God, had taken possession of his heart; he was a new creature in Christ Jesus. Upon looking round for his horse, it was gone, and had carried off his portmanteau, in which was all his money, etc. Returning upon his track, he found the animal entangled by the bridle in a brake, and all his property safe. He remounted, and proceeded on his way rejoicing. When he arrived at a certain town, (a place, by the way, notorious for wickedness,) he began to proclaim what great things God had done for his soul. The people were astounded, and considered the man *insane*, and were about to confine him. He told them, with heaven beaming in his countenance, that he had never been in the right exercise of his reason till a few hours before; but that now, he was in his right mind, and very happy in God; and that they need not give themselves any uneasiness about him. He then related the circumstances of his conversion, and exhorted them to flee from the wrath to come. The power of God attended his exhortations; and many gave heed to the things spoken by the stranger; a revival began from that day, and a great number of people were the saved of the Lord.

The particulars connected with the above revival, may serve as a further answer to the question, "Do all revivals begin in the *same way?*" Had I time, I

could bring forward many other remarkable revivals, resulting in the conversion of hundreds of sinners, yet all differing in the "phenomena" of their beginnings. I cannot, however, conclude, without referring to your "particular views" upon such matters. If you are for calms by sea, I am for storms. That you have also "seen some lovely scenes by rivers' brink, or sunny dell; in waving woods and groves, watered by crystal rills;" and that you, and many others, have felt the power of God there, and rejoiced in the evidences of his goodness, amidst these scenes of tranquil loveliness, I wish not to question; for I have felt the same, a thousand times, myself. Nor shall I dispute that you have had your "intellectual feasts," and some rich foretastes of heaven, when listening to your favourite minister. You describe sea scenery very well; with all its "constant sympathies with yonder sky; crisped smiles, luxuriant heavings, and sweet whisperings!"

> "Hail, splendid picture! molten print!
> Medal of majesty divine!
> Coinage of heaven's illustrious mint;
> Perpetual currency is thine.
>
> And why hath Jehovah, in forming the world,
> With waters divided the land?
> His rampart of rocks round a continent hurl'd,
> And cradled the deep in his hand?"

But why did you not add that other verse:—

> "What can thy angry strength restrain?
> Deep, rolling, huge, circumfluous form;
> Swinging in gravitation's chain,
> Boiling and foaming in the storm!"

I doubt whether you have ever been out of sight of land, to say nothing of witnessing the effects of a storm at sea, on the minds of sinners; as much as I doubt your theory, that "such exhibitions of elemental

wrath" are incapable of making those religious impressions that are lasting, and which "tend directly to the conversion of the soul." I question whether you have, in the course of your life, been able, from close observation, to philosophise upon such a scene; as I doubt whether, until very lately, you have seen the "elements of terror," within the grasp of every minister of God, wielded as they should be for the awakening and conversion of sinners. But I can testify, from actual observation, that conversions, by what you term "the artillery of terror," whether elementary, or by the powerful voice of a living ministry, have been as real and as lasting as those which have occurred amidst the calm of nature, or when the soft persuasive arguments of the Sabbath sermon have won sinners to Christ; while they illustrated, at the same time, that fine couplet of an elegant poet,—

> "Fit words attend on weighty sense,
> And mild persuasion flows in eloquence."

You have had your poetic excursion; now allow me mine. I think it most prudent, however, to keep within the territories of "*nimble* prose." When the might of the tempest is let loose upon the ocean, and its surface is boiling into foam; when its waters are being scooped to the deepest abyss, and the billows are heaped to the clouds,—"confounding the deep, perplexing the sky;" when the reeling vessel is tossing to and fro, or hanging in straining suspense upon the billowy precipice, and again descending, like an arrow, into the yawning gulf; when the sails are rent from the spars, and the waves have obtained a clear passage over the deck, and the masts are shivered from the labouring hull, as if shattered by a thunderbolt from heaven,—behold the terrified crew and passengers. "They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their souls are melted,

because of trouble;" trouble in the conscience, as well as trouble from the raging elements. But the sense of discomfort from without may have become more bearable, than that which is felt within. The fiercest uproar of the angry storm, may not equal at this time the alarming accents of an awakened conscience. The inflictions of that vicegerent of God within, may strip and wreck the soul, with more unfailing certainty, than the repeated onsets of the howling tempest, which have left the ship sailless and mastless. The impending death of the body; its descent into the wide, insatiable, and unsearchable grave of the sea, and the close con tact with the monsters of the deep, staring through the troubled foam at this fresh cargo of humanity, slowly descending to the profoundest floors of this dreary cemetery,—ocean's shambles; where monsters indescribable, which never seek the upper waters, are fed with ample supplies of human beings, driven from the regions afar;—alas! all this may not be so horrible to the soul, at such an hour, as the appalling probability of dying in sin; and of a descent into the blackness of darkness; an exchange of a deluge of water, for one of fire and pain; a downward progress into the pit that is bottomless; a dismal and immediate fellowship with the monsters of hell, the vilest beings that ever walked our planet; and a dreadful acquaintanceship with infuriated devils; a full knowledge of the torments of the damned, from personal experience; an identical conjunction with the "worm that never dies;" and a sensible immersion into the "fire that never shall be quenched." In a word, the foaming billows, "Running mountains high," which encompass them on every side, menacing every moment their removal from the wave-washed deck, may present no aspect of terror, compared with the waves of damnation, descried by the eye of faith.

Behold the horrors of the wreck! Imagine the

climax of their woes; the termination of the appalling catastrophe. The terrors of the storm increase. Deep calleth unto deep. The waves seem as if lifting themselves to the skies; and the skies, in their turn, as if let down into the abyss. The vessel staggers and plunges from wave to wave. A nail starts, a seam opens, the leak increases; when, lo! a bleak and rocky coast is discovered to leeward, from the foaming brow of an impetuous billow. Hark! Hear the agonizing cry, "Lord, have mercy upon us! Save, Lord, or we perish!"

Here, dear Sir, is a scene of excitement, far beyond anything you have witnessed in these revival meetings. But tell me, if the Spirit of God may not be there; and whether this scene of terror and despair, by his almighty agency, may not work that "repentance which is unto life," just as effectually as under the searching appeals of "the Sabbath argument?" May not a dread of hell, and sorrow for sin, and a desire of forgiveness, and supplications for mercy, and faith in the blood of the atonement, be just as genuine, though excited by these terrific circumstances, as at a time when the storm is hushed, and the glassy surface of the ocean is mirroring its heavenly counterpart; and the gallant vessel, under a sweet and gentle breeze, in full sail, is speeding her way to the port of her destination?

May not the promptings of conscience to "flee from the wrath to come," the Spirit's influences, and the intercessions of Christ, and the invitations of pardoning love, be just as available, through the mercy of God, during such a season of peril as I have described, as when nature, in her softest loveliness, is encompassing him who in the most quiet seclusion is earnestly seeking salvation?

Take another instance. Think of a time when the storm is abroad over the landscape, bleakened as it is

by the reign of winter; when it advances to the fury of a hurricane, bearing on its wings the hail or the snow. The night has set in with the accumulating storm, and the family are housed from the careering elements. Sheltered as they are from the storm that rages abroad, is it not natural they should think of the abodes of poverty, the fireless hearth, and scanty covering; or that they should sigh for the sailor on the foaming deep; or pity the benighted traveller, whom, in imagination, they see exposed to the relentless fury of such fearful elements. Supposing the storm to augment; uprooting lofty trees, and shaking to its foundations the hitherto secure mansion; how easy it is to conceive a transfer of their concern for others, to a consciousness of their own immediate danger; and a rapid turning of their anxieties for their personal danger, to the more awful peril of their unprepared souls. May not the uproar of contending elements awaken fears quite as exciting as those called forth by the alarming accents of an earnest preacher? Are you certain that a class of sensations, arising from a sudden view of the evil nature of sin, and the hell to which it has exposed them; a desire besides for pardon from that God, who is now wielding these tremendous elements, may not be quite equal to all you think may be felt under the searching truth of God in the sanctuary? And are you prepared to deny that the Spirit of God, on such an occasion, may lead such persons to the repentance and faith which are essential to a change of heart; and all this "quite as evangelical," too, as when a sinner repents and believes in a meeting where you might hear a pin fall, or alone, and surrounded by the charms of a summer's landscape? Nor are you, I would presume, prepared to come forward with *arguments and facts*, to show that conversions which occur under such alarming circum-

stances, are not quite as permanent as those you contend for as occurring in a more quiet way. If not, away with all this "cant," that these "frenzied sermons," and "appalling exposures of hell," and "terrific appeals to the passions," can accomplish "nothing more than a FRIGHT and an *excitement*, which terminate with the occasion, without resulting in regeneration, or any permanent good to the subjects of it."

Is it not a fact, that during the awful visitation of the cholera, great multitudes were "frightened" into a reformation which was lasting; who, but for a fear of the consequences of that dreadful pestilence, would, it is most likely, have continued in their sins. I could name cities, where congregations and churches received large accessions, and where proofs the most convincing were given, that the cholera had produced an excitement which resulted in revivals of religion. The cholera was a revivalist then! It preached some tremendous truths, which the Holy Ghost condescended to apply. But it was an *administration of terror;* there were appeals to the passions, as well as the judgment. Very many, in these times of alarm, both in English and American towns, were known to have experienced all the softening influences of real repentance; their strong expressions of penitential sorrow, fervent prayers for mercy, and language indicative of confident peace with God, showed how genuine was the work wrought in their hearts by the Holy Spirit. The happy deaths of a numerous circle of these persons since, have confirmed the truth of these sentiments. I cannot therefore agree with you, that conversions arising "from circumstances of great alarm," are "transitory." It is my opinion, and I have had a good opportunity of judging, that a larger proportion of persons brought to God during a great revival, such as is now going on in this town, hold on their

way to heaven, than those converted in the ordinary means. Persons who are converted in a revival, usually, I think, set out with greater earnestness and decision, than those "brought in," in a more quiet and less exciting way. "I have observed," says Mr. Wesley, "that few who set out in good earnest go back; but of those who set out coldly, one out of five generally does."

Allow me, in conclusion, to say, that when you give place to these doubtful inquiries, you seem to lose sight of the great designs of God, in placing within a minister's reach those "elements of terror" revealed in the Bible; as, also, such elementary visitations, and alarming judgments as those to which I have referred; and which he himself wields to alarm a world of wickedness. I need not turn your attention to all the declarations of wrath he has uttered against the sinner; but consider that great decision from the volume of inspiration: "When thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness." Forget not that it is "*the Holy Spirit of God*," that gives significancy to these "elements of terror;" whether it be the mighty tempest, or "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, or the destruction that wasteth at noonday;" or the appeals of "tribulation and anguish, indignation and wrath, upon every soul that doeth evil," made by the alarming preacher to the sinners of his congregation. And shall the Spirit of God work in vain? Or shall he suffer tamely his wonderful work in the sinner's heart to be neutralized and counteracted? He will not, indeed, touch *free agency*, but he is very far from being unconcerned, as to the permanency of the important work begun in the souls of the newly converted.

I cannot deny myself the pleasure of transcribing for your consideration, the following sentiments of a friend of mine in America,—an able and successful

minister of Jesus Christ;* and as they bear so directly upon the subjects in question, I hope and pray they may be made a blessing to you.

In the hearing of his own congregation, he met the insinuations of certain opponents thus: "With as little sensibility as discrimination, it has been said, that these services have a direct, if not an unavoidable, tendency to produce hypocrites. It will not be denied that we are as well able to judge of this ourselves, as any mere observer can be supposed to be. Nor can it be thought in the least degree desirable to us to be specially surrounded by characters of that description. Hypocrisy is, under any circumstances, truly despicable; but in religion is absolutely abominable, and is abhorred not only by a holy God, but also by saints, angels, and devils. Perhaps our own community is not justly more chargeable with that hateful vice than are the other churches of Christendom. It would seem, indeed, that if any one wished to act the part of a religious hypocrite, he could not adopt a more irksome and unfortunate course than to come forward at a 'protracted meeting,' and subject himself to that special moral investigation and surveillance which are attached to such a position.

"We may have individuals among us whose general conduct and spirit are not so consistent as could be wished. Ministers of other communities have to make the same humiliating confession. But such we would rather regard as inconsiderate inmates of the moral infirmary, than intentional and execrable deceivers of those who have the oversight of them. Respecting such, our principle is, 'If there be any among us who habitually break any of our rules, let it be made known unto them who watch over that soul, as they that must give account. We will admonish him of the error of his ways, we will bear with him for a season. But

* The Rev. William M. Harvard.

then, if he repent not, he hath no more place among us. We have delivered our own souls.'*

"That some have 'fallen away' from the holy profession, after having been suddenly brought to embrace religion by the instrumentality of special services, must be the cause of deepest regret; and the more so as it is mournful matter of undeniable fact, that some who have thus declined from 'the way of righteousness,' have become far more wicked and degraded than they had even previously been. This, however, but proves the persevering malice of Satan, in tempting those who had 'clean escaped' from his domination,—the liability of our nature to sin while on earth, even in its best estate,—the necessity of habitual watchfulness and prayer 'lest we enter into temptation,'—and the more than parental care which is requisite on the part of those who have the charge of souls.

"(Should we admit, which we cannot for a moment, that the moral defection of an individual is a valid objection to the previous soundness of his religious principles, we should invalidate even the holiness of the state in which the innocent inhabitants of the primitive Eden came from the immaculate hands of their ineffable Creator!)

"But, that there is a greater proportion of such unhappy failures among those who are brought to God during occasions of special service, than has been found to occur among those whose religious character may be traced, under God, to the more ordinary services, is confidently denied. And so far as I have been able to investigate, I am free to confess myself a convert in favour of such denial. I demur considerably to the proposition, that the quality of a man's piety necessarily derives any advantage from the length of time it has taken to convert him to God. I believe the

* "Rules of the Society of the People called Methodists," drawn up by the Rev. John and Charles Wesley, May 1st, 1743.

reverse to be the fact; and that, as a general rule, the longer he hesitates in the first stage of his spiritual life, the less of steadiness there will be found in his subsequent career. There may be exceptions. But where shall we find greater energy and fidelity displayed in the service of Heaven, than we behold in that celebrated man, who, in the short space of seventy-two hours, was brought from the bitterest enmity against Christ Jesus, to the most adoring love to him; from being the cruel persecutor, to become the constant promoter of the faith of the Gospel?*

"I have been strongly inclined to the opinion that the average of clearness of conversion, decision of character, and energy and efficiency of instrumentality in the conversion of others, is not a little in favour of that class of believers who have been brought to God by the divine blessing on special efforts, or whose conversion, by whatever means produced, has been accomplished suddenly, or within but a short space of time. And I ask myself, why should we so much plead the need of MANY days or years, in order to the production of an instance of conversion, when we know that 'the excellency of the power' is 'of God, and not of us?'†

"It may be considered not an unimportant fact, as bearing on that part of the argument, that this very congregation presents the most encouraging evidence of the stability of individuals, brought to God by this species of sanctified instrumentality. The regular ordinances of our sanctuary have long been divinely owned in successive instances of real conversion of the clearest and most honourable and consistent character; for which we are humbly thankful to the gracious Head of the church. Not a few estimable individuals, thus saved from their sins, are now praising God in heaven; while others still remain with us, to live to his

* Acts ix. 9, 20, 22. † 2 Cor. iv. 7.

praise on earth. But it is rather a singular fact, that the result of a specific examination into the subject in 1837, was the discovery, that, in addition to the numbers removed to the better world during the solemn cholera years, fully one-half of the surviving members of that time, had been brought into the happy enjoyment of heartfelt religion through the means of special efforts of this description. I make this statement on the authority of a respected brother in the ministry, now present, and long and intimately acquainted with our church in this place."

Wishing you a happy new year, I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately in Jesus Christ our Lord,

J. C.

LETTER XXIII.

TO A FRIEND IN AMERICA.

Hull, January 5th, 1844.

My dear Sir,

Excuse this long silence. I mentioned in my last having commenced a series of services, in order to a general revival of the work of God in this town. During the first two weeks I had very straitened times in preaching; frequently, indeed, my mouth was almost closed. Do you understand this? I had difficulty in getting ideas, and quite as much in *expressing* them; as if they would die away on my lips. I could only account for these humiliating times on the supposition that they (the Methodists,) were depending upon an "arm of flesh," instead of trusting in the living God. They had heard, it seems, much about your friend; expectation was "on tip-toe;" nothing was looked for but some mighty and sweeping arguments, with bursts

of commanding eloquence, which would carry everything before them, mowing down sinners by hundreds. Had their faith been fixed in God for this, it is not unlikely he would have honoured it, by an immediate putting forth of his power, in an extraordinary manner. This was a sore trial to me; and my divine Master continued to let me down lower and lower. One night during this humiliation, an intelligent member said to her husband, as they were returning home, "That good man should not take a text at all." My soul was prostrated and humbled before God and man, and mourned in the dust. The Rev. William Illingworth, one of the ministers stationed in this town, one evening after preaching, explained to me, in a pleasant but serious manner, the great hinderance in the way of a revival. It is not necessary to repeat the conversation, as the substance is incorporated in the above, but his concluding advice went deep into my heart: "Hold on; preach as you can; by and by the people will lay hold of the throne of grace for themselves, by faith and prayer. They will not do this, however, till they have learned the useful lesson,—*man can do nothing*. Then we shall have a breaking down, such as you have not seen. This you may depend upon." This encouraged me; and we cheerfully, both in preaching and in various exhortations, laboured to show the people that without an influence from above, the gospel, with all our efforts, must continue a dead letter. Gehazi was sent by his master (2 Kings iv.) to lay the staff of Elisha upon the face of the dead child of the Shunammite. Gehazi ran, expecting to do wonders; just as some think of accomplishing great things by their sermons, without a proper dependence upon the Holy Ghost, and are doomed to a signal disappointment. Gehazi laid the staff upon the "head" of the child; like ministers of the gospel, who endeavour to drive the life of religion

into the hearts of sinners, by attacking the head, the *intellect only*. He stood by the corpse, anxiously watching the process, and hoping, no doubt, to have the miracle wrought *before his master arrived!* But the child remained as dead as the staff. "There was neither voice nor hearing." Satisfied at length, that the *means* had totally failed—I doubt whether the man spent five minutes in agonizing prayer for the recovery of the child—discouraged Gehazi went out to meet Elisha, exclaiming as they met, "The child is not awaked!" I wish all pious people, and all unsuccessful ministers, would thus return to their Lord and Master, saying, "The staff—the sermon has been applied to the sinner's head and heart, but he is not awakened!" Let them see to it, however, that they fall down and agonize with God, in the presence of the sinner, and leave no means untried, before they sink into despondency, and return forlornly to their God, as Gehazi to his master. Elisha said nothing, but went into the house, entered the chamber of death, and remained there alone with the corpse, praying to God. After which, he "lay upon" the dead boy, "and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands; and he stretched himself upon the child, and the flesh of the child waxed warm." The minister of Christ must address himself to the whole man, if he will have the dead sinner raised to life; the passions must be warmed and excited, as well as the eyes of the understanding opened. Elisha then arose "and walked in the house to and fro," no doubt greatly moved in himself, and crying earnestly to God. Again he repeated the experiment upon the child, using the means, and trusting in the power of a miracle-working God. At length there were *signs of life*, and a NOISE; the child sneezed seven times, opened his eyes, and was restored by Elisha, alive, to his joyful mother.

"*Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.*" Zech. iv. 6. "Christ had the key to open Lydia's heart," says an old divine, "but St. Paul might have preached his heart out, before Lydia's heart would have opened to let the word in, had not the Lord undertaken the work." Acts xvi. 14. Christ has the key to the human heart, but he must turn it, or it will remain obstinately and forever shut against all the preaching that may be thundered at the door! The word of God is a SEAL, (Rom. vi. 17, and Eph. iv. 30,) but it requires the hand of the Holy Ghost upon the word, in order to an *impression*. As powder to a bullet, so are faith and love in the heart of a minister, to make truth effective.

The people of God were exhorted and entreated to beseech the Lord of hosts to fill the hearts of his ministers with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; they were told again and again that the weightiest truth could accomplish nothing without the direct agency of the Spirit; that without this influence, the words of the preacher would fall like feathers or flakes of snow upon the congregation, and with a similar effect. The Lord applied such truths as the above to the hearts of many. The spirit of prayer descended upon the people; many of whom were now in an agony for the conversion of sinners. Hundreds of prayers ascended to heaven every day, and during every sermon, for "the outpouring of the Holy Spirit." The superintendent, the Rev. Robert Thompson, managed the prayer meetings admirably; and his colleagues, the Rev. William Illingworth, and the Rev. John Vine, came up to the help of the Lord, in a noble and energetic manner. The people of God, observing how *cordially* and *confidently* their ministers co-operated in the work, were cheered and encouraged to give all the aid within their power; their numbers increased in the meetings daily; and good men from every part

of the town rallied around our standard, and prayer became general. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," says St. James; and, says a good old minister, "If one trumpet sounds so loud in the ears of God, how much more a concert of all the silver trumpets of Zion sounding together. If one sigh of a praying man wafts the bark to the desired haven, or stirreth Zion's ship; how much more a gale of sighs, breathed by a thousand real Christians. Where so many hands are lifted up, how many blessings may they not pull down from heaven!" The valley of dry bones was stirred, (Ezek. xxxvii.) "There was a noise, and behold a shaking." The Spirit of God now moved in power, and breathed upon the slain, and they lived, and "stood up upon their feet," a little army of three hundred and fifty souls, who had passed from death unto life. More than one-half of this number, were already members of the Wesleyan church; some of whom had backslidden from God, and others had never been converted; the remainder were from the world. We found also, about two hundred persons, who had within a few weeks experienced the blessing of entire sanctification. Thess. v. 23, 24. All glory be to God! From George Yard chapel, (Methodist places of worship are all called chapels in this country; some members of the Establishment, call them "meeting-houses," others "preaching-houses," to degrade them as far as possible from their *churches;* this, of course, you would not bear in America,) we adjourned to the Kingston chapel; a new, large, and elegant edifice.

Considerable fear was entertained by many, as to the result of a special effort in this chapel, as it was a new interest, and very many of the pew holders were unconverted, and not a few of them comparative strangers to Methodism. But the people of God were too well acquainted with the source from whence we

obtained our victory at George Yard, to place a revival in this chapel upon the ground of *probability*. Indeed, the last Saturday evening we spent at George Yard, previous to commencing at Kingston, the Rev. Mr. Thompson told them, We must not go to that chapel under any other feeling than an *unconquerable* and unwavering determination to obtain a glorious victory for the Lord God of hosts. He then offered all the lovers of Jesus, in that band meeting, a "motto, and a watchword," to circulate through all their ranks; and advised it should be the language of their hearts as they passed along the streets to the chapel, and at every meeting there, VICTORY! VICTORY!! VICTORY!!! You know my sensitive nature; how easily weakened, how ready to be encouraged in conflicts such as these. My soul was happy; I felt as if I could run through a troop, and leap over a wall!

The following morning (Sabbath) we commenced the "special services" at Kingston; enjoyed a good day, and a number of sinners were converted to God. A few days had only passed away, when the revival was advancing with all the rapidity and power it had at George Yard. We continued to fight the battles of the Lord in this chapel, till the 30th ult., when it was ascertained, that more than two hundred sinners had been converted from the world, besides seventy or eighty members; there were also two hundred and fifty members who obtained the blessing of entire sanctification. The select meeting for the young converts, was similar to those I have described in other letters. Unite with me, my dear friend, in giving all the glory to God, for such wonderful displays of his power! The Lord is very good to me, his unworthy servant; and I am sure you will assist me in giving him thanks, for his great mercy in multiplying the evidences, that my mission to Europe was of God. It affords me great pleasure also, to say, that, under

God, much of this success has been owing to the "brotherly kindness" manifested by the superintendent and his worthy colleagues, during my stay among them. Everything was done by them to smooth my path, and to open to me a wide door of usefulness in this town; and with such *genuine good will* as none could misunderstand. It was seldom that there was not one of them present to take the management of the prayer meeting. Some of their exhortations, especially those of the Rev. Mr. Illingworth, were among the most soul-stirring and sinner-awakening appeals I have ever heard. The local preachers and leaders, among whom was my host, Mr. William Field, entered into the work with an ardour and success I have never seen excelled. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise him, that he has permitted me to form such an acquaintance with so many devoted servants of the living God! The presence of the stationed ministers relieved my mind from a weight of responsibility; and having perfect confidence in their judgment, I was saved from all anxiety from that quarter. The help also of so many men of deep experience, rendered unnecessary those exhausting personal efforts with penitents after preaching, which you are aware have worn me down in other revivals.

We retained the same secretary who officiated at George Yard, (Mr. M. * * *,) by which means, persons who had relapsed into doubt, (which frequently happens during a revival,) and had re-obtained a clear sense of the pardoning love of God, were prevented from having their names recorded a second time; which should always be avoided, if possible, as it only swells the numbers to an unreal amount.

Having received an invitation to the Hull West Circuit, from the superintendent, the Rev. Thomas Martin, I preached in Waltham Street chapel, last Sabbath morning; but in such a "rough and un-

palatable manner," that many were offended. At night, I came forward with a text which had for some time rested upon my mind, with solemn weight: "This year thou shalt die." The warning was attended with an unusual influence from God, and about forty sinners were converted. This display of the power of truth, together with the solemn and impressive services of "the watch-night," have given an impulse to the revival, which I trust it will retain during the entire special services on this circuit.

I am at present busily engaged in preparing a volume of my Letters for the press; and under various apprehensions as to how they may be received by the public; but this I must leave with the Lord. The principle upon which I proceed is this: If the work of God be neglected, in bringing out this volume, the Lord may frown upon it, and it will not succeed, but become a total loss to me. But if I continue to give my energies fully to the revival, leaving nothing undone likely to promote its interests; and then do what else I can in relation to the book, the Lord may smile upon the production, give it a circulation, and make it a blessing. The preparing of this volume is a secondary thing; and this is as it should be. The fruit of my preaching, I thank God, is not so problematical as that of my pen. My mind is quite free from διαλογισμοι, "evil reasonings," when preaching to a chapel full of sinners, repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. "Here is solid footing!" The results are sure; so long, at least, as I live entirely to God; and while my Lord graciously permits me to retain the commission he vouchsafed to me in America.

And now, what shall I say to your inquiries? Answers in full would swell to the bulk of a pamphlet; but brevity, you know, is my motto. Allow me to illustrate poor M * * *'s case thus: Yonder is a

rapid and mighty river, and within the bosom of that immense volume of waters is a *large fish;* and it is floating or swimming (as you please) down with that powerful current. How little is that silly fish aware, surrounded as it is by the easy pressure of the softly gliding waters, with what a tremendous element it is encompassed! How unconsciously it moves along, with scarcely any perceptible effort; till, lo! it comes for a moment above a terrific cataract; over it goes, and the river comes down upon it in "thundering tons." To apply this: Sin is the sinner's element; and hell is the centre of his gravity. It is in this deceptive and perilous element he is swimming; nay, he need make no effort as to the active work of *swimming;* even a dead fish may move with the stream. Let him set himself against the deep current of his corruptions, and endeavour to oppose the swift stream of infernal influence down which he is gliding; then shall he know to his sorrow the force of those "fearful elements," which are bearing him downward to the gulf of eternal destruction. But, ah! when he shall approach the falls of death, he will then feel, to his sorrow, the oppressive tribulation of that dangerous mass. And when he shall have been carried over the cataract, into the whirlpool of hell, and his past sins —the current in which he has been gliding so quietly for many years, and which has been as essential to his enjoyment as water to a fish—shall follow his terrified soul in thundering masses into the bottomless pit; then, and not till then, shall he know how tremendous was that element, the power of which he never knew, because he never opposed any effectual resistance to its fatal tendencies, on his passage to eternity.*

* Last May, in company with a few friends, I spent eight or ten days at the pretty village of Thorp-Arch. Mr. Benjamin Shaw, of Huddersfield, and myself, were standing one evening

Drops of rain are small things, but then the river is made up of drops, and rain supplies the river. A single sin appears small; but if one sin be sufficient to draw the soul into perdition, what a fearful deluge must the sins of a whole life become; and how terrible will their effects be upon the soul!

Perhaps if our friend would think of the following, it might embarrass his "philosophical laugh."

"Suppose," said a good man, "you stood by a dangerous mire, through which was a narrow track of firm ground, and should see a company of poor creatures sinking and almost swallowed up, on the

upon a cliff of rocks, overlooking the river Wharfe, a short distance above the village. The evening was beautiful, and the river was streaming along beneath us, "At its own sweet will;" deep, wide, and smooth as oil. Near to the village is an artificial dam, over which the river precipitates itself with considerable tumult; the roar of which fell upon our ears where we were standing. "I have just been thinking," said one of the company, "that the fish which abound in this river, resemble the unfortunate sinners of the nineteenth century. Like silly fish, they are gliding down the current of their sins and corruptions, unmindful of the awful cataract which lies before them; some of them, in fact, scarcely affording the coming catastrophe a single moment of serious thought; and they know nothing apparently of their appalling circumstances, until they are involved in its violent concussions, and hurried, without ceremony, into the gulf of perdition. *We* hear the sound of that distant fall in the river; it is doubtful whether the fish hear it at all distinctly; we have heard the sound of the cataract of hell in the gospel, have believed the report, and have escaped from the corrupt and dangerous river of sin; we live in another element now. The same warning falls upon the ears of many sinners; but either they refuse to hear or understand, and so continue in their congenial element, and, most likely, will go over into the 'bottomless pit,' as myriads have gone before them. The fish of the river Wharfe may go over the dam, yet *live* and enjoy the river below it; but sinners who drift over this cataract into hell, although they live also, yet, so far from having enjoyment after that event, they are perfectly miserable, and must be so through all eternity!"

Spark Brook House, Birmingham, *Feb.* 24, 1846. J. C.

one hand and on the other; and yet you should see them laughing and jeering at those who kept on the narrow track of firm ground, would you not say, they are all mad and bewitched?" Our friend is too familiar with the theology of the Bible, to need any explanation of this parable. Perhaps he has never seen those lines of an old poet; and as he is likely to read this letter, I send them the more freely:—

> "Well, sleep on now, and take thy soft reposes;
> But know, withal, sweet tastes have sour closes;
> And he repents on thorns that sleeps on roses!"

Perhaps he has never seen those striking sentiments of a poet of 1656. They may have their use, although they make the way to hell somewhat more laborious than it appears in the illustration with which I set out. But let him remember, that all sinners do not drift down to damnation so easily as himself; and whether it is thus with him always I question:—

> "Man walks in a vain show,
> They know not,—will not know;
> Sit still when they should go,
> But run for shadows;
> While they might taste and know
> The living streams which flow,
> And crop the flowers which grow
> In Christ's sweet meadows.
>
> Life's better slept away,
> Than as they use it;
> In sin and drunken play
> Vain men abuse it.
>
> They dig for hell beneath,
> They labour hard for death,
> Run themselves out of breath
> To overtake it.
> Hell is not had for nought,
> Damnation's dearly bought,
> And with great labour sought,
> They'll not forsake it;

Their souls are satan's fee,
He'll not abate it:
Grace is refused that's free;
Mad sinners hate it.

Is this the world men choose,
For which they heaven refuse,
And Christ and grace abuse,
And not receive it?
Shall I not guilty be,
If hence God set me free,
And I'd not leave it?
My soul from Sodom fly,
Lest wrath there find thee;
The refuge rest is nigh,
Look not behind thee!"

What you state of that humiliating case of backsliding, is only another proof of the correctness of those fine remarks of Dr. Chalmers. I have not his Works at hand, but they differ little from the following: "A few instances of hypocrisy among the more serious of the professors of our faith, serve to rivet the impression among sinners, and give it perpetuity in the world, that all its votaries are hypocrites. One single example of sanctimonious duplicity will suffice, in the judgment of many, to cover the whole of vital and orthodox Christianity with disgrace. The report of it will be borne in triumph amongst the companies of the irreligious. The man who pays no homage to Sabbaths, or to sacraments, will be contrasted in the open, liberal, manly style of all his transactions, with the low cunning of this drivelling Methodistical pretender. And the loud laugh of a multitude of scorners will give force and swell to this public outcry against the whole character of the sainthood." But for our friend (who has taken up, I fear, too much of this letter) to raise his *outcry*, also, against Christians, with whom his own character can no more be brought into comparison, than a devil can be compared with an angel, is more than one could have expected. I

fear he will scarcely keep his temper while he reads this, but I cannot refrain from letting an old divine talk to him a little: "For you to become a public censurer, it is as if the darkest nook in hell should find fault with the moon, that great light of heaven, for those little spots in her face; whereas she is a fair and goodly creature: as if the most loathsome dunghill should challenge the fairest garden for unsavouriness, because there is here and there a weed amidst a variety of other fragrant flowers: as if a worthless lump of dross should censure an angel of gold for want of a grain or two in weight. A lump of sin and lust, damnation and hell, loads with censorious lies that happy soul, which, in the fountain of Christ's meritorious blood, is made far whiter than the snow in Salmon, and fairer than the wool of the sheep coming up from the washing, though some spots and stains of infirmities and frailties may cleave unto it, while it yet dwells in a house of flesh and tabernacle of clay."

I can barely touch upon the other points. The scripture phraseology is, *pray always, pray continually, pray without ceasing, pray with perseverance.* Mr. Wesley describes it as, "A spiritual respiration, by which the life of God is kept alive in the soul." The soldier may have his weapons, and the bird its wings, but they may not be always using them, in the fighting and flying sense; there should be in us a *gracious aptitude* to pray, although we cannot be always upon our knees. "*Praying always,*" says the apostle, "*with all prayer and supplication in the spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance.*" I remember reading a remark somewhere equivalent to this: that, when the saint is likely to be foiled by the world, the flesh, or the devil, *prayer* is the letter which he sends post to heaven, for fresh supplies of the Spirit, whereby he becomes more than conqueror. That was a fine saying of a good man,

now with God, "God looketh not so much on the elegancy of our prayers, how neat they are; nor on the geometry of our prayers, how long they are; but to the *sincerity* of our prayers, how hearty they are." The heart should always be in tune; ready, upon the least touch of the Holy Spirit, to discourse in the ears of God the sweetest music.

> "O may my heart in tune be found,
> Like David's harp of solemn sound!"

As to "language," who wants a display of eloquence from a needy beggar? *Love* and *sincerity* in the heart, and the deep necessities of the soul, never fail to "set off," and render agreeable to the Lord, the most blundering language. When in Leeds, Yorkshire, I was told of a poor ignorant peasant, who got awakened to a concern about his soul, and was in great distress. He was at work one day upon the top of a high hill, which encouraged his heart much, because the old man thought, "Surely I am now nearer heaven than in the lowlands, and therefore I must be nearer God." But he was sorely exercised and buffeted by the devil, notwithstanding; and on this account partly, that God seemed, to his apprehension, to be still a great way off; and being surrounded with a bulky material, he raised a great heap, clambered to the top of it, and considering that it was not possible to get any higher, he steadied himself upon his knees, and cried, with a loud voice, "God Almighty, and his son, Jesus Christ, baith [both] on ye, hear me!" His supplications entered into the ears of God, and the distressed sinner then and there found mercy, and descended from his elevation, freely justified through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.

I have heard many singular and coarse prayers offered to the Divine Majesty, during the last few

years, and have wondered at the condescension of God; but it was easy to perceive that the heart of the supplicator was *sound*, and full of *faith* and *love*. When we hear a bell ring, we can readily tell whether it be "sound or cracked," or what kind of metal it is made of. The bellman may ring it badly, and the clapper may be none of the best, and the frame-work very indifferent; but however awkward the toll, there is no difficulty in deciding whether the bell itself be sound or the contrary. A spiritual mind may often make this distinction in regard to a praying brother; but with God there can be no uncertainty, however *we* may be deceived. If many "Christians of taste" would but allow such a consideration to weigh with them, they might obtain much more good from the prayers of the poor, who are often rich in faith and love.

Prayer must be *sincere*. Jacob said to his mother, "If I dissemble, my father will find me out, and I shall receive a curse instead of a blessing." It is written in the seventy-eighth Psalm, that backslidden Israel "flattered God with their mouth, and lied unto him with their tongues," and no doubt made many long and *eloquent prayers*. But it is said in the one hundred and forty-fifth Psalm, "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him; to all that call upon him in TRUTH." I was told the other day of a good man, in a certain place, who was kneeling beside an individual in a prayer meeting. The latter began to pray by addressing a long list of elegant compliments to the Almighty. At length, giving the coat of the praying brother a sharp twitch, the good man said, "*Ask* him for something, brother!"

War must be declared in the heart against all sin, though dear and necessary as a right eye, or foot, or hand, (Matt. v. 29, 30,) or the Lord will not answer prayer. Hence, the cautionary reflection of

the psalmist, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

Prayer must be *ardent*. "Prayer without a heart," says one, "is like a body without a soul; what a deformed, loathsome thing is a body without a soul! truly so is thy prayer without a heart." And it must be *persevering*. Instance that remarkable prayer of Daniel, ninth chapter; how *earnest* the following words: "O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken, and do; defer not for thine own sake, O my God; for thy city and thy people are called by thy name." I have read of one Paulus Æmilius, who, on the eve of a battle with the Macedonians, would not give over sacrificing to his god, Hercules, until he imagined there were signs of victory. What a lesson is here for Christians! "Every good prayer," says Bishop Hall, "knocketh at heaven for a blessing; but an *importunate* prayer pierceth it, and makes way into the ears of God."

I have listened, before now, to the clock when striking; how actively and nimbly the wheels within seem to be going. It is even thus with the converted heart, and even with the true penitent; there is a stir within.

"Prayer ardent" draws out the whole soul after the blessing sought. When this is continued some time for any special object, it is then supplication. Both terms are used in Ephesians vi. 18; but they are not synonymous. Prayer is the simple desire of the heart expressed in words, and may be immediately answered; or may gradually subside, in the same hour, into a silent and patient submission to the will of God, accompanied with the comforting promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Supplication is prayer continued; it follows God up and down, as it were, day and night, begging, crying, entreating, and will give him no rest; will not let him go, until he

says, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." The great and good Mr. Cecil used to say, when one of his children cried, he would remain in his study, thinking that some toy or other might probably satisfy it; but when it continued to cry, and nothing would do but his presence, then he came to the child immediately. This is supplication.

You may probably remember the anecdote of Demosthenes and the client. One came to him in a court of law, where an important case was pending, and whispered in his ear, that unless he undertook his cause, he feared he should lose his suit: "I am already beaten," said the client. The orator replied, "I don't believe you." At last the man cried out in great distress. "Aye! now I *feel* your cause," said Demosthenes. He only whispered before, and the statesman could not believe his cause was so desperate, and consequently had no feeling for him; but when he "cried," the effects were of quite a different character. Have you never observed the motions of a mother toward her child? When it whimpers and whines a little, she will not run to it immediately, although she may cast many an anxious look in that direction; but when it cries outright, she drops all, and is with it in a moment. We lose much, for want of earnestness. James v. 16. "A low voice," says one, "does not cause a loud echo; neither doth a lazy prayer procure a *liberal answer*. Sleepy requests cause but dreams; mere *fancied* returns. When there is a cushion under the knees, and a pillow of idleness under the elbows, there is little work to be done. A lazy prayer tires before it goes half way to heaven. When Daniel was fervent all day, an angel was sent at night with the answer." Prayer must be according to the charter in 1 John v. 14; nor need we desire a larger: "*If we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us*," etc. Prayer, like a building

in course of erection, must keep on the foundation of the word and promise of God, else the whole fabric must come to the ground. The psalmist understood this when he said, "Remember the word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope." "God," in the language of another, "like a wise father, denies us liberty to cry for the candle that would burn us, and the thorns that would prick our fingers;" though the *hedges* are in the bloom of spring, and *every thorn* has its flower; "but he gives us liberty, nay, commands us to besiege and storm heaven; day and night to give him no rest; to be instant, urgent, fervent, that our persons may be justified, our natures sanctified, and our souls and bodies glorified eternally."

We should look for *answers* to prayer. This proves our *sincerity*, while it honours the veracity of God. There is a fine allusion in Psalm v. 3; some think it relates to archery: "I will DIRECT my prayer unto thee," take aim, "and will look up." "I will watch the arrow and see where it lights, or whether it hit the mark." Others have supposed a martial idea implied: "I will direct,"—"set in order," as a general would say: "I will rise early, set my requests toward God, as soldiers in battalion; in rank and file: I will so marshal them, that they be not routed, by being out of order; I will see that they stand in their places, and keep their ground. When I have so done, I will go to my *watch tower*, and see the fight, and observe what execution they will make upon my adversaries; whether my troops [prayers] have power with God, lose ground, or win the day." 2 Sam. xix. 24, 28. "Prayer," says one, "is both a charm to enchant, and a scourge to torment Satan; it engageth Christ in the combat, and assureth the soul of conquest."

Come, then, my dear Sir. Come to the throne of grace. You need a blessing. Come *boldly*,—

"Heaven is never deaf, but when man's heart is dumb;
Heaven finds an ear, when sinners find a tongue."

"*The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.*" Matt. xi. 12. Fear not to agonize and cry to God. The mercies of God may be like fruit upon a tree; though fully ripe, they may want a shaking to bring them down; pray *fervently*, and in *faith*, and this will cause them to descend in blessings on your soul.

Your views of drawing near to God are perhaps correct enough, only they would seem to carry the idea that God is *cold, distant*, and *immoveable*. If such was your meaning, nothing can be more incorrect. "Beware of too much refining." A writer, some years ago, attempted to illustrate prayer thus: A man in a small boat grapples a large ship with a boat-hook, and draws himself alongside, but he never stirs the ship; therefore, it is by prayer we draw ourselves to God; not God to us. Another uses the same figure, but substitutes a rope for the boat-hook, by which he pulls the boat to the ship, and not the ship to the boat. It is quite true we approach God by prayer; and he who never prays, has no right to expect any favour from God; and dying a prayerless sinner, the separation between him and his Maker must be perpetuated throughout eternity. But I do not like the idea, however ingeniously carried out, that God is as stationary with regard to the returning sinner, or praying believer, as the ship to the boatman. It seems to make against the analogy of scripture: "*Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.*" James iv. 8. This seems like a proposal to meet us half way; and if we take the example of the father, in the case of the prodigal son, (Luke xv.,) as illustrative of the willingness of God to receive returning sinners, our heavenly Father performs the largest part. The prodigal did not run to meet his father, but the

father ran to meet the repenting son, "And fell upon his neck, and kissed him."

You ask my opinion of M. * * * *'s work. That it contains an exhibition of genius and talent, none, I think, will deny; but, and these *buts* are significant and troublesome things; but, alas! for human frailty, we *must* say of various parts of the production, what was remarked of a performance something similar: "He walks on the perilous ridge, between the sublime and ridiculous, and directs the stormy furies of his imagination to the very confines of bombast."

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Excuse this hasty and imperfect scrawl; and believe me, ever, dearest Sir, your affectionate brother in Jesus Christ our Lord,

J. C.

LETTER XXIV.

TO * * * * * *.

Hull, January 22nd, 1844.

DEAR BROTHER,

A CALL to preach is frequently just what Jeremiah describes it to be. Although he was tempted to say, "I will not make mention of him, nor speak any more in his name;" yet, when he held his peace, he tells us, the word of the Lord was in his heart as a burning fire shut up in his bones: "And I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay." Jer. xx. 9. The following verse shows, that when he ceased to be the *aggressor* against the devil and his children, they

united to injure his character and influence: "I heard the defaming of many," says he, "fear on every side. Report, say they, and we will report it. All my familiars watched for my halting, saying, Peradventure he will be enticed, and we shall prevail against him, and we shall take our revenge on him."

The minister of Christ should ever be the *assailant;* the *invader* of the devil's territories. He is always the safest in a revival of religion. This is his proper sphere; and if called of God to preach the gospel, in this he will be in his congenial element,—more happy in such active warfare, than in any other part of his ministerial office.

A call to preach may be buried in the heart, as live embers on the hearth are frequently covered with ashes; there is no flame, nor perhaps scarcely a glow. What is to be done? Clear away the incumbent ashes; stir up the coals, add fuel, and you may have a blaze; a glorious revival!

> "Jesus confirm my heart's desire,
> To work, and speak, and think, for thee,
> Still let me guard the holy fire,
> And still stir up thy gift in me."

I think you will find an answer to your inquiries in those striking sentiments of Mr. Wesley. I have not his Works at hand, but I shall give the substance, as correctly as I can from memory. "I have often been musing, why the generality of Christians, even those who are really such, are less active for God when middle aged than when they were young. May we not find an answer in those remarkable words of our Lord, repeated no less than eight times by the evangelists: '*For whosoever hath,*' that is, improveth what he hath, '*to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever hath not,*' hath not improved the gift of God, '*from him shall be taken away*

even that he hath.' A measure of zeal and activity is given to every man when he is born of God; but if he cease or intermit to do good, he will insensibly lose both the will and the power." This I consider directly to the point. To every man, when called of God to preach, there is a measure of zeal and activity given; zeal for the glory of God, and vigorous constant efforts for the salvation of lost sinners. I also as firmly believe, that those who have entered the ministry without any such feelings, and from other motives, have miserably mistaken their calling; nor have learning and theological reading in general, nor the exercise of their ministerial functions, called into exercise any such feelings in the heart of such men. But a man may backslide from first principles; he may lose that burning and consuming desire for the conversion of sinners; he may cease or intermit to put forth active exertions for their salvation, so as insensibly to decline from his usual "zeal and activity," until he totally lose out of his soul "the will and the power" to do good, and thus become weak and feeble as another man. Thus, that which he had has been taken away; and, not unfrequently, he loses his *ability*, (in whatever sense you please,) until he become the *veriest drone*, and a *burden* to the church of God.

Let, therefore, the minister of Jesus, continually improve upon what was given him when first called to preach the gospel, and he shall gradually and rapidly increase in zeal and activity; in power to do good, and success in doing it. But, if he "cease or intermit" his revival efforts, unless in case of ill health, or uncontrollable circumstances, he will insensibly lose his revival power, and become like another man.

It is not necessary, perhaps, that a minister should backslide in heart or life, "popularly speaking," to lose revival *zeal, activity,* and *ability.* Let him change or soften down the matter and method of his

sermons, and adopt a corresponding mode of operation, differing from what characterized him when he was as a flame of fire, and continually encompassed with penitent sinners and new converts; let him be content with his pulpit exhibitions, to the neglect of "*those varieties of means*,"—prayer meetings, exhortations, select meetings for penitents, *personal conversation* with sinners, joyful reception of, and co-operation with, local preachers and leaders, in prayer meetings before and after sermon; and very soon "the gift of God" will not only be taken from him, but he will most likely be found speaking against those things which were once his glory.

It is a dangerous state of mind, when a minister begins to suffer himself to change plans, etc., which have been hitherto successful in the conversion of sinners. Not a few cases, during the last twenty years, have presented such glaring and fearful contrasts. A minister may still be popular, though he has backslidden from soul saving. *Secularities* are hazardous. They may indeed be nothing more than church usages, which *custom* has thrown within the range of the duties of the preacher. He may become secular, "An active business man," without going out of the ministry; but it is often at the expence of his *spirituality* and *usefulness*. He may, it is true, be doing all these things "for the good of the church," and her institutions; still he may become secular in his spirit, and be more concerned for pounds, shillings, and pence, than for the number of sinners likely to be awakened and converted under his ministry. When "the collection" has been made and counted, he is satisfied, (if it has been a good one,) and will go home, and let poor sinners do the same, without staying to see whether the "good sermon," or powerful and stirring truths he has uttered, have taken effect upon the ranks of wickedness; whether there is not some poor wounded peni-

tent who may want healing, and for whose conversion faithful prayer should be offered.

The church is frequently to blame; although the minister, from past associations and business habits, acquired before he entered the ministry, may have a bias for "arranging and transacting temporalities." The apostles themselves were in danger of being ensnared by these very things. They took the alarm, however, called the "multitude of the disciples" together, and said, "It is not reason that we should leave the word of God and serve tables. Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among yourselves seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business. But we will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word." Acts vi. 1—5. It seems "the saying pleased the whole multitude," and proper men were immediately appointed over the "temporalities of the church." The results were just what might have been expected; we are told in the seventh verse of the same chapter, "And the word of God increased; and the number of the disciples multiplied in Jerusalem greatly."

But, you will say, "What is to be done, when in many places, there are none to undertake the management of such matters; at least, with the proper spirit? They must therefore be left undone, unless the preacher throws his energies into them." Well, then, I suppose the minister must take hold of them, and when a necessity is thus laid upon him, God will give him grace according to his day: and, I am happy to say, there are ministers of God within the circle of my acquaintance in England, who, though almost pressed to the earth by such cares, yet frequently rise above them, and preach the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; and who enter into the revival, as if they had not a single anxiety connected with the "secularities of the church."

Your remarks upon the "splendour of pulpit talents, and absence of fruit; and on the *inefficiency* of such efforts in the awakening and conversion of sinners," are very good. I have known ministers, who have substituted "eloquent preaching and well studied sermons," for prayer meetings after preaching, frequent exhortations, personal conversations with sinners, vigorous efforts for the conversion of penitents, and the co-operation of local preachers and leaders in such meetings; nor have I ever yet observed splendour of talent, and blazonry of pulpit imagery, make up for the absence of these powerful auxiliaries to a gospel ministry. Whereas, I have noticed men whose talents and learning were far inferior, crowned with the most abundant success, by the employment of the helps to which I have just alluded.

It is however to be feared, that some repose over much confidence in prayer meetings, etc., and too little in the preached word; as if more could get converted in these means than during the deliverance of the gospel message. This is to be regretted; for, surely, it would seem a most fit and proper time for God to save sinners, during the proclamation of the glad tidings of salvation. But let it be remembered, that others run to the very opposite extreme; and, if they do not scout the idea of a prayer meeting, are seldom if ever seen in one. So far from staying to manage such a service, they disappear from the congregation as soon as their work is finished in the pulpit. Now, I think, those preachers are most successful who unite both means together; who do not put asunder what God hath joined—*faithful, pointed, searching preaching*, preceded and followed by the effectual fervent prayers of many righteous men. We are to wield the tremendous truths of God upon the consciences of sinners, and to offer them salvation just then, through faith in the blood of the Lamb. But, should it be discovered, (and an earnest preacher will

leave no means untried to find this out,) that sinners have been awakened and wounded—not healed—not converted by the truth, what is his next duty? Let him have a prayer meeting immediately: "*Pray one for another that ye may be healed,*" saith the apostle. And, after all, what is a faithful prayer, but a repetition of the gospel message in the sermon? I have often listened to such prayers after I had finished my discourse, and have perceived in them tenfold more point and energy, than in anything I had said, and far more effectual. Penitents are called forward to the communion rail for prayer and instruction; can there be anything wrong in this? The local preachers and leaders, and the minister himself, if you please, become acquainted with the feelings and hinderances of these individuals. The sight of their eyes affects their hearts; their sympathies are at once excited; and there is a close connexion between sympathy, and "the prayer of faith." Is it to be wondered at, then, that the prayers are fervent and to the point, and full of that important declaration of Jesus: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so, must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life."

I dare not enlarge upon this point, as my letter is already too long; but can any man question the propriety of such a course, or the reality of conversions when they occur under such scriptural instruction? Whatever others may do, my brother, consider not your work finished when the sermon is over. Enter into the prayer meeting. But you need not kill yourself. Wield the talents of the church of God. You are surrounded with praying men, or will be very soon, if your plans are once known; men who will esteem it an honour and a privilege to co-operate with you in this blessed work.

As to "the sudden grievous pause" in that revival,

I cannot say whether the affair of which you speak was the cause; but I do not think you have cause to write bitter things against yourself. Joshua, by his faith, could arrest the sun over Gideon, during the space of an entire day, so that he had two days in one, in which to pursue his victory over the enemies of his God, and by the same faith was the moon stayed in the valley of Ajalon; but he could not stop a wicked Achan from coveting a wedge of gold, and a goodly Babylonish garment. He could not prevent the sinner hiding them beneath his tent, nor could he rally his dispirited troops to battle. For wickedness was in the camp; his mighty men of war fled and fell before their enemies, and the hearts of the people became as water. "O Lord God," cried Joshua, "what shall I say, when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies!"

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to lay down rules as to how the Spirit of God may allow himself to be influenced by such cases of "backsliding or treachery" during a revival. A great work of God was advancing in majesty and power, in an American city, some years ago. But in the very midst of it, the minister of that church committed a horrible sin, and fled from the city, with the companion of his guilt. The servants of God, however, remained at their post, humbled themselves before God, held fast their confidence, and stood forth before the public the undaunted champions for Christ and his truth. Other ministers came to the assistance of the weeping but fighting church; and notwithstanding the sneering contempt of the ungodly, the revival continued to spread on the right hand and on the left, and many souls were added to the afflicted people of God.

"If the teacher," says Cecil, "whom this man, (a mere proselyte to truth,) has chosen for his oracle, disgrace religion, by irreligious conduct, he stumbles.

He stumbles, because he is not fixed upon the sole immoveable basis of the religion of the Bible. The mind well instructed in the scriptures, can bear to see even its spiritual father make shipwreck of faith, and scandalize the gospel; but will remain itself unmoved. The man is in the possession of a treasure, which, if others are foolish enough to abandon, yet they cannot detract anything from the value attached to it in his esteem."

I knew a case, but not similar in all respects, which happened on my circuit several years ago, during a remarkable outpouring of the Holy Spirit. At a certain period of the revival, an individual came to me and confessed he had fallen from God. I was, as it were, thunderstruck. He had been one of my most zealous men, praying and exhorting every night. Again and again, it appeared, he had left the house of God, and allowed himself to be carried captive by the devil at his will. He was now, however, enduring the agonies of a remorse, which showed how deep and sincere was his repentance. But, during the times of these occurrences, the work never ceased, and the vilest sinners were converted to God.

I believe, supposing penitents are sincere, that the Spirit of the Lord would come down and convert them, though surrounded by devils, or the most abominable of our race. Ordinarily, however, we may suppose, that defection or positive wickedness among professors of religion, will retard or extinguish a revival.

What you mention, I consider trying indeed. But, "What is that to thee, follow thou me," says your Lord. Whatever other preachers may do, your duty and mine is plain, to bring as many sinners to God as we can. Who is accounted the best soldier on the field of battle? Surely, the man who uses his weapons in the most effective manner; he who makes the bloodiest work among the enemies of his country.

Who is the ablest minister, the best soldier of Jesus Christ? He, surely, who wields, to the best advantage, "The weapons of his warfare;" and who makes the greatest havoc among the servants of the dèvil; the widest inroads upon the ranks of wickedness. In other words, he who obtains most seals to his ministry,—the most numerous company of souls for his hire.

For an *officer* to recline in the shade, when the troops of Emmanuel are in the field of battle, is both mortifying and discouraging to the other officers and soldiers of Jesus Christ. Were a British officer to do the like, under such circumstances, the rigors of martial law would disgrace him forever. There is a discipline quite as strict and severe in Emmanuel's army; with this exception, that cowards, traitors, and deserters, are not, perhaps, so speedily dealt with. "Sentence against an evil work is not speedily executed," says an inspired writer. But to trifle with a revival, and turn into ridicule the efforts of the faithful and laborious servants of Christ, is a species of *wickedness*, which is difficult to be tolerated; quite as difficult, perhaps, as to touch the case with a soft and lenient hand. I have read of a *philosopher*, who, in a great tempest at sea, endeavoured to amuse the passengers with many trifling and impertinent questions, and was thus answered, according to his folly: "*Are we perishing, and dost thou trifle?*" Are sinners grieving the Holy Spirit, wearying the patience of God, disappointing the expectations of all heaven, and affording malignant triumph to all hell? are believers and God's precious ministers, weeping between the porch and the altar, crying, "Spare them, O good Lord?" Are they casting themselves into the breach, and wrestling in mighty prayer, lifting up their voices like trumpets, at the risk of health and life, crying,—

"Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin;
His bleeding heart shall make you room;
His open side shall take you in:
He calls you now, invites you home;
Come, O my guilty brethren, come!"

Behold this, O * * * *, and wilt thou trifle? I rejoice that your spirit, my brother, is stirred within you. One of the fathers felt something similar when he exclaimed: "O that there were given unto me from the altar above, not one coal, but a fiery globe; a heap of coals to scorch the abuses of the times, and burn out the inveterate rust of vicious customs." This state of mind requires to be carefully guarded, lest it should degenerate into a fiery zeal. See to it, that your own soul is a flame of love to God and man. Cry earnestly unto God for a baptism of fire, and of the Holy Ghost. Without this, you may preach "hell and damnation" as you please, but you will have little success among sinners. It is not by the terrors of the law of God, but by offers of mercy through the atonement, we are to *win men*. Not that you are to *neglect* the law; it has its use, but beyond a certain point it cannot go. "As the flame in the bush," says a writer, "made the thorns visible without consuming them, so the fiery law discovers men's sins, but does not abolish them." "The whole," remember, "need not a physician, but they that are sick." Let sinners be wounded first, before you attempt to heal. Inattention to this is the great cause of *inefficient preaching*. Some men are all honey, all kindness and mercy; they expatiate most eloquently and ingeniously upon the nature and extent of the atonement, and the willingness of God to save sinners; yet you hear of very few souls converted under their ministry. The gospel, as they preach it, needs a Boanerges, or a John the Baptist going before to pre-

pare the way, crying, "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth, therefore, fruits meet for repentance." When such a messenger has aroused the careless to a concern for their souls; or broken them down into repentance, and inflicted deep wounds in their bleeding consciences; then, these "kind and winning preachers" may have good success in the free and full declaration of the redeeming plan. He is, however, the ablest minister of the New Testament, who has that combination of talent within himself, necessary for "breaking down and building up;" such as was manifest in our Saviour's preaching, "*Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?*" "*Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire.*" "*Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.*" "*Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.*"

Preach, therefore, plainly and pointedly; call things by their scriptural names. Be not afraid of the faces of the wicked; make heavy thrusts at the conscience; wield the terrors of hell, and lay around the sword of the law, and hew on all sides with a giant arm; but preach Christ crucified; lift him up upon the cross, bleeding, groaning, dying for sinners; cry,—

"Jesus drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alone;
Tears the graves and mountains up
By his expiring groan.

O, my God, he dies for me;
I feel the mortal smart!
See him hanging on the tree;
A sight that breaks my heart!

O, that all to thee might turn!
Sinners, ye may love him too;
Look on him, ye pierced, and mourn
For one who bled for you!"

Preach thus, and sinners will not flee from you; but they will be drawn towards and around you, as by an influence from heaven; and Jesus shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied. What saith your Lord? *"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."*

But repeat the blow, again and again, night after night, week after week, till the wicked stagger and fall, because they can hold out no longer. "Sinners get the pores of their souls opened by an awakening sermon," said a good man, "but, going into the cold atmosphere of the world, they get a cold, which shuts up all again, and this frequently proves fatal." If you wish to avoid this, don't give them time to cool; not a whole week, nor two days, if you can help it. Come upon them again as soon as possible; follow the blow. They cannot stand up under such a gospel hammer, when wielded systematically, uninterruptedly, and vigorously. Let your heart all the time be right with God. Have one single steady aim, to glorify God, and save sinners. "When we want an arrow to go right home," says old Humphrey, "there is nothing like taking a *single* aim." This is what a good friend of mine calls "using a rifle barrel instead of a scattering blunderbuss." Lay siege to the sinner, to every sinner in this series of sermons. Thunder at the

door of his heart; but offer him mercy, through the blood of the Lamb.

"When Popilius," says a writer, "by order of the Roman senate, required Antiochus to withdraw his army from the king of Egypt, and he desired time to deliberate; the haughty Roman drew a circle about him with his wand, and said, *In hoc stans delibera*, "Give a present answer before you move." This is the kind of preaching we want in the nineteenth century.

I remain, your brother in Jesus Christ our Lord,

J. C.

LETTER XXV.

TO THE SAME.

Hull, Feb. 1st, 1844.

DEAR BROTHER,

WHAT you say is perfectly correct. "Is not my word a hammer, saith the Lord, to break the rock in pieces?" "But," adds an old divine, "it will never break the stony heart, if lightly laid on. What is preached coldly, is heard carelessly."

I dare not judge in the case of * * * * * *. A cold and languid manner may arise from various causes. Ill health, sore temptation, indifference of God's people, or smallness of the congregation, may for a season produce this, in a sensitive or nervous constitution. But the individual may not have "backslidden from God," in the proper sense of the term, notwithstanding. I have known ministers get into this state, when they have not been in a revival for some months; in fact, I have myself, when so circumstanced, been frequently thus. When out of a revival for some time, I am apt to become, as to

vigour in preaching, quite another man. Engaging in a revival has a remarkable tendency to invigorate the soul of a preacher, and to impart a keenness of edge, and a piercing point to his preaching. Lessons upon the true method of preaching to sinners are learned during a revival, which are seldom or never to be obtained in the retirement of the study.

During several years of my ministry, I have been compelled to retire from revival efforts, in the summer months, in consequence of the extreme heat peculiar to the American climate. I preached regularly, of course, to my people on the Sabbath, and attended to my pastoral visitations; but was unable to go on with special services, such as I am engaged in at present. My ministrations, during such seasons, were often feeble, and my mind not unfrequently drawn to what may be termed a speculative theology. I have now before me a whole pile of manuscript sermons, written during such intervals; but they are quite useless to me in this revival tour; in fact, were I to preach them to my present congregations, they would soon put an end to the revival. Not that they are erroneous, but they do not contain that class of truth which is adapted to promote a revival in actual operation.

My revival campaigns in *America* began usually in the autumn, and were continued until April or May. Hostilities against the devil's kingdom had no sooner commenced in good earnest, than the style of my preaching underwent a marked change. New energies seemed to be infused into my soul and body, with a large increase of spirituality of mind, with a clearer evidence of holiness, and a proportionate augmentation of conscious happiness. My health, too, has always improved on these occasions; so that in reference to physical, as well as intellectual strength, many times I have been led to exclaim, "I am a new man!"

You will not, I hope, understand me, that I totally

neglected to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come, during summer. Not so; my preaching sometimes manifested considerable energy and point; and now and again, sinners got awakened and converted. But not being able to follow the blow, sinners, after a few weeks, got hard, and fortified themselves against feeling the power of truth; and this discouraged and weakened me. Neither would sinners hear those alarming and tremendous appeals in my ordinary ministry, that were often witnessed, and by which frequently whole ranks were mowed down, during an extraordinary and long continued conflict. In these "special services" unconverted people expect to hear terrible things, as a matter of course. It is distinctly understood, "Designs are on foot against them;" that nothing less is intended than to make them the prisoners of the Lord. A fearful catastrophe this to the carnal mind! The line of demarcation has been drawn between the world and the church; and so clearly, too, that if an alien to the commonwealth of Israel has mistaken his ground, "He soon finds the place too hot for him," and must either be tormented like a devil, or surrender to the truth, or retreat among the enemies of the Lord. "*The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?*" Isaiah xxxiii. 14. The minister now occupies independent ground. The devil's children have little time for mutiny against his ministry. The servant of God does not allow them half a week to criticise his sermon, nor to band together to leave him empty seats on the coming Sabbath. One sermon, when taken apart from the rest, may have many hard and unbearable things in it; but before they can well enter their *protest* in behalf of their fellow-sinners, whom they consider "outraged," two or three of a similar

character follow it, and with such "stunning power," that they are thrown into confusion, and know not what to do. Five come to the house of God, where one stays away. Reports of all kinds are afloat, and those who concluded not to go again are impelled by curiosity, or by a secret uneasiness, to mingle with the multitudes on their way to hear the truth. To their surprise, the chapel is as full as ever; and notwithstanding all the ridicule they have heaped upon the preacher, they discover his popularity to be above and beyond their control. The minister has thrown down the gauntlet of defiance against the devil and his children. The faith and expectation of God's people are rapidly ascending to a climax, and a *glorious* victory. There is now no beating of the air with idle words. Nor is there anything like trimming between sinners and Christians, so as to please *both* in the sermon; no MINCING of the truth; no fear of offending; the truth, the whole truth, nothing but the *naked* scorching truth, in all its tremendous power, is thrown into the ranks of wickedness, like balls of fire; and with a physical and intellectual energy that amazes the man of God himself, while it strikes terror and universal consternation throughout the hosts of the ungodly. This is not a "fancy sketch." I have seen it thus often, when the slain and the healed of the Lord have been very many. This is the reason why the Methodist Episcopal Church, in one year, receives her one hundred thousand converts; and why she has arisen during the last twenty years from three hundred and twenty-eight thousand, five hundred and twenty-three members, to, about, one million, *one* hundred and fifty thousand members;—showing an increase of upwards of eight hundred thousand during those twenty years!

I repeat it again: in one *revival* of religion, a man will learn better how to preach the truths of

Christianity, in such a manner as will awaken and convert men, than he could in many years close study in connexion with his ordinary ministry. Hard-hearted and impenitent sinners are to be broken down into repentance. This may require heavier metal than he has in his collection of sermons. VICTORY or DEFEAT are two tremendous words to a minister thus circumstanced; they have cast me down upon the floor, in agony and tears; crying, "Who is sufficient for these things?" He is now thrown upon his own resources, though trusting firmly upon the power of the mighty God of Jacob. His mind is now tasked to the utmost, and his genius too. "Necessity is the mother of invention." New ideas are created in his mind; new methods of illustrating and applying truth, suitable to the exigences of the case, spring up before his imagination. He cries to God for the holy unction, without which all his efforts will be weak as helpless infancy, and all the thunder of his arguments but as the chirping of a grasshopper. He knows it; and, with a certain minister, he says, "O Lord God of hosts! out of my study and into that pulpit I will not go, unless thou engage to go with me." He prevails: "*My presence shall go with thee!*" "Enough, Lord!" He enters the pulpit; his soul is a flame, "And longs its glorious matter to declare." And what shall I say? His words go blazing from his lips, and fall like heaven's own fire upon the hearts and consciences of multitudes. Lo! the power of God descends in dreadful grandeur upon the whole assembly; sinners are struck with remorse; new inroads are made in their ranks, and many are converted to God. The servant of God, too, has obtained a new sermon, which, by the assistance of the Holy Ghost, may produce similar effects upon other congregations.

There is now a revival; and multitudes, if they are followed up with such a sharp and piercing ministry,

will never rest, until they find peace through faith in the blood of the Lamb. The services are continued several weeks or months, now that it is clearly evident to all beholders that the grand design of a preached gospel is being accomplished. Gospel truth is now producing its distinct and positive effects; effects which should gladden every Christian's soul, and which cause that minister's heart to dance for joy.

This, my dear Sir, is the kind of preaching the world needs in the nineteenth century! Sinners are to be awakened, penitents brought to God, and new converts built up in their most holy faith. "And who is sufficient for these things?" He who desires to save souls from death must understand how to adapt and wield the truth so as to produce an *immediate effect.* It is not enough that it is practical; it must be *effectual.* It will not do to lay down the truth, and leave it there, either to succeed or fail. No! After truth in all its bearings, truth in every aspect, and in all its lustre, has been radiating over that mass of mind, the faithful minister must come down from the pulpit, invite those who are seeking pardon and holiness to come forward, in order to be prayed with and instructed. Now that the local preachers and leaders have plenty of work to do with those who have bowed for prayer, let him go from pew to pew, persuading others to go and do likewise. "But," you are ready to say, "he will shorten his days by such tremendous efforts." Be it so. God will raise up others. Better accomplish a great work in a *short time,* than live many years and do little, perhaps, for his generation.

No man can estimate how much he may do for God, without injury to himself, if he is prudent, and fully baptized with the Holy Ghost. Let him exercise the habit of self-control, avoid screaming and unnecessary wasting of his strength in loud singing; let him wield

the talent of the church, by bringing forward in the prayer meetings able and vigorous leaders and local preachers. These men of God may be qualified, both by gifts and grace, to pray quite as well as he can himself; they have good voices, physical and intellectual strength, and a good understanding in the things of God. But they want one to lead them forth to war and victory; let him do this, but avoid attempting to do everything himself; let others share with him the glorious toil, and his health may be as good at the close of such a campaign, as at the beginning.

In a revival, a preacher studies mind,—mind at rest, and mind in motion; human nature unawakened, and awakened; in its *sin-sickness*, and in the enjoyment of a *perfect gospel cure*. He is now a *curate* indeed; and he learns what truths are most suitable to mind in all these cases; the proper truth has been administered, and, like a great philosopher experimenting upon nature, he beholds the effects with joy, and by the results, in the experience of fifty or one hundred cases, he calculates with great certainty, the effects upon thousands more, who are yet to be brought under its searching and saving power. This increases his faith and confidence in the truths of the gospel. The revival affords him the same privilege as is enjoyed by a physician. He stands by his patient, administers to his sin-sick soul the medicine of the gospel, and has an equal opportunity of observing its effects. Again and again, he enters the pulpit, with fresh views of the state of his patients. He will illustrate, compound, enforce or soften the truth, as the different states of the people require, and with a tenderness of heart, manner, and power, surprising even to himself. He is no longer a mere speculating, theorizing preacher. New gifts have descended upon him from above; which he may never entirely lose,—nay, may increase continually, so long as he appro-

priates, at least, a part of each year for such extraordinary efforts. In the meantime, his power and influence with the people of God, and, indeed, with the entire congregation, advance daily. His prayers, sermons, and general character, are invested, in their estimation, with such a moral grandeur and power as will be almost irresistible, and by which he may speak the most unpalatable truth. Thus, by means of the honour put upon him by the Lord of hosts, if his eye be single, with the help of the Holy Spirit, he may bear down all opposition, and carry everything before him in the conversion of sinners.

During the progress of a revival, if he is a careful observer of human nature, he may accumulate a mass of revival materials;—that class of truth, which is illustrated by facts, and which will be most suitable and effectual in bringing about a revival, or promoting one where it has already commenced; and by which, if he continue to walk closely with God, he may arrive at such a point in his *pulpit preparation*, that, aided by an influence from heaven, sinners may not be able to stand before him all the days of his life. Thus he may become the instrument of the conversion of thousands and tens of thousands of immortal souls, who shall be the crown of his rejoicing in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Every minister of Jesus should aim at such results. How can he rest satisfied without the conversion of sinners, when the means are within his grasp by which such a glorious event may be effected? Who wants to "fight windmills," or, "fight as one beating the air?" Any preacher of the gospel, who has been *called of God to the work*, (and if he have not been so called, better that he were earning an honest livelihood by breaking stones by the highway side,) may be successful, if he will, in thus winning souls to Jesus Christ.

It is a sad event in the history of any church, when the pastor says, "I have no talent for this kind of work." And pray, what has God sent the poor man into the church to do? What object had he in view on entering the ministry? But perhaps he has a secret desire to be such a successful instrument in bringing sinners to God. It may be that he is coveting earnestly the best gifts; such as the church of God needs in the nineteenth century; an age of commercial and scientific enterprize, of general and universal speculation, and excitement to money-making, such as the world has not seen, I believe, since the days of the apostles. The church wants a ministry of strength and power; men having one desire and one aim; men capable of bringing the claims of eternity before the consciences of their hearers, and with such a vividness as will neutralize the all-absorbing interests of time; so as to "stem the domineering influence of things seen," as Dr. Chalmers expresses it, "and to invest faith with a practical supremacy, to give its objects such a vivacity of influence, as shall overpower the near and the hourly impressions that are ever emanating upon man from a seducing world."

Show me a minister, who is panting for the necessary qualification for turning many sinners to righteousness, and I would say to him, Fast, and pray, and weep before the Lord, till that Spirit, whose office it is to bestow spiritual gifts upon men, especially to those who are coveting earnestly the best gifts, shall descend upon your soul in a baptism of fire, filling the heart with that perfect love which casteth out all fear. A yearning pity for lost sinners will then take possession of his heart, and God will open him a door that no man can shut. Regardless of what man may say, or do, and only intent upon one thing, —the conversion of sinners, he will very soon see a revival that will strike terror to the hearts of devils

and men, and send a tide of joy throughout the innumerable legions of heaven.

"My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into thy gracious hands receive;
And let me live to preach thy word,
And let me to thy glory live.
My every sacred moment spend,
In publishing the sinner's Friend.

I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone;
To spend and to be spent for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known.
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe to breathe thy love."

There have been few ministers of the Lord Jesus, who have been really called of God to preach, but who have unfortunately neglected to cultivate the "*revival spirit;*" who have not, in some way, been compelled to the utterance of regret on their death-bed. "I have," said a celebrated Archbishop of the Church of England, "passed through many places of honour and trust, both in church and state; more than any man of my order in England, for seventy years. But were I assured, that by my preaching I had converted one soul unto God, I should herein take more comfort, than in all the offices that have ever been bestowed upon me." "My brother," said another, to an active minister, "to have one poor sinner to own thee in the day of judgment, as an instrument in God's hands of plucking him as a brand from the burning, will be a greater comfort to thy glorified spirit in the day of the Lord, than if thou hadst been the greatest orator that ever engaged the attention of an audience."

A certain minister, during his last hours, was greatly dejected on account of his want of success during his ministry, which seemed to plant thorns in his dying pillow. Before he departed, however, a person

came in and informed him, that two persons had voluntarily made themselves known as having been converted to God by his labours. His countenance immediately brightened, and gathering up his feet, he said, with Simeon, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Nor is this feeling to be wondered at, if we consider how vividly such an one must realize the glorious character of that declaration of the prophet Daniel: "*And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.*"

Is he not the wisest minister, then, who takes upon himself the character of a revivalist in early life? And what else does the term imply, than to be a *soul-saver;* or, as in the case of Elijah, a *converter?*—a term of reproach among some, we allow; and so was "a Methodist" at the beginning; but we know the benefits of Methodism too well, to love it any the less on that account. Observe; the passage I have quoted does not say, They that are learned and eloquent preachers; who have drawn immense crowds to hear them, and who have won for themselves an honourable standing among their brethren, and a high position in ecclesiastical authority, on account of high intellectual powers, and statesmanlike talents, shall *shine as the stars for ever and ever.* No; but "*they that turn many to righteousness.*"

If the knowledge of having been instrumental in the conversion of two souls has been a source of so much comfort to a dying minister, how unspeakable the delight, in the closing hour of one's life, to know of scores, hundreds, thousands! "O," exclaimed the great and good Dr. Payson, a few hours before he went to heaven, "O, if ministers only saw the inconceivable glory that is before them, and the precious-

ness of Christ, they would not be able to refrain from going about, leaping and clapping their hands for joy, and exclaiming, 'I'm a minister of Christ! I'm a minister of Christ!'"

It rejoices my heart, that many of the churches of Christendom are awaking as out of a deep sleep, to the importance of securing to themselves a soul-saving ministry. And, it would appear, they are beginning at the right point; not with a violent attempt to remodel those ministers whose habits, with regard to preaching, have been long formed, and whose sermons have become so stereotyped in their memory, as to leave but little room for any new ideas or plans for the salvation of sinners; but, in the proper training of their student candidates for the ministry. I was delighted the other day with the following, from a very able pen:—

"Circumstances are now beginning to call the attention of the churches to their *students*. It is well. For how can any church expect a race of godly ministers to arise out of students whom she had utterly neglected, over whom she had never watched nor prayed? .... The demand for labourers has, on the one hand, called us to consider how these may be obtained, and, on the other, led us to inquire anew into the whole subject of their previous training for the ministry of the gospel, and the feeding of the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. The first question no doubt was, How shall we get ministers? But this, after all, is not the main one. With any true church of Christ, the main question is not, How are we to get *men*? but, How are we to get *living men*? How are we to secure a race of *living* ministers, pastors after God's own heart, who will warn the wicked, and watch over the blood-bought heritage?

"It is not the getting of men that is the question

now. Nor is it, 'How may we best secure that they shall be learned, able, eloquent, polished, educated men?' No: these may be very needful points; but they are of the second grade. They are not the essentials; they are not indispensable. They ought not to be overlooked by any church, but care ought to be taken that they shall only occupy the second, and not the first place, in the training of our youth. They have too long been treated as paramount; . . . . they have too long been held in undue estimation by the people of God. Hence the wisdom of man's words has often made the cross of Christ of none effect. Hence the taste and passion for eloquence, pulpit eloquence, have vitiated the simplicity of our taste, and destroyed the relish for ungarnished truth, and mightily contributed to hinder the simple and natural preaching of the everlasting gospel. . . . .

"We do rejoice that the question regarding ministerial character and qualification has at length found its way into a higher region, and is to be treated on higher principles, and as embracing more spiritual elements than it has hitherto done among too many even of the Reformed churches of Christendom. We rejoice that our circumstances have at length brought us to this. It is high time that it should be so. We have long enough occupied worldly and secular ground in this matter, and weighed ministers in the balances of earthly literature, or science, or eloquence. We have long enough treated our students as mere aspirants to literary fame, instead of being those to whom we were to commit the weightiest charge, and the most solemn responsibility which can devolve upon either man or angel. When the question is put, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' it is high time to answer it as the Lord himself teaches us, 'My grace is sufficient.' We have often, in time past, said that learning, and talent, and eloquence, were enough to

make a man sufficient. Right glad are we that this time is gone by, and that a different standard and different balances are coming into use,—the standard of the apostles, the balances of the sanctuary. Right glad are we that we have more fully been led to see that nothing but *living* men, men of God, men full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, can be ministers in the church of Christ. Our circumstances, we say, have forced this point upon our notice, and compelled us more fully and solemnly to ponder the question, How may we obtain a supply of *faithful* pastors? Perhaps to some it may seem unwise to take up this point too hastily, or act upon it too strictly. It may seem that our circumstances call on us to *widen* the door, instead of contracting it, when there is such a demand for labourers, and such an abundant harvest whitening over the breadth of Scotland. But it must be obvious, that if we are to gain ground, or maintain our footing, merely by reason of the popularity, or talent, or eloquence of our preachers, the hold we shall have of the people will not only be of a worldly and unspiritual kind, but of the most precarious nature. No, eloquence and learning will not avail us. They cannot lay the foundation deep enough. They may attract more, win more, bring about a larger amount of apparent adherence to our cause. But that is all. Our prosperity must have something far deeper and broader for its base. *It must be laid in the conversion of souls.* Any foundation less deep than this, must be too shallow, too superficial, too crumbling, to withstand the coming flood, the first waves of which are already beginning to ripple round our embankments.

"It is to this that our circumstances are leading us. And we trust that no earthly, shortsighted, unscriptural desire of merely swelling our numbers, will draw us away from this. It is God's finger that is pointing

us to this, and too intelligibly to be mistaken. What have the revivals of the last five years been doing for us? Have they not been laying a deep foundation for the church in the time of trouble? And have they not been teaching us that our strength and security must lie in the number of souls converted to Christ, and not merely in the number of adherents to our cause. Is not that their meaning? We fear that they have been too little regarded in this light. We have looked on and wondered. We have been interested, and perhaps, have rejoiced in the tidings concerning them. But this was all. We overlooked the mighty lesson which God was seeking to teach us by such living and legible examples. It was not merely to gather in a people for himself that God has been doing such great things for us. It was not merely to prepare a remnant for the days of trial into which the church was passing, that there might be some at least who would not turn back in the day of battle, but would be ready to go for Christ's sake to prison and to death. It was not merely to train and discipline a noble band of warriors for the church's welfare—men to pray as well as to contend for victory. It was also to show us of what men he wished his church to be composed; what ministers he desired to see in our churches; and what preachers of the gospel it was that he would bless. Have these revivals not taught us these things? And shall we not learn from them that our stability and prosperity must ever lie in the number of sinners converted, of living saints within the walls of Zion? Shall we not learn from them that it is the ministry of *living*, praying ministers that he blesses? Shall we not learn that it is not eloquence, or ability, or human wisdom, that are mighty in the pulling down of Satan's strongholds, but prayer and simplicity, devotedness and perseverance, the naked word of God, the simple preaching of the free gospel

of the grace of God? It is thus that the word runs and is glorified. It is thus that souls are converted. It is thus that the ministry is honoured and blessed. It is thus that a church is built up, even in stirring times. Has not God been teaching us these things? And shall we, in maturing our plans, and constructing our different schemes, overlook so distinct a leading of God, or turn away with indifference from a lesson so important, so essential?

"But here, perhaps, a glance at the past may not be unprofitable nor out of place. We read the annals of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and gaze with eager joy upon the career of glorious success afforded to those instruments which God then raised up as his chosen witnesses. Whence, then, arose the success of these apostolic men, and wherein did their great strength lie? It is with *the spirit of the men*, more than of their works, that we are to be embued, if we are emulous of a ministry as powerful, as victorious as theirs. It is not the cold marble of the statue that we are to make our model, however perfect in its symmetry and polish; it is the breathing form of man, the living person. The marble is but the cold outline, the material resemblance,—incapable of reproducing itself, or imprinting its lineaments on surrounding objects, or transfusing any secret qualities and virtues into the most ravished beholder.

"If this be true of the servants, much more is it of the Master. If the study of their characters be so profitable, much more must be the contemplation of His. If personal contact with them be so fitted to mould us into their likeness, how much more must personal contact and communion with Him be fitted to fashion us anew after his resemblance? And being thus transformed into the Master's likeness, how certain to be blest in our labours, to be successful in our ministry!

"In these troublous times, and with the prospect of confusion and harassment before us, it is hard to maintain this intercourse. Nay, it seems impossible. Time and solitude are awanting. Nevertheless it must be so. In the case of the apostles it was so in spite of all their endless tribulations and tossings. In the case of our own fathers it was so in spite of their multiplied labours and hardships. It *must* be so with us, and, doubtless it will be so. The tumult of the storm will make the solitude of the closet doubly welcome. Man's wrath and enmity will render doubly precious the love and friendship of the Saviour. Then there shall be in Scotland a ministry of power, and times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord,—a precious earnest of THE TIMES OF REFRESHING at his appearing and his kingdom."

But this long letter must be brought to a close. I can say, as did the Rev. John Brown, on his death-bed, to his sons in the ministry: "Whenever the Lord has led me out to be most diligent in this way, he has poured most comfort into my heart, and given me my reward in my bosom." "O labour, labour to win souls to Christ," was his language in the same conversation; adding the words of his Lord: "*Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.*" This is your "*harvest time,*" my Brother. The fields around you are "*white already;*" put in the sickle and reap fruit unto life eternal. Let not "an oppressive sense" of the "inferiority" of your talents discourage you. Have you never observed the variety of talent evident among the reapers in the *harvest-field?* Some there are who can impart to their sickles a noble sweep, and the grain is grasped and levelled with a sort of commanding and solemn majesty. But there are others who, perhaps, having neither mental nor physical ability for such a grasp, "make up for it" by the quickness of their motions. Their nimble reaping-hooks make

two or three strokes for one of their competitors, and thus they keep pace with, or "go a-head" of their more talented companions. I know an individual who is as bold and active for God, as if conscious he possessed the first talents of the land; yet none can be more sensible of the mediocrity of his abilities, when compared with other ministers of Jesus Christ. More than once I have heard him modestly apologize for the frequency of his attempts to do good, by adverting to the advice given by a Spartan mother to her son, who was going forth with the army to the wars. "Mother," said the lad, "my sword is too *short*." The reply of the mother was, "*Add a step to it, my boy*." A sentiment which one would expect from a Spartan mother, but it required a Spartan boy to hear it; one who had been taught to carry out the advice, or never return alive. Let the conviction, then, of the defectiveness of your talent, impel you forward to increased diligence in your holy calling. "Add a step," my Brother; nay, if possible, take five steps for one taken by your superiors; —five sermons for their one, and you may do more for God, and have a brighter crown than the man who has *ten talents*. Pray for your brother, who is sincerely endeavouring to follow the advice he has given. The revival is advancing with great power in Hull. My soul is sweetly happy.

I remain, *your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.*

JAMES CAUGHEY.

END OF VOLUME III.

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